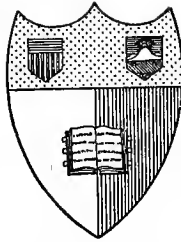


With Gun and Rod in Canada

Phil. H. Moore



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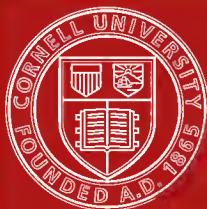
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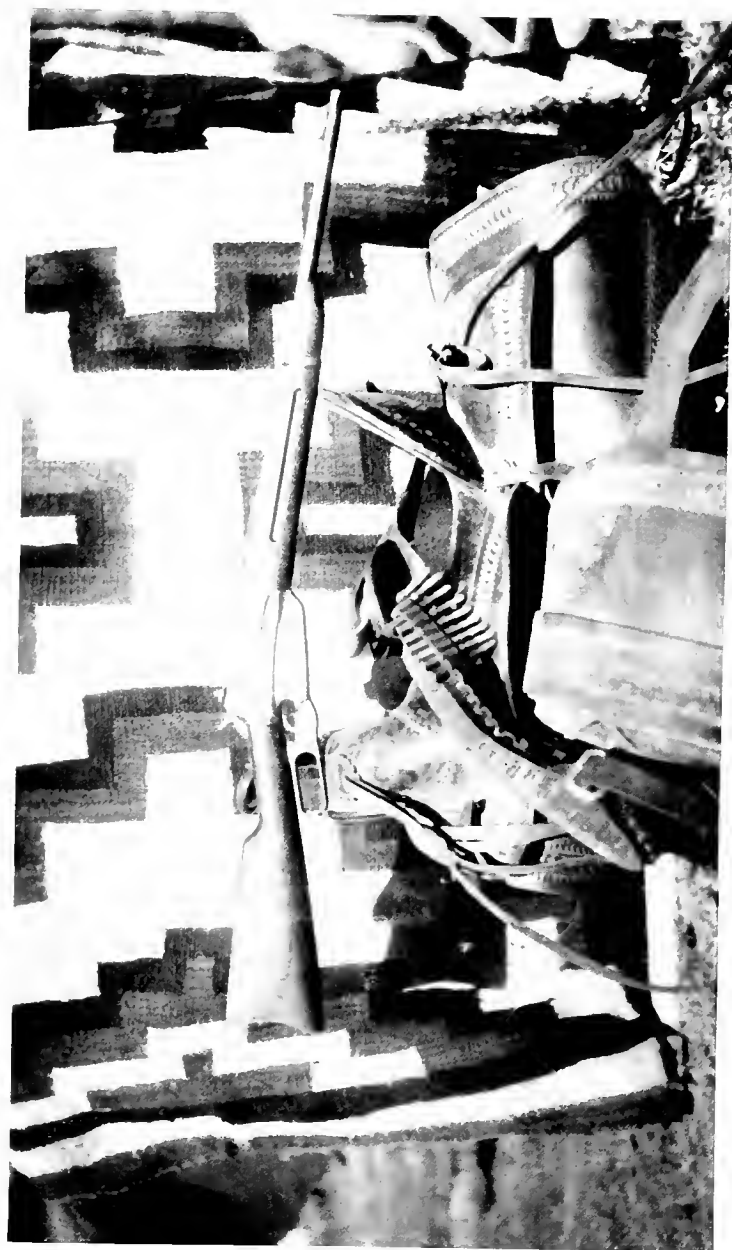


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With Gun & Rod in Canada



THE OLD WINCHESTER.

WITH GUN AND
ROD IN CANADA
By PHIL H. MOORE



Jonathan Cape
Eleven Gower Street, London

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To Lake Rossignol

O F sunny France, the hardy Rossignol
By kwedun* journeyed, seeking land and game,
Up O-gum-keg-e-ok,† of Micmac fame,
Till from an oak-top, by a waterfall,
He spied vast lakes and purple ridges tall;
Then, in his birch canoe of slender frame,
At night he dared the waves—they overcame,
And hurried him to join the hosts of Gaul!

O, siren-natured, gray, Acadian sea!
You harp a luring song, your dangers veil,
Entice brave voyageurs; then, snarl and lash,
And rend them on the boulders in the lee—
(That sportive Glooscap‡ tossed to see you splash)—
Bold victims of a Circean nightingale!

* Bark canoe.

† Mersey River, N.S.

‡ Mythical Micmac giant.

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Autobiography of an Old Winchester

ON February 9, 1901, Captain Barrett, of the Western Arms and Sporting Goods Company in Salt Lake City, Utah, presented me to a young mining engineer. The following spring I accompanied him on a prospecting trip in the Wahsatch Range and killed a cinnamon bear. Then he took me on a coaching tour through the mountains of Idaho. I furnished the meat for our party. On returning, my owner, with a partner and pack-outfit, travelled through Strawberry Pass into Ashley Valley. We killed coyotes, sage-hens, and an elk. From Ashley to Price (125 miles through the Bad Lands) I shot a vulture; also, "chance shot" a buck antelope—1,000 yards. At Price we railed to Salt Lake.

One day a man asked us to go buffalo-hunting. He took us to Antelope Island, in Great Salt Lake, where a rancher had some "tame" wild buffalo. A big bull was on the rampage, and when we got near him he chased us to an old log cabin. The bull struck the wall at about the same instant we struck the roof. I got in the first shot and the bull went down.

Then we made a 1,400-mile pack-outfit trip through the Uintah and Bookcliff Mountains, Brown's Park, and the Bad Lands. On this trip we joined a posse headed by Deputy United States Marshal Smith, which was chasing two outlaws through the Rockies. We reached

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Salt Lake for Christmas. The renegades sleep in the desert.

Early in 1902 we went to a mine in Route County, Colorado. Deer, elk, and excitement were "plenty."

One day I was lying in my master's bunk beside the stove. Noticing a queer liquid dripping out of the oven, the cook suddenly remembered the thawing dynamite. Everybody ran. The cabin blew up. I was blown a hundred feet and picked up uninjured. Then we slid down the mountain on skis for assistance, and had to shoot two lean timber wolves *en route*. It is lucky that I was stoutly built.

I have helped to kill grizzly and black bear, mountain lion, sheep, and goats. I travelled north to Sitka and south to Chihuahua, and thence east to Nova Scotia. I spent ten days under water. I shot seals along the Nova Scotia coast from a motor-boat. I shot caribou near Moose Factory on Hudson Bay. Then I joined the gold rush into Porcupine. The next four years I was carried from coast to coast in Canada.

In 1916 I was taken back to Nova Scotia, where, from my master's hunting cabin on Lake Rossignol, I have sallied forth each fall to bring down a fine bull moose. Though my experience has detracted from my appearance, I still shoot straight.

Outstalking a Cougar

IT was in the early winter of 1899, over in the Brown's Park country in north-eastern Utah. Upon second thought, it may have been in southern Wyoming or north-western Colorado, as the three States come in contact somewhere in Brown's Park. Now, Brown's Park at the time of which I write was no headquarters for perambulating nursemaids, frog-ponds, or flower-gardens. There was one continual grand battle-royal between the sheep-herders, cattlemen, outlaws, Mormons, and Uncompargre (simplified spelling) and Uintah Ute Indians. The Indians, in fact, were the quietest and most harmless human beings in the lot, and merely kept on the outskirts of things and picked up whatever was left from the various stampedes and brawls. They usurped the place of the proverbial honest (called "white" in the West) men when the "thieves fell out."

The proximity of the three States made it a very short journey for ne'er-do-wells to commit some depredation against a neighbour's sheep, cattle, or horses, then eat their lunch on one side of the line and wash their dishes on the other. The sheriffs and deputies of the three different counties of the three different States interested were most circumspect in their recognition of the ethics of the sport called man-hunting, and seemed to take particular pains not to encroach upon each other's preserves.

A set of papers that would do to jail a man within Route County, Colorado, was a mere scrap of paper in Uintah County, Utah, and Uintah County papers were

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not worth a *darn* for service on "Hole-in-the-Wallers" who had slipped over into Wyoming. It was a combination of Merry-go-round and Fox-and-geese, with the officers always in the wrong place, and the outlaws leading a gipsy but rather safe existence.

Of course, when United States deputy-marshals got on the job, it was another story. The birds of ill omen then flew to their various "roosts" and "hide-outs" in the mountains.

Occasionally an exasperated county officer would send a vicious rifle bullet over the line, providing his quarry had been too impudent for human nature to stand, but not often.

After describing such a country it may be a little hard to explain just why I was in that neck of the woods. Mining is the answer. I was, at the time of which I write, the boss of a small thirty-ton water-jack copper smelter. I used to hunt Sundays and any other time that I had an opportunity. It was a great country for black-tailed deer, cougars, and bears.

I had shot a great many deer, but not having any dogs or traps, had been unable to get within rifle-shot of either a grizzly or lion.

Early one Sunday morning I sallied forth with a .38-55 Marlin rifle, the usual six-gun, calibre forty-five, hunting-knife, and plenty of grub for all day. There was a nice crust on the snow up in the mountains, and just before noon, as I toiled slowly up a long draw which shallowed as it approached the ridge, I succeeded in starting and killing a fine fat doe. After dressing this animal I built a fire and had some lunch. While toasting my feet and munching my lunch, my eye wandered aimlessly along the top edge of one side of the canyon, and espied a cougar loping along against the skyline. I could not tell whether it had seen me or not. What

Outstalking a Cougar

wind there was seemed to be drawing straight down the canyon, and I felt sure he had not gotten my scent. The cougar in the meantime scrambled down over the edge of the cliff and disappeared in a crevice in the rocks.

To digress again for a moment: As I look back on my thoughts and behaviour of the next hour, I do not wonder that the Governments of the world have found from experience that boys in their teens and early twenties make the best aviators. My actions after seeing that cougar were not governed by reasoning nor common sense. I just naturally followed some primal instinct, and went after that cat. Leaving my coat, lunch, and venison beside the embers of the fire, guarded only by a couple of empty shells, following the tradition that the smell of burnt powder will keep away coyotes, I started up the side of those cliffs with the cougar's lair as my objective. Coming to the mouth of the crevice, which, a mere seam in the rocks ten feet above my head, opened at the base to nearly twice the width of a man's body, I stopped and fired a shot from my forty-five into the gloom. I jumped back and waited, but nothing happened. I tried it again with the same result.

Being impatient to start something, I laid my rifle on the ground, loaded the empty chamber of my six-gun, and with it in one hand and my hunting-knife in the other, crawled into that black, spooky-looking hole after that cat. I wouldn't do it to-day for a million dollars!

I crawled along some ten or twelve feet, the hole getting narrower and my head-room less as I dragged myself forward. When the bulk of my body had shut off the light behind me, I stopped and listened. Somewhere ahead in the darkness I heard the cat growling. I hunched forward a few more feet, and then got sight

With Gun & Rod in Canada

of its two blazing eyes. No hunter needs to be told what a wild animal's eyes look like in a dark place. If my hair had been three feet long it would have stood straight on end. I unlimbered the old forty-five, and the report deafened and must have scared the cat. It let out a nerve-racking snarl; there was a scrambling and rolling of stones, a puff of dust, and then absolute stillness. I could hear my heart beating. In fact, it made a noise like a riveting hammer on a piece of boiler plate. I waited with my six-shooter cocked for something to happen. Finally, after quite a struggle, I lit a match. There was no cougar in sight. I found that my head and shoulders were sticking out into an irregularly-shaped rocky chamber, perhaps fifteen feet long and six or seven feet wide, and high enough to stand up in. I crawled in, and lighting various matches began to explore. The crevice in the rock making this little cavern, narrowed down at the far end, turned to the left, and went almost straight up like a chimney. Peering up this hole with my light extinguished, I could see a faint gleam of daylight. As it seemed to be big enough for the purpose, I proceeded to climb. I found it difficult to worm my way up this hole with a cocked six-shooter in my hand. When I had negotiated some seven or eight feet of the chimney, it widened, took a little more horizontal angle, and came to the light of day under the edge of a big sandstone boulder some thirty feet above where I had entered. I stuck my head out and looked around, winded and scratched, but keenly alive to eventualities. Then I crawled out, stood up, and looked for tracks. There was a little wind drift of powdered snow along the edge of the mesa that I was now standing upon, and I soon found what I was looking for. The cougar's tracks were there, but there was no blood. He had evidently loped down

Outstalking a Cougar

along the edge of the cliff in the direction from which he had first come when I saw him while at lunch. As there was no foliage and the edge of the mesa was practically without cover, and the cougar was not in sight, I concluded he must have gone down over the edge of the cliff to hide in among the rocks on its rough face. Keeping well back from the edge, I followed his tracks, now and then discernible between the bare spots, for perhaps two hundred yards, and then lost them. I crawled on my stomach to the edge of the cliff and looked over. There was no game in sight. Crawling carefully back, I followed the edge of the mesa perhaps another hundred yards, and this time was rewarded by a sight of the lion lying at full length on a little ledge of rock some twenty-five or thirty yards below me, and perhaps fifty yards to the left. Cautiously taking the back track, I estimated the right spot to again peer over the cliff and get a shot. As I had nothing but my forty-five to kill him with, I did not wish to take any chances. The next time I peered over the cliff the cat was not over forty yards from my position.

Even while carefully aiming my six-shooter at the back of his head, I could not but note the sly curiosity with which he was watching the entrance to the cave where both he and I had first gone in. Although I could not see it, it must have been in plain sight from where he was lying flattened out on the ledge like a squirrel on the limb of a tree. I even noted the tip of his tawny tail as it snakily waved, slowly back and forth.

I fired.

With the click of the hammer the cougar sprang out into the air, struck some jagged boulders forty or fifty feet below, tumbled and rolled a few yards farther down,

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and then lay still and crumpled among the sandstone boulders.

When I scrambled down to him he was stone dead, the bullet having struck the back of his head between his ears and penetrated his brain.

Outside of feeling weak in the knees and shaking like a leaf, I was not very much excited !

It took me all the afternoon to get that cat skinned, and the hide tied up for carrying. It was dark by the time I got my rifle and had the skin back to the camp-fire. It was half-past ten at night before I got back to the bunk-house with my load.

The next morning I sent a boy with a burro to pack in the venison.

Trout-Fishing East *versus* West

FROM north-eastern Utah to Lake Rossignol, Nova Scotia, is a long cast, but it did not seem so far in the spring of 1902 when I unpacked my fishing tackle, with its odour of Rocky Mountain trout "hanging 'round it still," to throw a fly for the first time into a real Acadian trout stream. The fall before I had been fishing, and incidentally copper-mining, in the Rockies. Fishing, and incidentally gold-mining, had brought me to Nova Scotia.

My first morning's angling in the Kejimkujik River, a couple of miles upstream from Lake Rossignol, was an eye-opener. It happened to be just the right season, an ideal day, and exactly the right hour for fly-fishing. The water literally teemed with fish. It was one of those favourable combinations of season, weather, water, and eager trout that an angler is blessed with but few times in his life. I caught singles, doubles, and triples. In something less than an hour I had the limit—twenty fish. And such fish! The smallest weighed nine ounces, the largest three pounds six ounces, and the majority were all big ones. Tom, my guide (*requiescat in pace!*), seemed interested, though not the least excited, and was quite firm about me catching no more that day. Convinced that I could load the canoe, I was eager to keep right on fishing while the going was good. Tom quietly persisted, however, and explained to me that the law said twenty a day was the limit, and, besides, they would spoil on our hands if we killed more.

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These trout were such sporty, husky, lungeing fellows that I couldn't give up my desire to continue the game, and so, breaking off the barbs of my three flies, I tried my luck this way, and succeeded in dipping a number, only to toss them back into the stream. Tom seemed to think it strange that my enthusiasm was so aroused, and nonchalantly informed me that such an experience was not uncommon in Rossignol waters and in streams tributary thereto.

On the other hand, I was constantly comparing the size of these Nova Scotia trout with those I had caught but a few months before in a little Rocky Mountain torrent, called by the Mormons Ashley Creek. There my Mormon "pardner" and I had waded in the swift water, or crept and clambered along the rocky banks (meanwhile keeping a keen lookout for rattlesnakes, with which the valley was infested), and had been well satisfied if we caught a dozen or fifteen speckled beauties, the largest of which would be perhaps seven inches long. Our fishing outfit consisted of cowboy riding-boots with high heels (poor things for wading), a flour-sack partially ripped up on both sides and with ends tied around the neck for a creel, a dollar-and-a-half rod, and a tin reel. The lines, leaders, and flies were strong, and when we hooked a trout we just naturally pulled him in and put him in the sack.

Travelling on horseback through this Rocky Mountain country, which was something over a hundred miles from the railroad, with a pack-outfit was the usual mode of locomotion. We always carried our little rods with us, and the rest of the paraphernalia in our pockets. The placid, still-water brooks in the mountain "parks," as the Mormons call the upland meadows, were also fine places for these diminutive but delicious trout. To fish successfully these waters it was our practice

Trout-Fishing East *versus* West

to sneak up on all fours near enough to the edge of the brook to enable us to drop the fly into the water, and, if a fish took hold, to flip him back over our heads into the grass. If a fisherman showed himself on the bank, the trout would hide under the overhang and sulk.

In the very high altitudes we now and then struck a mountain pool full of trout. They were usually ravenous and would bite anything thrown into the water. Although marked about the same as an Eastern brook-trout, these fish were lean and weak, and would not put up much of a fight after being hooked. It was a local tradition that the fish stayed there all winter frozen in, and, as normal food was scarce, cannibalized to a great extent.

As the swift-running mountain brooks were usually lined with bushes, fishing was quite a chore. It was almost impossible to cast, and one had to wriggle and scramble among these bushes and rocks, dropping the fly as best he could in the likely-looking pools and rills. Leaving this sort of fishing in the fall, and early in the spring being fortunate enough to get the very best of Nova Scotia trout-fishing, I was amazed at the difference in the fish. The way those big, meaty, powerful Eastern fellows took the fly was a caution! When I saw the first splash and felt the first yank on the rod, I woke right up. That trout weighed in the neighbourhood of a pound. From the way he took hold I thought he weighed ten.

Then again, sitting comfortably in a canoe on a broad, breezy river with lots of room to cast was "some" luxury after our sweaty, rough, and entangling alliances with the Rocky Mountain fish. Although the Utah blackflies have nothing on the Nova Scotia brand when it comes to lunching off "sports," the wide, windy stream was quite free from the pests. For some reason Nova

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Scotia blackflies did not seem to care for guide-meat, but I found that when we went ashore for lunch they were very partial to mining engineers. They sat right down to the table with us. Under the circumstances our lunch did not last long; in fact, it was entirely uncereemonious. Without any regard for the blackflies' feelings, we literally ate and ran. Once out in the breeze-swept current, we forgot blackflies and discussed trout-flies without compunction.

As we headed upstream toward our tenting-ground for the approaching night, Tom told me many stories and legends of the Rossignol district, the Kejimkujik River, and Fairy Lake, the latter being several miles above us. The accounts were interesting, and I had no reason to question their authenticity. But when he claimed that the blackfly season was practically over, I scratched and doubted, and the following day concluded that if his stories of local history were no better founded than his dipterous theory, he was a rank fabulist.

Speaking of blackflies, and having fished many seasons pretty well all over Nova Scotia during fly-time since that memorable first trip, I have arrived at a standard of protective clothing that has worked out most satisfactorily, and may be of value to the prospective Acadian fisherman. Over an ordinary suit of underclothes, suitable to the time of year, I slip on a light-weight, closely woven, turtle-neck, long-sleeved woollen jersey. I tuck this down inside my khaki trousers or overalls. A pair of hand-knitted, heavy woollen socks pulled up over my trouser-legs, and a pair of low leather moccasins, complete the essential part of the costume. A cap is more convenient to wear than a broad-brimmed hat, especially if you have to make portages or do any walking among the bushes. If a fly-net is to be worn, a broad-brimmed hat, of course, is better; but as almost every

Trout-Fishing East *versus* West

fisherman enjoys a good sweetbriar pipe while fishing, to inflict him with a fly-net is like making him play the part of a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco shop. Consequently a small bottle of fly-dope to rub around the face and ears is less uncomfortable than a fly-net. A pair of cotton gloves with the fingers cut off will stand about one day's wear and tear, while a little dope on the back of the hands will usually keep off the pests, besides being less annoying than the gloves.

To return to the night that we camped above Big Pessquess Falls: As it was to be our first and only night out on this trip, I watched with more than usual interest Tom's preparations. Now, as the last fishing trip I had taken had been with one "pardner," two saddle-horses and a pack-horse in far-away Utah, I found myself continually comparing the Eastern with the Western methods of preparing for the night. If it had been in the West, the first thing that would have influenced our selection of a camping-site would have been feed for the horses. As trout cannot live in any but sweet water, it goes without saying that good water would have to be available just as in the East. In the West we would have unpacked as near a wood supply as possible, unsaddled, and hobbled the horses. After building a fire we would have mixed a little baking-powder bread right in the top of the flour-sack, and baked it in salt-pork fat in the frying-pan. This bread, accompanied by honey, coffee (never tea) with sugar (no milk), and such canned supplies as may have been expedient to carry on our pack-horse, would have completed our meal, providing, of course, we had not killed any fish or game during the day. When it came to sleep, we would stretch a canvas tarpaulin out upon the ground, roll up in our blankets on this "tarp," and pull the end of it up over our feet, and even over our heads if it

With Gun & Rod in Canada

stormed. We used the "tarp" for covering the pack when travelling. Never carrying an axe with a pack-outfit, the camp-fires were small, and supplied only by such fuel as we could obtain without chopping. That method of camp life seemed quite satisfactory at the time as well as comfortable.

Now, when Tom made camp for me that night on the Kejimikujik River, he seemed to have all the comforts of home packed away in his seventeen-foot canvas canoe. First he selected a nice, grassy, level tenting-ground; then he produced a small eighteen-pound balloon-silk lean-to tent with a two-foot wall in the back, and which was about seven feet square. With a sharp axe it seemed no time at all before he had this tent staked out flat on the ground. With the ridge-pole supported by a couple of forked sticks together, Tom and I raised it. It made as snug a little shelter as one would wish to sleep in. Once again the axe came into play, and Tom appeared with an armful of dry pine chips and started a fire. He produced a folding open tin oven and a small mixing-pan, and proceeded to make some beautiful tea biscuit. I cleaned the trout, rolled them in corn meal, and fried them in bacon fat. In the meantime Tom prepared another frying-pan full of sliced potatoes and onions. A jar of fine strawberry jam, put up by his good wife, completed the meal. Then came the surprise of my sweet, young life. I had been surreptitiously looking around for a coffee-pot and the coffee to put in the same. Not being successful in uncovering this necessary adjunct to the peaceful and enjoyable life of an outdoor man, I spotted a big black open pail hanging over the fire on the end of a stick, the other end of which was stuck in the ground and partially supported by a small boulder. This method of heating dish-water was new to me, for in the West we invariably used two forked sticks stuck

Trout-Fishing East *versus* West

in the ground on either side of a small round fire, surmounted by a cross-stick upon which was hung the pail of water for heating. The coffee-pot usually simmered on a flat stone among the coals at one side. Gathering courage at the risk of outraging Tom's hospitality, I hazarded:

"Where's the coffee, Tom?"

Tom looked at me bewildered. "Coffee!" he exclaimed. "I didn't bring none. We got plenty of tea, though. I'm cookin' the kittle now."

The mystery of the black pail of boiling water was solved. As supper was now ready, barring the coffee, Tom completed the cookin' of the "kittle" by tossing a large handful of black tea into the boiling water—and then he let her boil some more! After we had eaten our supper Tom asked:

"Are you ready now for your tea?"

Without giving me an opportunity to deny his right to inflict the rank concoction upon me, he handed over a large tin mug full, a can of unsweetened milk, a tin of sugar, and a tin spoon. As he had poured the tea out of the "kittle" without a strainer, the dose was about the consistency of boiled rice or pea-soup. In order to spare Tom's feelings in case his spirit is sticking around as I write this, I will have to exercise preterition upon the subject of my disposition of the mess.

As it was getting dark and Tom said he had some chores to do, I offered to wash dishes. Tom disappeared in the woods with the ever-present axe. In the course of twenty minutes he reappeared with two long wands upon which were hung an immense number of tiny hemlock boughs. Not wishing to show my ignorance, I kept quiet and watched. Tom went into the tent and proceeded to stick the stems of those short boughs into the turf till he had completely carpeted the

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floor of the tent. He placed them in an overlapping position like the shingles on a roof. When he laid a couple of sheep-skins on the boughs and our blankets over these, his actions began to show a glimmer of common sense. It was the most fragrant and comfortable bed it had ever been my good fortune to sleep upon. Many a time before this experience I had cut an armful of evergreen boughs and used them for a mattress, and had found them wanting in everything but holes and knotty limbs. This idea of cutting small, tender twigs of spruce or hemlock and sticking the butts down into the ground, leaving the soft, springy ends upright, had not occurred to me.

After Tom had made the bed he began to "gather" a little firewood. I should judge he cut half a cord of birch logs. He rolled some big stones on either side of our cooking fire, and about four feet apart, and began piling on the logs. This made a long, high fire, and as it was hardly eight feet from the front of our tent, was wonderfully comfortable. It was nearly morning before Tom had to replenish it.

The night was frosty, but this camp was the most satisfactory and luxurious one I had ever known under the stars.

After a breakfast of trout, flapjacks, jam, and "tea-soup," we packed our dunnage into the canoe, and started the day with an exhilarating rush down over Pessquess Falls. That was one of the great moments of my life, since it was the first time I had ever run a real rapid in a canoe.

The trout started biting right where they left off the night before, and after I'd caught my twenty I quit fishing, lit my pipe, and again mentally harked back to the Rocky Mountains, and made comparisons between this Nova Scotia fishing and my experiences there. With no horses to hobble, catch, saddle, and pack;

Trout-Fishing East *versus* West

no thought of lame horses, tired horses, nor hungry horses; not much concern as to the weight to be carried, pack-ropes to be adjusted, sore backs to be rested, nor where we would find wood, water, and feed, I concluded that the Nova Scotia method of trout-fishing compared most favourably with the *modus operandi* in Utah. And it is much nicer to sit down to lunch with unbidden blackflies than to harbour as a guest a possible rattlesnake.

A pleasant breeze blowing upstream kept the winged pests away, but there were still two flies in the ointment—two evil spirits in this fisherman's Paradise: the powerful tea and the lack of coffee.

After running more rapids, we paddled out of the mouth of the Kejimikujik River and across the overflowed meadows to Lowe's Landing on the shores of Lake Rossignol. I was still thinking about that coffee.

This lack notwithstanding, I was delighted with the trip, and fully made up my mind that, in spite of the deplorable tea mania of the natives, I was going to build a good camp in this neck of the woods.

A few years later my plans developed. To-day in the larder of that camp is always a bulky, hospitable canister of the best Mocha and Java.

Nova Scotia Trout-Fishing in September

A LITTLE legal business in connection with a gold-mine in Nova Scotia unexpectedly detained Walter and me in Bridgewater. It was beautiful mid-September weather. Sitting in the office of Clark's Hotel one evening, the conversation turned to trout-fishing. One of the gentlemen entertaining us with local history mentioned the wonderful trout-fishing at Indian Gardens. As Walter's hobby was trouting, he pricked up his ears with a large "P." It seems that Indian Gardens was situated at the outlet of Lake Rossignol, the largest lake in Nova Scotia, and, as the name implies, was the summer camping-ground for the Micmacs. The obliging native mentioned such famous trout-fishing places as the "Screecher," "Trout Brook," "Fifth Lake Run," "Shelburne River," and the "Hopper." All this was Greek to me, but in spite of the uncanny names, according to our informant, the trout infested these places in large numbers.

Walter suggested that we go up and try this fishing.

Upon our acquaintance's advice, we telephoned Mr. Kempton, the proprietor of the Alton House in Caledonia, a little town thirty miles from Bridgewater, on the Halifax and South-Western Railway. He said that if we would come up on the train the next evening he would procure a guide by the name of Joe Patterson, who had a boat, tent, blankets, etc., to chaperon us around the Rossignol watershed.

Nova Scotia Trout-Fishing

As Walter never travelled without his fishing tackle, all he had to do was pack his bag and go. I was ready enough to go, but had no tackle. I was contemplating borrowing some, when Walter told me to come into his room and look over his. Perhaps he would have enough for two. Upon an examination of his outfit I judged he had enough for four. At any rate he had two 7½-foot 3½-ounce rods, two 9-foot 5-ounce rods; two or three kinds of folding combination dip-nets; two or three boxes full of reels, leaders, lines, spoon-hooks, spinners, bait-hooks, etc., and two books of flies, either of which was as large as a family Bible. This matter settled, we entrained the next day for Caledonia.

Here we met Old Joe, the guide, who had already sent his boat and gear in a truck-wagon out to Lowe's Landing; this was twelve miles from Caledonia, and was to be the point of embarkation. Next morning we drove to the lake behind a fine spanking pair of bay mares owned by the hotel proprietor. It was a beautiful day, warm and calm, but snappy enough after a night's frost to be exhilarating.

We inspected the commissary department, and agreed with Joe that we had supplies sufficient for a week. Joe's "wangun," or grub-box, was as large as a carpenter's old-fashioned tool-chest, and it was filled to the brim with home-made bread, bacon, canned beans, tongue, beef, milk, fruit, etc. Besides these, he had a peck of fine Gravenstein apples and a peck of potatoes. He evidently was fathering the wish that we would change our plans and stay three weeks instead of one.

Joe's boat was a sixteen-foot lapstreak row-boat with plenty of beam and lots of sheer, and could carry its load of three men and supplies quite safely. After slipping the craft into the water, Walter hinted that he was hungry, so Joe bustled around and built a fire, and,

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as he expressed it, "cooked the kittle." By the time we had cleaned up the first offering of our new guide's hospitality he was perfectly satisfied that we approved of his viands.

We both noticed that Joe ate but lightly of his own sumptuous fare. Solicitously remarking upon this, we learned that he was suffering from indigestion. Walter offered him a bottle of soda mints, which Joe refused politely, explaining that he had a much better cure for his malady if he could catch "one"!

"Catch what?" Walter asked.

"Frog," said Joe.

Thinking he referred to frogs' legs, of which we both were fond, we agreed that a mess of fried frogs' legs for supper would be an acceptable delicacy.

"I don't mean frogs' legs," drawled Joe. "I mean whole frogs."

"Whole frogs!" we exclaimed together. "How do you cook them?"

"Don't cook 'em," explained Joe. "Eat 'em raw—alive."

Not wishing to hurt the old fellow's feelings, and in consideration of his evident effort to entertain us, we restrained our inclination to derisively call him a liar, so merely smiled non-committally. Joe detected the gleam of doubt in our eyes.

"You fellers don't believe it, I reckon."

I accepted his challenge, and admitted I had seen such marvels in side-shows. Without wishing to doubt his word, I would like to see him demonstrate his fondness for live frogs; and further, warming to the subject, told him that it would be worth just five dollars apiece to me for each and every frog he would swallow. Joe immediately borrowed one of Walter's small dip-nets, and wading along the edge of the lake soon captured a frog

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about three inches long. He returned the net to Walter, took the frog by his hind-legs and gulped him down. I was paralyzed and Walter had a sort of sea-sick expression. Joe pocketed my five-dollar bill with complacency. I was relieved to note that he made immediate preparations for continuing our journey instead of hunting more frogs.

He rowed us across the end of the lake to Trout Brook, a distance of five miles. This was to be our first tenting-place. To get to our objective we had to row out through the Narrows between Lowe's Lake and Lake Rossignol, then among some beautiful wooded islands, until we rounded a long peninsula known as Wildcat Point. Passing this point, we were in the big open part of Lake Rossignol proper. Joe pointed to some miniature islands about three miles away near the western shore which marked the mouth of Trout Brook. I was sitting in the stern, paddling and steering as Joe directed. Meanwhile Walter had rigged up two rods, and began to give us an exhibition of off-hand fly-casting. Believe me, that boy was "some" artist with the fly-rod! He could do anything with it but make it write its own name and sit up and beg!

While Joe made camp in a grove of multi-coloured birches at the mouth of Trout Brook, Walter and I took the fishing-rods and dip-nets, and walked along the edge of the meadow to try for fish. It was a still-water brook and comparatively free from bushes on its margin. Walter caught two nice trout almost immediately; then I caught one; then Walter caught three or four more while I was landing my second. By sundown Walter had a dozen fish and I had four. We had been casting barely an hour. When we got back to the tent we compared notes and fish. My four weighed as much as his twelve. I was using a good-sized Parmachene Belle

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as a tail fly, and I had caught all my fish upon that. He was using tiny, dark-coloured midget flies, which evidently the big trout would not deign to notice.

Joe had everything fixed comfortably for the night and supper nearly ready when we joined him. In addition to the food already in preparation, we cleaned, cooked, and ate eleven of the trout.

The usual story-telling contest started directly after supper. First Walter told a story. It was good. Joe and I had a good, hearty laugh over it. Then Joe told one, and Walter and I laughed. Then I told one, and Joe and Walter laughed. Then Walter told another, and I began to laugh, when Joe interrupted by starting to tell one himself. Making a violent effort to readjust my sense of humour to appreciate Joe's new effort, I was just about to demonstrate by the usual risibilities, when Walter butted in with another. With his climax hardly reached, Joe began a new tale, while Walter waited impatiently on his toes, as it were, to launch his next side-splitter. Without waiting for a laugh, Joe told one, then Walter, then Joe, *ad infinitum*. With a view toward saving motions in labour, my face adopted a frozen grin. Finally I called a halt.

"Hold on, boys! There's a new rule in this camp. Hereafter and from now on and forevermore, and as long as this trip lasts, there must be an interim between stories of at least one minute to give the audience a chance to laugh."

This remark brought them both up with a round turn. They looked crestfallen. They were so enthralled and intoxicated with their own prowess as raconteurs that it took quite an appreciable time for them to come to a realization of the absurdity of the situation. Walter intimated that I was envious of their remarkable ability. Joe's excuse was that Walter was the first "sport"

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he had ever met in *ten years* that had told him any new stories.

At that time I was not cognizant of the fact that professional guides probably hear more *new* stories than any men on the face of the earth. Feeling rather pleased at my apparent success in damming this lawine of words, in which I seemed unable to take part, I smoked my pipe in fancied security while Joe replenished the fire. The new blaze seemed to stimulate my own narrating proclivities, and I found myself confidentially telling Walter, just loud enough for Joe to hear, about how much money I had made in Wall Street. I talked quite a long time to a very silent and unresponsive audience. Finally, running down and my story sort of petering out, as a story will under such adverse conditions, Joe drawled:

"I made a lot of money once."

"How much did you make, Joe?" I asked condescendingly.

"Five dollars a minute," he asserted.

"Five dollars a minute!" I exclaimed. "How'd you do it?"

"Swallowin' live frogs!" said Joe.

Walter was mean enough to laugh, and Joe was impudent enough to join him.

The following morning Joe rowed us over as far as the Screecher Carry, skirting *en route* the south-western shore of Lake Rossignol. I trolled with a live minnow for bait, and picked up several good-sized trout on the way. Walter tossed an astonishingly long line, with the aid of an inimitable flip of the wrist, behind every likely-looking rock or log that we passed, and hooked fish in the most unexpected places. He was remarkably skilful at hooking them "on the wing." The speed and accuracy with which he was able to time the little jerk

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that sets the hook in the fish's mouth was amazing, and led to rather an interesting adventure.

Walter made a long cast, and as the line straightened out the flies spread and paused an instant before dropping lightly on the water. A big trout jumped to meet the middle fly while it was still in the air. Walter either saw or sensed the rise, and twitched his line when the trout reached the apex of his leap; but the trout missed, the end of the leader wrapped around his tail, and the hook on the end fly hooked in turn around the leader, making a slip-noose about the trout's tail. The fight was on. I should judge Walter was fully ten minutes landing that fish.

It was four miles to the Screecher, and although we had a head wind, Joe did not seem to mind in the least rowing his heavy cargo.

The Screecher we found upon landing was a short brook connecting the Fourth Lake to Lake Rossignol, and the portage from one lake to the other was not over one hundred feet. Its gruesome name was given on account of the screeching sound the wind made passing through the opening in the trees over the brook. On the west side of the stream is a private sporting-camp and an Indian burying-ground. Joe said the Indians dug the graves and lined them with beach stones, of which there were an abundance upon the shore. The giant of the Micmac tribe is buried in this spot, and his skeleton exhumed by the natives was said to be seven and a half feet long. Tradition has it that this giant was a wonderful skater and leaper, and broke his back while jumping over seven blankets laid end to end on the ice.

We caught the limit in the Screecher brook that afternoon, and had another wonderful night with camp-fire, moonlight, and bough bed. The latter was made of hemlock "feathers." The next morning Joe rowed

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us down to the Hopper, some five or six miles from the Screecher. The Hopper is in reality the mouth of the Third Lake on Lake Rossignol proper. As its name implies, the outlet is shaped like a long narrow hopper or funnel, through which all the waters of the great Mersey watershed have to pour on their way to the sea. A tiny island divides the Hopper, making two swift streams, where we found excellent fishing. We camped upon the southern side, our tent being pitched within fifteen feet of the water.

The first morning after our arrival at this picturesque spot Walter told us a story about a famous fisherman playing and landing an expert swimmer with his trout rod. I laughed at the idea. Walter challenged me to take the part of the fish while he plied the rod. The water was quite warm and beautifully clear, so I stripped off. Tying a handkerchief around my neck, I was ready. Walter selected a heavy fly, reel, and line I had not before noticed, and one of his nine-foot tournament rods. The fly was hooked in the handkerchief around my neck. I agreed not to touch the line with my hands. When all was ready, much to Joe's amusement, I waded out to the edge of the Hopper pond in still water, and then leisurely swam straight out until the line broke. Walter wasn't satisfied, so I tried it again with the same result.

"If I had my salmon gear here you couldn't do that," quoth Walter. Nor could I.

It took the rest of the trip for Walter to explain why he couldn't put strain enough on his line to tire me before I reached the end and broke it.

The second night at the Hopper an old Micmac Indian paddled up in a bark canoe. He and Old Joe were friends, so he accepted our hospitality. This Indian told us wonderful stories of his ability in moose-hunting, fishing, and guiding. The next morning after he left

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Joe admitted that he was a tolerable guide, but unreliable. To point his opinion the old woodsman related the following:

"Labrador took a feller from Boston out moose-huntin'; one night they tented right on this spot. In the mornin' the Injun called from that big rock there." He pointed to an enormous boulder that guarded one side of the outlet. "Now the man from Boston had read about moose callin', but had never heard it. The Indian suspicioned that he had a well-to-do greenhorn, and wishin' to drag out the trip as long as possible, was in no hurry to get him a moose. Just about sunrise Labrador took his moose call and his 'sport' up on that there big rock, and called like a cow moose all right, but ended each call with a loud squawk. After he'd done this several times his 'sport' began to mistrust that something wasn't just right, so he asked the Injun what he made that loud squawk for at the end of each call. 'Me call-um big fat moose that-away,' said the Injun. 'Well, you leave that squawk off and call-um darn skinny ones, after this, you old rascal,' the 'sport' told him."

Joe then went on to explain how Labrador took the hint, and called up a fine bull to the edge of the Hopper pond, where the man from Boston killed him with one shot. To prove the story, Joe took us over across the pond and showed us the old bones.

We broke camp after two nights at the Hopper, and rowed down through the Second and First Lakes to Indian Gardens, passing "Cobby Ell," the "Old Sow," "Umbrell," and Cowie's Bay. It was six miles. All through this trip I marvelled at the ease with which Joe pulled the heavily loaded boat. In these days of cruising around Lake Rossignol in a motor-boat one seldom runs across a guide who would undertake such

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a trip in a row-boat. Joe was about six feet two inches in height, with thick chest and shoulders, but otherwise slenderly built. His wrists were tremendously bony and strong, and his hands like the claws of some bird of prey. Without any apparent effort on his part, the big ash oars would bend at every stroke, while Joe told stories or sang chanteys. He had a finely shaped and massive head, a shock of canescent hair and a long moustache. He was of Norse descent and reminded one of an old Viking.

At Indian Gardens there was a dam which backed the water up over the First and Second Lakes, into Lake Rossignol, forming the largest sheet of fresh water in the province. Fine old oak-trees, several acres of greensward, and a swift curving river complete the picture. Pitching our tent, we had lunch and went fishing below the dam. Walter caught seventy odd fish that afternoon, throwing back all those over the limit of twenty. Not being as ardent a fisherman as my camp-mate, I was satisfied with the limit, and induced Joe to run me down through a series of rapids below the dam. Going upstream after this exhilarating coast, Joe again demonstrated his ability as a boatman. He stood in the stern with a long pike-pole, and poled the boat up against the roaring water with surprising ease. Walter fished with waders on while we were amusing ourselves in the rapids.

After one night at the Gardens we started back for Lowe's Landing, our point of departure, twelve miles away. We passed some attractive wooded islands in the First Lake. Learning from Joe that they were Crown lands, Walter gave our guide the money to apply to the Crown Land Office for a grant of one of them. Joe was to hold it in trust for Walter, and the former still has it.

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We made the Hopper for lunch. It clouded up, so we hurried to get on our way. Quite a breeze had sprung up from the north-east, and this meant a head wind on the big lake. By the time we had left the protection of the islands and were skirting the east shore of Lake Rossignol, we were bucking a heavy sea with wind and rain. With Joe rowing, me paddling, and Walter cheering us on, we made fair headway. There was a narrow channel running behind Bear Island, and we succeeded in making this and getting a little shelter from the wind and sea. From the north-eastern end of Bear Island to Lowe's Lake was a two-mile pull, and we had a pretty tough time. Without a very seaworthy boat and an unusual oarsman we could not have attempted it. Safely in the shelter of the land at the mouth of Lowe's Lake we paused for breath. It was here that we met Joe's brother just starting off on a moose-hunt in his boat. Among other supplies he carried a gallon jug of forty-over-proof rum. If ever wet, tired men needed a drink it was right at that moment. "Rich" tendered the jug, and we in turn tendered our grateful and heartfelt thanks.

From the entrance to Lowe's Lake to the landing was only a mile, and we made it in jig-time. Joe cut some dry pitch pine out of an old stump and built a roaring fire. It was still raining. We pitched the tent, and then Joe did something I had, up to that time, never seen done before. He built a smudge right in the tent and closed the flaps. In twenty minutes the ground beneath the tent was bone dry. He then raked out the smudge and spread the tanned horse-hide which he used for a ground cloth, hair up. This made us quite comfortable.

While Walter and I were changing our wet clothes in the heat of the roaring fire, built within six feet of the front of the tent, Joe was packing the trout. As near as

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we could estimate, we had caught between two hundred and fifty and three hundred fish. We had eaten a great many and had thrown back many others unhurt. Joe packed something over a hundred in moss in a large pack-basket.

It rained all night, but we were contented and warm. The next morning the teams arrived to take us out. Upon casting up the results of our trip, we concluded that our original informant about the fine trout-fishing in the Rossignol district had not overstated the facts.

Worms

AS the migratory birds flock, cackle, and feed together for the great flight to the South in the fall, so every spring do the skilful and migratory fishermen gather around the club tables in New York to cackle and feed while planning their vernal and piscatorial adventures. Whether their skill lies in the way they do it or the way they tell it, is a secret known only to many close-mouthed and wise-eyed old guides who hibernate in the outposts of civilization while recuperating from the arduous labours pertaining to their professions, which consist largely of baiting hooks for fly-fishermen, and of accepting the lions' shares of their employers' winter earnings.

Three talented and empirical lovers of the dry fly and the "wet" story were outdoing each other in their attempts to entertain, with the aid of cocktails and fish tales, a dandified old party. There was no doubt about the old party (whom for the sake of brevity we will henceforth call O. P.) absorbing their drinks, but whether their stories "took" or not is left for the reader to decide. He was polite and listened attentively, thereby satisfactorily playing the part allotted to him by his triumvirate of hosts. After nodding "Yes" to the waiter many times and nodding appreciatively to his hosts innumerable times at the culmination of each story, he timidly ventured with a deprecating air:

"Gentlemen, I consider it a privilege to have had the honour of being entertained by three such patently experienced fishermen. The value of the information

Worms

you have given me has been exceeded only by the gracious way in which you have taken me to your bosoms, as it were, and admitted me into the secrets of your select fraternity. As a slight return for your kindness I will, with your permission, impart to you a rather remarkable experience of my own."

With scarcely concealed about-to-be-bored expressions on their faces, they condescendingly indicated their willingness to listen.

O. P. impressively continued:

"A matter of twenty or more years ago I was attached to a State fish-hatchery. Among other duties, I tabulated and kept track of various lakes and ponds where our institution released the fry of game fish. In checking over a list I was interested to note that, some years before, a Tammany politician had succeeded in getting five hundred thousand lake-trout fry placed in one of the ponds in Central Park."

He paused, lit a cigarette, and noting that he had the close attention of his auditors, proceeded:

"Not very long ago I read in a sporting magazine that the old institution I had served was being closed down. I happened to remember the incident of the fry that had been deposited in the Park. It was in the month of May, and that year I had been much disappointed that business had prevented my annual fishing trip to Lake Rossignol, Nova Scotia."

Again he paused and apologetically went on:

"Perhaps you gentlemen did not know that I had done a little fly-fishing in a small way?"

He now had the undivided interest of his hearers. Their eyes revealed an expression of calculating shrewdness. Was it a wolf in sheep's clothing they had been entertaining?

O. P. continued:

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"A preposterous idea occurred to me. I had a most compelling temptation to investigate that pond with my fly-rod, and see if peradventure any of those lake-trout fry had developed and were still alive; so one Sunday morning before daylight I took my rod, and in my run-about slipped up to the Park. There was no one about. Hastily assembling my tackle, I dropped a Parmachene Beau into a likely-looking spot under the bank. There was a splash and a shower of spray in the dim grey light of early dawn. The rod was all but jerked out of my hand. For fifteen minutes I fought that fish up and down the pond, and finally succeeded in gaffing him. It was an enormous lake-trout. In the next thirty minutes I caught three more; then, being afraid of intruders, and the circulation becoming stagnant in my pedal extremities, I put the fish in my car, and, in the words of the vulgar and unwashed, 'beat it.'"

Fumbling in his pockets, he produced a photograph of four magnificent lake-trout reposing on the running board of an automobile. The jaws of the listeners collectively sagged in amazement. O. P. replaced the photograph and glanced at his watch; then, pleading an engagement, excused himself and left the club-room.

* * * * *

A few days later, very early in the morning, three battered, bruised, and dishevelled gentlemen, in charge of three equally disarrayed cops, were lined up before a sleepy desk-sergeant.

"What's the charge, Officer?" asked the lately somnambulant representative of law and order in New York City.

A collection of much tangled fishing tackle and broken rods were gingerly tendered by one of the patrolmen as *prima facie* evidence.

Worms

“Diggin’ and fishin’ in the Park, sorr, and reschistin’ officers,” ponderously declaimed a uniformed son of Erin.

“Frisk ’em, MacCoy,” commanded the sergeant.

A search of the crestfallen prisoners revealed the expected collection of pocket-books, knives and keys, watches, etc. The nadir of their humiliation, however, was reached only when each was discovered to be in possession of a can of Central Park worms !

Winter Fly-Fishing in Nova Scotia

SNOW-BANKS and ice are not usually associated with fly-fishing. Tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, they seem to collaborate beautifully in furnishing sport for the hardy Nova Scotians, and, incidentally, any others who wish to cast a fly but who cannot wait until spring.

The salmon-fishing season opens February 1st. If the day is reasonably sunny and warm and without wind, the natives living upon the Medway River in Queen's County get out their rods and swing a fly into their favourite eddy, providing Jack Frost has left it open. Their outfit consists of a husky, home-made greenheart, or ash, spliced rod fourteen or fifteen feet long, and a powerful, direct-acting reel, holding one hundred yards of three-strand, heavy line, to which is attached an eight- or nine-foot home-tied leader of the very best English gut, swinging a home-made red or silver-bodied fly, something over two inches long and decorated principally with a pheasant wing. Their gaff is rabbit-wired to a three-foot handle with a three-inch steel hook, and is as sharp as a needle.

As fishing at this time of the year is cold work, the fisherman's usual clothing is augmented by shoe-packs, or lumberman's rubbers, heavy mittens, mackinaw, and cap pulled well over the ears.

Often there is so much ice in the river that the fishing is all done from the edge, and the fly is cast downstream into the water that is too swift to freeze.

I describe the weather and the winter environment

Winter Fly-Fishing in Nova Scotia

to forestall the criticism I am sure will be made by the light-tackle "sports" upon reading the above summary of the heavy tackle used by the local winter salmon fishermen.

When the water is open enough, canoes or punts are launched from the edge of the ice, and being equipped with a kellick, or anchor, the fishing may be done from midstream. To those who are not familiar with the art of anchoring a canoe or boat in swift-running water, a word of caution may not be out of place. Always keep the bow or light end of the craft upstream. The anchor rope should pass through a pulley on the bow or a hole through the stem of the craft. A handy cleat may be fastened on the after thwart. With this rig it is not necessary to go forward (with the consequent danger involved in swift water) to pull up the anchor. The fisherman can manipulate the anchor rope standing or kneeling near the stern. A pole is in more general use as a propelling agent in the Medway River than either oars or paddles, as the stream is very swift and rocky.

Most of the casting is done within a radius of seventy-five feet of the boat. A single large fly is used as described above. This fly is allowed to sink from a foot to two feet below the surface of the water, and is trailed gently back and forth through the eddies and holes. Where in the summer-time Nova Scotia salmon are apt to seek pools and eddies in comparatively shallow but very swift water, and perform continuous aviation stunts after striking, in the winter they delight in "aquation" manœuvres, but seldom come out of the water.

One salmon nose-dived when he struck the fly, side-slipped, tail-dived, and looped-the-loop—all under water. If he hadn't run out of petrol he'd be fighting yet. I gave the powerful rod all the strain it would

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stand to bring him to the gaff. If there is any fish in existence of its weight that can put up a more persistent, resourceful, or cunning fight than a fifteen- or twenty-pound Nova Scotia salmon when hooked in a six- or seven-mile current, it has not been the writer's good fortune to make its acquaintance.

It is also quite a neat little trick to handle with one hand a fourteen-foot rod and a fifteen-pound salmon which is dragging back in a six-mile current, and at the same time use the gaff with the other hand. To add to the excitement, the boat or canoe is usually coated with ice on the inside. By the time you have whipped the glittering silver trophy out of the icy water and landed him safely in the boat you have earned the right to eat it—and he is pink, juicy, rich meat from head to tail.

As many a salmon has been lost through awkward gaffing, a word here might not be amiss in regard to the knock-out punch that has to be delivered if one is to be a successful participant in a finish fight with a salmon.

First: Be sure the fish is close enough to reach with the gaff before attempting to finish him.

Second: When you are sure he is close enough, slip the gaff under and a little beyond him with the point of the hook up, aim for the throat just back of the gills and jerk the gaff toward you. This turns the salmon over on his back, in which position he is practically helpless.

Third: With a continuance of the same motion that has driven the hook into the fish's throat, pull it toward you, and at the same time raise the fish out of the water and flip him into the boat.

Fourth: Be sure to let your line slack from the reel as you pull the fish in, otherwise you are liable to break your tip.

Fifth: Never try to gaff a salmon with a downward

Winter Fly-Fishing in Nova Scotia

motion or over the back. If you do this, almost invariably the fish will turn and wind the line around the gaff, and you will lose one or the other.

Before taking the gaff out of the fish, kill it with a few taps from a hardwood stick just back of the head. More than one salmon has suddenly come to life and flapped out of a boat because the successful angler had removed the gaff and was crowing over his prize before killing it. Catching and holding down a flopping salmon in an ice-coated canoe is just about as easy and graceful as doing a fox-trot with a greased pig on a slippery ball-room floor.

A "sport" really has not earned his diploma as a finished salmon fisherman until he has hooked, played, outguessed, gaffed, and eaten a Nova Scotia winter salmon.

Illustrating the "Timidity" of the Nova Scotia Black Bear

THE ice-house at my camp on Lake Rossignol had been broken into and a half-barrel of pork carried away. The thief thoughtfully left the barrel.

Half a dozen ducks, tied together and hanging by a string from a nail driven in the logs just outside the kitchen door, had inadvertently disappeared.

Some blueberry pies upon the kitchen table had been carried off overnight by way of a much torn window-screen.

A pack-basket full of grub left on the canoe landing in the evening was gone in the morning. This last theft was committed so boldly and so carelessly that the thief's tracks were plainly discernible in the sand on the shore of the lake, and left no doubt in the minds of the observers that it was a sizable she-bear, accompanied by two busy but trusting little cubs, that had been guilty of this last depredation and probably the previous ones.

As immediate steps seemed necessary to prevent further mischief, a tempting pan of molasses was cunningly placed in a secluded nook behind a rock, but in full sight of a watcher ensconced upon the roof of the cabin. A powerful flash-light rigged with a trigger was securely clamped to a near-by birch and aimed directly at the bait. A trigger line, with one end fast to the light and the other end tied to a tree, was so arranged that it would be nearly impossible for an animal the size of a bear to touch the aromatic mess in the pan

The Nova Scotia Black Bear

without tripping upon the string and at once being discovered in a glaring spot-light. The watchers upon the roof—who were to take turns, sea fashion, four hours on and four hours off—were supposed to drill any night marauder that tripped over the string, plum full of holes with a big old Snider rifle.

The stage set, the first watcher took his place, and with hardly two hours of his vigil completed, bang! went the old Snider. The cabin vomited forth a number of eager reinforcements, each with boots in one hand and gun in the other.

"I've got him," bellowed a triumphant voice from a black void over the kitchen roof.

"Got what?"—from one of the skulking doubting Thomases below.

"The bear"—impatiently, from the dusky heights.

"Where? We don't see him"—from the still sceptical reserves.

Bang! the old Snider roared again.

"That stopped him. He was crawling away, and I had to give it to him again," exulted the forces from the fortification above. Being in desperate fear of charging into their own barrage, the reserves up to this point had kept well under the protection of the walls.

"Hold your fire, and we'll go look him over," excitedly suggested one of the infantry squad.

Although the spot-light on the tree shone steadily in the direction of the pan of molasses, no huge quivering black shape lay gasping within the radius of its gleam, so with precautionary commands to the sharp-shooter above, the ground forces unlimbered pocket flash-lights and anticipatively stole forward. Not until they were within ten feet of the bait did they discern a small huddled spiny black mass. It was just upon the edge of the circle of light and blinking stupidly at the unusual performance.

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"It's a porcupine," exclaimed one, sneeringly.

"You're a great hunter," joshed another to the unseen watcher on the roof.

At this point the "porky," evidently resenting the contemptuous tone, ambled sulkily and indifferently away, quite unhurt.

"Didn't even hit him," jeered a third.

"Well, what'll we do now? No bear will come within a mile of this place to-night after all this shooting and uproar."

Being one of the interested reserves, I suggested that we had all better turn in and get a good night's sleep and watch for the bear the next night.

At daylight the next morning the cook shook me awake with the startling information that the pan of molasses had been neatly licked dry, and the tracks of the old bear and cubs were plainly to be seen around the rock. An immediate investigation discovered the spot-light burning brightly and the trigger line broken. As the battery in the flash-light was advertised to burn two hours with a steady light, the bear had evidently visited the spot shortly before daybreak.

A council of war at the breakfast table was the occasion for many brilliant schemes being suggested to trap the bold and cunning thief. The result of this powwow was that we set two big bear-traps, carefully covered with leaves, in the conventional log pen some hundred yards from the camp in an alder swamp, and baited it with a "peeled" porcupine and garnishings of brown sugar and molasses. We also decided to rig up a flash-light and pan of molasses in the same spot we had had them the previous night, and take turns in watching and listening from the roof of the cook-room.

That afternoon, as Ralph and I were driving the black colt out to Caledonia for the mail, we met two curious

The Nova Scotia Black Bear

little bear cubs in the road, hardly a quarter of a mile from camp. We had no gun, and as one whiff of the bears incited the colt into a combination fox-trot, two-step, and waltz, all on his hind-legs, the erratic motions of the runabout would hardly have been conducive to straight shooting had we been armed. Both of the black babies stood up and comically wiggled their round ears at us and then scooted into the woods, while the colt swerved from the road, jumped a fallen log, and miraculously landed back in the road again right side up and running like a fox. Fifty yards farther on, while I was trying to "saw" him down, the colt left the road again and apparently tried to climb a tree. I succeeded in thwarting his reckless intention, and as we flashed once more over down timber and rocks, I noted the old she-bear squatting among some blueberry bushes and grinning maliciously at our haste. Within half a mile the colt responded to my insistent admonishings and slowed down to a walk.

"If you ever catch me on this road again without a gun, it will be because I'm under arrest and handcuffed," I sputtered to Ralph.

"The way the colt was jumping around, I was having all I could do to stay in the wagon. We couldn't have used a gun if we'd had it." His attempt at mollifying me gave scant comfort.

We plotted against that bear during the entire twelve-mile ride to town.

As it was nearly dark by the time our errands were finished in Caledonia, Ralph and I requisitioned a double-barrelled shotgun and half a dozen shells loaded with buck-shot to accompany us upon our return journey to the lake. The last five miles were entirely through uninhabited bush, so the shotgun and a couple of powerful flash-lights which we carried gave us a more secure

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feeling than if we had gone unarmed. The night was black and misty. When we got to the spot in the road where the bear had greeted us, the colt refused duty, so, sending Ralph ahead with the flash-light and the shotgun, I led the frightened animal by the evil-smelling spot. The Bruin odour was very apparent even to my not over-sensitive nostrils. I was so intent on keeping clear of the flying front feet of the shying, snorting colt, that there was no time to give thought to the bear if she was still in the vicinity. Ralph had the flash-light lashed beneath his shotgun barrels with electric tape, and was well fixed to repel an attack. If it had not been for the possibility of running right up against the blundering cubs, we would have had no fear of the old bear. From previous experience we were cognizant of the fact that curious little cubs are apt to investigate any unexpected noise, and then bawl their heads off with fright if they discover anything bigger than a porcupine. The old she-bear usually works on the principle that if a cub whines it is being maliciously attacked. Immediately she comes a-running, annihilation in her eye.

Although Ralph and I were both old-timers in the woods, I venture to say that he felt as relieved as I did when we had the colt safely in the barn and were telling our adventures in front of the big fireplace in camp.

Nothing happened that night nor the next. The traps were unmolested, and the careful watch and ward over the pan of molasses disclosed nothing startling. About noon of the third day two canoes, containing the outfit of the Government geologist, paddled up to our landing with another bear story. It seems they had camped at the mouth of the Kejimikujik River the previous night, and this morning one of the number had stumbled upon two cubs, and had been chased by the irascible old she into the stream up to his neck.

The Nova Scotia Black Bear

Then herding her cubs before her, she ambled off. We had no doubt but that it was our bear family which had caused this break in the routine work of plotting His Majesty's Gold-Fields.

A few quiet days passed and we relaxed our vigil, dumped the pan of molasses well back in the woods so the swarm of flies feeding upon it could conduct their symphony a safe distance from camp, and concluded that Ursa Mater and Minors had sought other fields of endeavour.

We had just settled down to a pleasant round of trout and bass fishing (for it was May), running the rapids, swimming and Kodaking, with the bears but a faint memory of several glorious days gone by, when a white, bedraggled, and much irritated guide by the name of Pat appeared at camp for breakfast. Upon being questioned as to the cause of his woebegone appearance and grouchy disposition, he exploded somewhat as follows:

"I was going up to repair my camp on the Seventh Lake, and walked out from Caledonia yesterday afternoon with a pack-basket of grub and some tools. I had no gun. I built my little fire last night out the road a piece by the brook, cooked the kittle, and laid down. Along about ten or eleven o'clock something began rattling my dishes, and I woke up and seen a bear not ten feet away mauling my basket. There was quite a bed of live coals where I had built the fire, so I jumped up and kicked some hot cinders at the bear. Instead of running she just circled around snarling. I didn't like the way she acted, so piled on some dry pine chips and soon had a big blaze goin'. The bear kept circlin' and growlin', and it took me all my time to keep the fire between her and me. Then I heard a cub whine and figured I better get offen the ground; so I watched my

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chance and run fer that big beech, right by the pole bridge. To say I clumb the tree don't exactly express it. I swarmed up like a monkey on a stick. With me safely up the tree the old bitch called her cubs, and all three sat right down to lunch. The only things they didn't eat were the basket, the blankets and tools. A cub started to play with a sharp chisel. I suppose he liked the way the firelight shone upon it. He must have cut himself, for he dropped it with a yelp. When he hollered the old bear let a growl out of her and made a rush for my tree. I clumb so darn high that I come near having to start all over again. She only came up a little ways, and then slid down to take care of her cubs. She hung around with those cubs till daylight, and then went grumbling down the road, and I clumb down—and here I be."

During this recital Pat's audience had grown until all hands and the cook were included. After expressing due sympathy we told Pat our own experiences with the bear, and then offered to fit him out so he could continue his journey.

"Thanks, men, but the repairs on the shack can wait. I'm goin' bear-huntin'."

"Do you want any help?" we asked.

"The more the merrier," he invited. "Only as I'm goin' to supply the experience and the dogs, the bounty ought to be mine and the hide, too."

We readily agreed to this, and I told Ralph to drive him home to get his dogs. They were back by noon with four dilapidated but experienced-looking hounds.

Right after lunch Pat put the dogs on the bears' tracks while we climbed up on the roof with Pat to listen. In twenty minutes the dogs were baying in good shape. Once they got nearly out of hearing, and then came booming down within half a mile of camp.



PAT AND HIS BEAR.

The Nova Scotia Black Bear

"The old girl has put her cubs up a tree and is trying to lead the dogs off," exclaimed Pat. "They'll heave her to, pretty soon now."

About three o'clock we heard the dogs barking over by the mouth of the Kejimkujik River, and obeying Pat's command to come on, took the trail for that point at a sharp trot, guns and Kodak in hand. A quarter of an hour brought us to the scene of action. The hounds had treed the big ugly brute in an old oak down by the river. When she saw us coming she dropped to the ground, killed one of Pat's dogs with a slap of her great paw, and charged.

Two quick shots from Pat's rifle crumpled her up. We had neither time to shoot nor to take pictures.

Beating off the over-anxious hounds, Pat took command of the dressing and skinning operations. Loaded with bear steaks, skin and nose, we trooped back to camp, sweating and happy. Pat immediately left on a mysterious mission, the purpose of which was only divulged when he turned up in camp that night with a small black hide, and, in a bag, a funny little fat, squirming bear cub.

"This one took after his mammy," said Pat, indicating the skin. "So I had to kill him. The other one acted sort o' trustin', so I brung hum over for you to play with. So long."

And away went Pat to collect his bounty.

For the Benefit of City Nimrods

CONUNDRUM: Which is the greener—a country-man in the city, or an urbanite in the country?

Answer: *Puck, Judge, Life, Punch, Jack Canuck*, and the Editor of the *Green Gage Clarion* to the contrary notwithstanding, the city-bred man displays many more verdant characteristics while attempting to disport himself in and with the appurtenances of the outer outposts of the far-flung civilization of this great North American continent, than does the proverbial hick, gawk, lout, jay, or farmer, while taking in (or *vice versa*) one of our glittering metropolitan catch-alls. And to make matters more difficult for the city man seeking to learn country ways, there is no one outside of an occasional licensed guide to restrain him and keep him from getting drowned, shooting himself (or some innocent bystander), or committing some other depredation against the public weal; while the visiting farmer involuntarily has the protection of a more or less efficient police force. Then again, the country cousin can move with the crowd, and to a large extent escape notice while learning from observation citified methods of living and entertainment. The metropolite in the country, on the other hand, is the centre of attraction to his country host, employees and their friends. Any awkward efforts he may make towards learning about a boat, canoe, gun, fishing-rod, the habits of wild animals, or even domestic cattle, are apt to promote audible hilarity among the straw-chewing spectators, with resultant irritability, and perhaps reckless and desperate attempts to make good on the part of the neophyte.



1.—DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.



2.—DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD TIP OVER.



3.—DIDN'T KNOW THAT HAMMER OR TRIGGER
MIGHT CATCH ON THWART OR PAINTER.



4.—THE AXE IS PATENTLY
A PLAYTHING FOR THE
UNINITIATED.

For the Benefit of City Nimrods

Paradoxical as it is, although always ready to laugh and sometimes even sneer at rural people and their habits, this is the time of the year when nearly every city-bred person is thinking of a vacation in the country.

And now, dear reader, if you are anticipating a quiet week or two in a country boarding-house, do not read another word of this story; but if you are an active being with proclivities for learning the ways of the woods, streams, guides and other wild things—read and mentally digest. The matter hereinafter contained will not take up any room in your cerebral cavity, and it is more than likely that one or two of the following words of caution may occur to you at a crucial moment, and prevent a situation that might make you ridiculous, or precipitate you into real danger.

Twenty years of engineering, hunting, fishing, guiding, sailing, etc., from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf, have convinced me that a gun and a canoe are the two most frequent sources of danger to the amateur. It would be arduous to attempt to make a list of all the dangerous acts to be avoided by visitors in the wilds on their first outing. It would probably be too long to read in a lifetime. Such a document might be compiled by the same efficiency engineer who was employed by one of the large railroad companies to standardize the necessary shop operations used in repairing a wrecked freight car. As no two cars were damaged in the same way, the engineer thought it would be quite an expensive job to undertake. The company told him to go ahead just the same. He found that it took 78,000 standardized operations on file in the company's office to have them properly equipped with rules by which to repair any wrecked car. Now, I am convinced that 78,000 new ways for wrecking the human body are devised by vacationists

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each summer, to say nothing of canoes, tents, cars, and scenery. Obviously I cannot hope to cover the entire field, so let us localize a characteristic background for your outing, and specify some typical and easily-to-be-avoided errors appertaining thereto.

We will presume that you are staying in a sporting camp on Lake Rossignol, Nova Scotia. (It might as well be Maine, the Adirondacks, or California.) You are on your first trout-fishing trip. Upon the advice of friends, you intend to stay at one of the camps for a day or two, and then start off with a guide and a canoe for a week's fishing on the tributaries of Lake Rossignol. Having a first-class Canadian guide, you are in as safe hands as it is possible to be. The day before you start out your guide will sort of hang around and "get acquainted." You marvel at his seemingly impudent curiosity: he asks you if you can swim; he inquires what you are going to wear on your feet; he appraises your brand-new fishing gear and firearms; he inquires if you are used to a canoe; he wants to know if you ever slept out in a tent; he overhauls your clothes, blankets, and the numerous sportsman's paraphernalia that your friends and the sporting-goods salesmen have wished upon you; he may even ask if you are addicted to indigestion, liquor, and tobacco. Now, he is not being impertinent. He is merely trying to find out, with as much diplomacy as he may possess, all about your experience, outfit, and characteristics with a view to being prepared for eventualities. Any deficiencies in either quantity or quality in your supplies will be taken care of in his.

Don't lie to your guide. If you are inexperienced, frankly admit it. You might just as well. Your first day's deportment in the wilds will give him a very clear understanding of your qualifications. It is far better to

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admit sublime ignorance of the ways of the woods, canoeing and camping, and hence give your mentor an opportunity to anticipate resultant situations, than to claim knowledge that you do not possess. He asked you about your footwear because he wishes to make sure that you are going to wear moccasins or rubber-soled shoes in his canoe. Hobnails, leather cleats, or even hard leather-soled shoes, are injurious to the inside of the canoe, upon which the pleasure of your entire trip will depend. It is not a question of merely scratching the varnish with which the craft is finished; it is the possibility of actually splintering or breaking the inside ribs and sheathing, over which the thin canvas bottom is stretched.

He asks if you can swim because it is important to know, in case of a tip-over (the most expert canoemen occasionally have such an accident), whether his first salvage efforts must be on behalf of the supplies or the passenger. If the latter has told the guide that he can swim, he will naturally be left to his own resources, while the guide is righting the canoe, splashing or bailing the water out of her, and rounding up such floating supplies as can be reached. If the canoeman knows that his "sport" cannot swim, he will look to the safety of the latter first and the grub last. Apropos of a canoe capsizing: always remember to sit or kneel in the middle, keep down and keep still. Don't try to turn around, stand up, or reach out over the side. Kneeling on the bottom is preferable to sitting perched up on one of the thwarts. If you have admitted that you are inexperienced in a canoe, the guide is then on the alert for unexpected movements, and can often avert disaster by a timely quirk with paddle or pole. Remember that a canoe, while most useful and seaworthy when properly handled, is no life-raft nor beamy rowboat. It is

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decidedly quick and temperamental in inefficient hands. In case of a tip-over it is comforting to know that neither bark, canvas, nor basswood will sink, so if you get into the water, hang on to the craft.

The queries about your firearms and examination of them were prompted by a very proper desire to see if the calibres were suitable for the game then in season; to find out if you were foolish enough to carry the gun loaded; and how you handled the gun when taking it out of the case and showing it off. Guns of high power, indiscreetly discharged, are liable to kill someone a mile away; carelessly handled, they may kill the owner, his guide, or blow a hole in the canoe. Never pull a gun towards you by the barrel; never point a gun at anyone (except a German), loaded or unloaded; never leave a loaded gun lying around where it can be picked up by women, children, or other inexperienced persons; and if shooting at a target, be sure of the background of your range; if shooting at an animal in the woods, look for four legs and hairy ears, and then look twice again before pulling the trigger; never carry a gun cocked under any circumstances; the operation of cocking, or throwing off the safety, may be done with sufficient speed while raising the gun to the shoulder; if using a lever-action repeater, don't fail to lower the hammer after you are through shooting, or throw on the safety, or, better still, extract the loaded shell from the breach.

If your guide is inquisitive about your fishing gear, it is because he wants to be sure that you have a suitable rod, reel, line, leaders, flies, hooks or lures, dip-net or gaff. If your trip is to be a long one in a good fish and game country, you will depend partly upon the spoils of your gun or rod for food, and the guide has to be mighty sure that the necessary utensils are in your outfit for obtaining sustenance this way.

For the Benefit of City Nimrods

In asking you if you ever slept in a tent, here again it is important for him to have the truth. If you are inexperienced he will so plan his trip that there will be comfortable tenting-sites each night, and he will start to make camp much earlier than he would with a seasoned passenger upon whom he could depend for considerable assistance.

As you sit on a stump and watch him deftly manipulate his glittering, razor-sharp axe, magically shaping tent-pegs and poles, making chips for the cook-fire and cutting logs for the later camp-fire, you are fascinated. A strong temptation steals upon you to pick up the axe and show what you can do.

Don't do it.

There are two good reasons for resisting the primitive instinct most men and boys seem to have for fooling with sharp tools. In the first place, you are sure to make a misstroke and dull the axe on a hard knot, or drive it into the ground, and so nick it that nothing but a grindstone can make it again fit for use. As your comfort, food, and safety depend on fire and shelter, the axe is the most important tool that your guide has to use, and there is no action you can take that will make you so unpopular as experimenting with that essential implement. A still better reason is the danger of cutting yourself and bleeding to death before you can be removed to civilization and surgical assistance. When you consider that even professional choppers in the lumber woods often maim themselves beyond repair by unavoidable slips of the axe, it is patently a poor plaything for the uninitiated.

In overhauling your clothes, blankets, etc., your guide wants to be sure that he is not taking you into the woods with more dunnage than the canoe or he can carry, but with suitable quality and quantity to keep you from

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perishing. In the way of small supplies his quick eye looks for a compass, a waterproof matchbox, fly-dope, or fly-net, court-plaster, a bandage or two, iodine, tobacco, pipe, jack-knife, rubber-soled footwear or moccasins, two or three pairs of "soldier's" socks, sweater, etc. If he sees you have no compass, he will not let you out of his sight on the entire trip. His concern over fly-dope, matchbox, tobacco, court-plaster, iodine, etc., is only with a view towards avoiding your possible discomfort by supplying in his own pack what has been left out of yours.

The answer to his query about your digestive apparatus guides him in the preparation of your meals and the selection of raw food. His solicitous inquiry about your use of alcoholic stimulants arises, I am sure, from a personal interest in the whole liquor question, including all brands, vintages, and percentages. There is always a crestfallen expression upon their faces when they draw a "sport" who does not drink. They are always willing to "join" you at all times of the day or night, and have been known to "join" you when you did not know anything about it. Most of them have shortcomings as professional guides, but as professional drunks they have no peer (with apologies to the proverbial exceptions). Any city-bred "Indian" who goes into the woods and allows his guide to drink more than the bare courtesy of the occasion may demand, deserves all the inefficient service and neglect that is bound to follow.

If you will remember that guides are not menials, but are licensed by the Government to protect the forests from fire, shield game from unlawful destruction, defend their patrons (with their own lives, if necessary) from the dangers of the forest, stream, and wild beasts, and last, but not least, to guard the amateur sportsman from self-inflicted injuries—you can properly respect

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them and their profession. Your trip will probably cost you less if you listen to their advice, than if you try to become a "Buffalo Bill" or "Kit Carson" through unadvised personal experiences.

The canoe fills a very natural place in the life of the great American public, both north and south of the international boundary. Its light weight, speed, seaworthiness, and shallow draught were qualities evolved from the topography and hydrography of this continent. It was the original Indian craft. It is still, and always will be, typically American. They are now so universally in use at summer resorts, as well as for business and pleasure in the wilds, that it is a wonder the public does not know more about the proper use of them. One can hardly pick up a paper during the summer season but there will be an account of a drowning accident due to the capsizing of a canoe. It is unfortunate but true that a large percentage of city-trained young men with little experience in canoe handling will invite their best girls out paddling. The very trickiness of the craft seems to incite a desire to pick that particular vehicle for showing off before the fair sex.

While talking to the manager of a canoe "livery," situated on Toronto Island, we interestedly watched the embarkation and immediate saturation of a young Hebrew gentleman and his henna-haired *vis-à-vis*. The canoe was carefully held with its port side to the float by an attendant, while Solomon handed his Sheba Queen to her luxurious throne among the cushions. Then, grandiloquently waving aside the attendant, Sol picked up the paddle and placed his right foot in the stern of the canoe, preparatory to sitting down. His plan worked, but he did not sit exactly where he had intended. As the attendant had obediently left the canoe to its own resources, the instant Sol's right foot came to bear on the

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bottom of the craft, said craft moved skittishly out into the stream. Sol's left foot being still on the float, he began to perform the act described in acrobatic circles as the "split." Seeing a catastrophe impending, Sheba made a grab for the float. Sol sat gracefully down upon the waters of Lake Ontario, then submerged, periscope and all! In her wild struggles to seize the float, the ardent-haired one tipped over the ark and followed her king. The attendant quickly pulled out the bedraggled queen while the manager gaffed the gurgling Sol with an ever-ready boat-hook and flopped him on to the float. To add insult to injury, my friend had the nerve to charge those two poor children of Israel one dollar (\$1.00) for drenching the canoe furnishings! That looked to me the hardest dollar that ever Jewgave Gentile.

This accident could have been avoided if Sol had allowed the attendant to hold the canoe steadily beside the float until both occupants were seated; or by the lady holding the canoe gently to the float with the right hand while her partner embarked; or by Sol kneeling down (at the expense of the crease in his white trousers) upon the float with his left knee and cautiously stepping in with his right foot, exactly in the centre, holding on to the dock with his left hand, then shipping his other number eleven, and last removing his hand from the dock and kneeling down.

While laughingly discussing the above incident with the manager of the boat-house, curiosity prompted me to ask him why young men took such chances before they learned how to handle a canoe.

"Oh, I suppose they want to make a reputation for themselves," he replied, turning to punch the tickets of some newcomers.

This reply made me think of other times and other "reputations."

For the Benefit of City Nimrods

Some years ago, two Micmac Indians, answering to the names of Peter and Joe, were driving logs on the Mersey River in Nova Scotia. A bad log jam occurred on the falls just below Indian Gardens. When the drive boss came along he ordered the two erstwhile sons of the forest to "Get out on that there plug, break it up, and make reputations for yerselves!" Old Pete took a look at the boss and a look at the jam, and delivered himself as follows:

"Helluver reptashun we make, Boss-man. Little piece in paper, 'bout inch long, jus' sayin' 'two Injuns drowned on log jam'!"

The moral of the above story should be taken to heart by all those seeking a too early reputation as canoeists.

If you are tempted to try your luck in a canoe without the benefit of an instructor, do not make your first attempt when the wind is blowing. Also, do not sit on the stern seat or thwart, which will bring the bow way out of water. The proper position is to kneel just forward of the first thwart aft of the centre one, half sitting and half leaning upon it, and use your paddle on either side that seems most convenient. If you cannot swim, it would be better to learn how before experimenting with a paddle. Never invite anyone to go out in a canoe with you while you are learning, and, if possible, avoid taking a passenger at any time that cannot swim.

Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous performance I ever beheld was "put on" by a salt-water sailor who held a captain's licence and had been all over the world in sailing vessels. He was also a cracker-jack as a yachtsman, and luckily was a good swimmer. We were moose-hunting in Nova Scotia and had our tents pitched on the "Screecher Carry," a narrow neck of land between

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Lake Rossignol and the Fourth Lake. Jack had been paddling bow in my canoe for several days, and being well acquainted with his courageous character, resourcefulness, and swimming ability, I had not given a thought to his previous canoe experience. Consequently when he pushed my little basswood canoe out into the water and, seating himself in the stern seat, began to paddle out into the lake, with the bow high in the air and the light craft teetering on her narrow stern with hardly a third of her keel in the water, I thought he was going to give us an exhibition and perhaps show us some new stunts. There was a stiff breeze blowing offshore, and this caught the high bow of the canoe and kept it straight before the wind, so that Jack's inexpertness with the paddle did not betray itself to us observers on the beach. As he shot out from under the lee of the land, he ran into rough water and half a gale of wind. He tried to turn around, but found it impossible, owing to the high bow acting as a sail, and during his struggles a wild black squall capsized him. Joe and I launched our big guide's model eighteen-foot canoe and went to the rescue. When we got to him we found the little craft had tipped him out, and, hardly shipping any water at all, had immediately righted itself. Jack had divested himself of a heavy sweater, and with the canoe's painter in his teeth, was swimming sturdily for shore when we picked him up. He did not say very much until safely on the beach. Then he gave us the most enlightening exhibition of salt-water cussing that ever assaulted our innocent ears. It was lurid. He cursed my particular canoe, all canoes in general, and the men that made them. He had on a pair of mole-skin riding-breeches, which shrank so rapidly that it gave the pleasing effect of a little boy growing to manhood without having time to change his pants. A couple of hours' quiet instruction the

For the Benefit of City Nimrods

next day gave Jack the working principles of canoe handling. Before the trip was over he "allowed" that he "could put her anywheres in any water."

Having been a sea captain and in the habit of depending largely upon his own judgment, Jack showed woeful stubbornness about another vital matter. A day or two after the canoe incident we were tenting in the woods on the edge of another lake. It had been very dry and windy. The woods were like tinder, and we all had been most careful about putting out our camp-fires before going hunting, in spite of Jack's ridicule of our "fussiness." While the guides were "driving" a large bog, they had left Jack to watch for moose on a certain runway. Being cold, he lit a small fire. As no game showed up, one of the returning guides shouted to him from a distance to go on back to the tents. The fuel Jack had been using was bone dry and made no smoke, so the guide did not notice that our friend had built a fire. Jack made his way back to camp, indifferently leaving the fire smouldering. About midnight we all woke up coughing. There was a high wind blowing and the smoke was dense. The sky was lighted up dead to windward of us, and it was a wild scramble to get our tents down, our canoes launched, and our supplies tumbled pell-mell into them. I do not think that any of us will ever forget that desperate midnight paddle, racing before a wicked, foaming sea with black, driving smoke and showers of sparks. In landing on the opposite rocky shores of the lake, we all but wrecked our canoes in the wind lop. As the fire was confined between two lakes, it burned less than a hundred acres of second-growth timber with a possible damage of \$1,000.00. Jack settled.

Moral: Do not light any fires upon other people's property unless accompanied by a licensed guide, or

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except in cases of dire necessity. When you leave, extinguish every last spark with damp earth or water.

In conclusion, I would advise the "hick" from the city to take to heart a cryptic saying of Old Ma-tee-o's, the Micmac: "Little fire, Injun ketch 'um; meskuk (big) fire, ketch 'um Injun!"

Memories of Moose-Shooting

In Sixteen Epitomized Chapters

INTRODUCTION.

IF you have not the luck nor the time to kill a moose yourself and hang up his head in your den, the next best thing is to shoot with the camera a moose killed by someone else.

Last fall I was so busy building dams and reconstructing an old pulp mill that I could not spare the time necessary for a prolonged moose-hunt. Even in Queen's County, Nova Scotia, where moose are plentiful and comparatively easy to kill during calling season, one must be in exactly the right spot on a perfectly calm, frosty morning to have success assured.

Location and weather being essential, one may count on spending several disappointing days, lacking one or the other, before being able to take advantage of the time, the place, and the moose.

As I had to confine my hunting to short week-end trips taken from my camp on Lake Rossignol, and although successful in having the time and place apparently perfect on several mornings, and several times even being able to exchange verbal compliments with foxy old bulls, something generally happened to keep the big horns under cover during the limited and disconnected time I could spare for hunting.

With Gun & Rod in Canada

CHAPTER I.—COMPETITION.

I had too much competition from cow moose, which, owing to the present game laws in Nova Scotia, are unusually plentiful. On two occasions I had a bull coming up and speaking distinctly, when his attention was distracted by the whine of a real cow some distance away.

CHAPTER 2.—RETROSPECTION.

There is nothing more exciting or exasperating than moose calling in competition with a cow moose. Once while hunting in Ontario I succeeded in coaxing a big bull up to within easy rifle-shot and killed him, in spite of the whining of a near-by cow. I was never quite sure whether I was making such an atrocious imitation that the bull had decided to come and kill me out of consideration for the cow, or whether it was mere idle curiosity which the blasé old bull decided to satisfy before philandering upon his way.

CHAPTER 3.—ANTICIPATION.

To get back to my interrupted attempts last fall to coax the Nova Scotia moose up to my rifle: I wish to reiterate that I had most exciting sport. It is a great trick if you can do it.

On my way to camp a week or two after the season opened I was fortunate in securing a photograph of a set of remarkable moose horns, the trophy of the Reverend Mr. Pifer, of Bridgewater. His guides were just hauling their moose out from Lake Rossignol, and, as the snap shows, they had their canoe on a wagon, the four quarters of the moose were in the canoe, and the head, wrapped



1.—THE PARSON'S MOOSE-HEAD, AND GUIDE.



2.—DEFORMED MOOSE-HORNS.



3.—NORMAL MOOSE-FOOT ON LEFT,
ABNORMAL GROWTH ON RIGHT.

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in bagging, perched on some poles lashed athwartships of the wagon.

My carbine, which is a 30 U.S. Army Winchester model 95, would just reach from palm to palm across the horns. Hence the spread was not remarkable, but these horns had more bone in them than any horns that I have seen come out of the Rossignol district in fifteen years. The palms, instead of growing out sideways, grew nearly straight back over the moose's shoulders, and they were fully twenty-eight inches long. This moose evidently yarded in the spring and summer in the thick woods, so his horns grew back instead of spreading, to permit him to pass between the trees. If these horns had grown out at the usual angle from the bull's head, they would have given a spread of nearly eighty inches.

CHAPTER 4.—VINDICATION.

On this same trip I had just arrived at the camp. It was Sunday morning. My car was hardly in the garage when I saw a canoe coming with two men and a moose head amidships. This moose had been killed on Saturday by John Sheriff, one of the local guides, down in the North-East Bay country, about two miles from camp, and they were rushing it out to the landing early Sunday morning, so they could be in time for church. Anyway, this was the excuse John gave for working on Sunday.

The moose was a big one, as the photograph shows. As they had only part of the carcass with them, which would weigh in the neighbourhood of about two hundred pounds to the quarter, and had to paddle back to get the balance of the animal, I am under the impression that they did not get out to the settlement in time to attend even Sunday-school.

John said that they "just run on to the bull" on the

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shore of the lake as they prepared to land on Saturday to get in a little evening moose calling! One might call this rank luck on John's part, but as he was "in" on the killing of four moose last fall, his experience and good hunting qualities are perhaps responsible for his luck.

CHAPTER 5.—ORNITHOLATION.

On the following day, the weather not being right for calling and looking much like rain, I spent four hours along the edge of the lake shooting yellowlegs and plover, of which there were thousands. As the dam at the foot of Lake Rossignol was being rebuilt, the water was drawn down to such an extent that it left the meadow and bog bare. The sun had baked the surface hard, so one could walk upon it. I stalked up to within easy range of the birds feeding on the edge of the water. Numerous flocks were continually flying over.

I shot a couple of black ducks from the canoe, in the afternoon, about a quarter of a mile from camp in the edge of the long grass. I got my canoe to windward of them, lay down on the bottom, and let the wind drift me right among the birds. Although black ducks and teal are plentiful, with an occasional mallard, in this district duck-hunting has not been developed as a sport by anyone.

A few years ago I bought a string of decoys and built a blind on the edge of a bog about a third of a mile from camp, and had splendid shooting. In fact, we got sick of eating ducks. The following spring someone borrowed the decoys, and I have not seen them since.

CHAPTER 6.—INSINUATION.

Ordinarily, during the moose season, I do not like to use a shotgun, on account of alarming bigger game. On many occasions we have seen moose come out within

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sight of the camp and within an easy rifle-shot. One of my friends actually succeeded in getting a snapshot of a bull, a cow, and a calf standing in the water at the edge of the bog not over a hundred yards from the door of the boat-house.

CHAPTER 7.—DESCRIPTION.

Just a word here about “my hut in the woods.” I suppose every sportsman hopes some day to have a camp somewhere in the wilderness, built out of logs, with big stone fireplace and all in accordance with his dreams. It took the writer ten years to find the location, which of course must be in the heart of a fine hunting and fishing district, and to build such a cabin. Strange as it may seem, both camp and location have been more satisfactory in realization than in anticipation.

The construction of this log cabin will be of interest to sportsmen who have had the usual difficulty of keeping the calking between the logs of a cabin from drying up and falling out. This building is calked with Portland cement, which was put in about ten years ago, and is perfectly good and tight at this date (1918). The interesting point regarding this method of calking which has worked out so successfully is the fact that the cement is reinforced. After the logs were laid up and the building roofed, I drove shingle nails three inches apart in the upper and lower log of each seam, and left them sticking out about three-quarters of an inch where the space permitted. Then I strung fine picture wire between the heads of the nails, with one turn around each nail. Mortar was made of Portland cement and sand, mixed five to one, and of the same consistency as lime mortar. I applied this calking inside and out with a mason's trowel. The nails and wire held the cement

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together and kept it from falling out. The cement fits so closely between the peeled, dry logs that practically no water can lie on the logs between the seams. This makes a job that is water-tight, vermin- and mouse-proof, and clean both inside and outside the cabin.

The house sits on a wooded elevation, fifteen or twenty feet above the lake. As there was a natural spring of clear, soft water flowing out of the side of a little knoll in front of the house, I dug and stoned up a nice well, which is apparently inexhaustible. I added a nice modern bathroom to my otherwise fairly complete equipment, and now feel that I have all the comforts of civilization without the conventionalities and consequent burdens that city folk are always trying to get away from.

Believe me, it is "some" luxury to make camp at night after packing a moose out of a bog, when you are all covered with mud, blood and moose hair, and find yourself able to take a bath in a real tub with plenty of hot water.

A supper of fried trout, broiled partridge, and roast moose meat seems to taste better, the log-fire in the big fireplace seems to burn brighter, and fish and moose stories can be forgiven more easily after such a finish to a strenuous day.

CHAPTER 8.—PISCATATION.

While entertaining a party of friends about the middle of October at camp, we noticed fish jumping in front of the boat-house. I put a fly-rod together, and taking Mrs. B—— with me in a canoe, I handed her the rod and paddled out to investigate. She cast; a fish struck, and after a royal fight (she was using a 3½-ounce bamboo rod) I slipped the net under a white

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perch weighing a pound. She cast once or twice again, and got another heavy strike. We were fully five minutes trying to get this fellow up close enough to the canoe to slip the dip-net under him. When she got the fish in close enough, I discovered she had three, one on each fly. After considerable manipulation I succeeded in dipping the fish on the tail fly, then got the second fish and finally the top one, landing all three safely in the canoe. By this time the whole party was putting rods together and pushing out in canoes to enjoy the sport. We certainly had it. We caught another triple and several doubles. Just for an experiment we attached a fourth fly to the leader, and Mrs. B—— successfully landed four at once.

In all my experience in trout-fishing (and the Rossignol streams are full of the big spotted, fighting fish), I have yet to see a trout put up the battle or show the game-staying qualities of these white perch. And the trout usually have swift-running water to assist in their attempts to get away, while the perch had to fight in still water. Americans call these perch, bass. Never having seen bass, I do not know.

Mrs. B—— landed one fish that weighed two and a half pounds, which is the largest perch I have ever seen caught in this country. The flies used were a small Parmachene Beau on the tail, a Silver Doctor in the middle, and a Ginger Quill next to the line.

These perch skinned, with the fins properly cut out, and rolled in corn meal and salt, make trout taste like a cold pancake in comparison.

CHAPTER 9.—DEFORMATION.

The week-end following the above-mentioned party, Ike and I left the mill in my little car at six o'clock Sunday morning, and arrived at camp just in time to take snaps

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of one of the most peculiar freak moose that I have ever seen.

Four natives had been hunting, and had just arrived at the landing with two moose, one of which had deformed horns and a deformed foot. You will note in the photograph of this freak moose head that the horns are just big gnarly lumps of somewhat the appearance of moose horns when in the velvet, except that these horns were as hard as flint. I should be interested to hear from any hunters who have seen a similar set, and also to hear their opinions of the cause of the deformity.

Upon an examination of the carcass of the moose, the meat was found to be of quite normal appearance—fat and perfectly wholesome. The left forward foot was larger than the right, and one claw had grown out to nearly twice the length of the other.

If upon some early morning “after the night before” I should run across the track made by such a foot in a bog, I verily believe it would influence me to give up drinking. Like Mike when he inspected the camel in the menagerie, I would say, “There ain’t no such animal !”

CHAPTER 10.—EMBARKATION.

After photographing this freak moose, Ike and I took the shotgun, rifle, and camera, with some grub and camp gear, and started in the motor-boat on one more expedition, after a model live moose for photographic purposes. This sounds like a large order, and it is. We came within an ace of being successful. We ran five miles across the end of Lake Rossignol to Trout Brook Meadow, and moored the motor-boat at the mouth of the brook. We then took the canoe and paddled up the still water, poling up a couple of runs

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until we came to the upper meadow, or bog, which is about half a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and right in the heart of a fine moose country.

CHAPTER 11.—DIGRESSION.

Just here we met a porcupine and succeeded in taking a photograph of her, much against her own inclinations.

CHAPTER 12.—SIRENATION.

It was about 3 p.m. when we started to call from a blind in a bunch of bushes running out into the meadow. There was no wind. I believe Ike called only once, when a big cow ambled out on the bog, dead to westward of us, and apparently unconcerned over our imitative efforts. I stood up and snapped the camera at her twice. I had to shoot directly into the sun. While I was getting ready for the third shot, Ike whispered to me to "Get down!" As I clicked the Kodak I glanced toward the cow, and saw the sun glint on the horns of a big bull just as he turned in the edge of the woods and went behind some trees. Undoubtedly he saw me. I did not have time to pick up my rifle before he was gone. Ike picked up the call and "spoke bull." The bull roared his defiance, but would not come out on the bog. The cow kept up a continual whining, and trotted back and forth near the edge of the woods where the bull was hidden, keeping between us and him.

CHAPTER 13.—TREPIDATION.

Ike and I are both licensed guides and old moose-hunters, but we were shaking with excitement. The bull kept speaking (almost a continual roaring), and we could

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hear him tearing up the ground with his front feet. We could see the saplings swaying when he hooked them with his horns. This performance kept up for more than an hour. During that time he threatened to come out every minute. First, I would pick up my camera and resolve to have the moral courage to try to get a picture if he did come out. Then I would throw down my camera and pick up my rifle, feeling that this might be my last chance to get a moose. Then I would drop the rifle and go back to the camera. I fully believe that if that big bull had finally come out, I would have tried to shoot him with the camera in one hand and rifle in the other. Ike had both barrels of the shotgun loaded with ball cartridges, and he would have blazed away with both barrels if the bull had stuck his head out, although the distance was far too great for a smooth-bore to do any execution. At last the old cow wandered into the woods, and we neither saw nor heard any more of them.

CHAPTER 14.—DESPERATION.

The sun was going down when we paddled back to the motor-boat. We ran over to a big cove on the western shore of the lake to camp for the night. We intended to call the next morning—our last chance—from a high knoll overlooking some extensive barrens. It was pitch dark when we got to the beach and landed our duffle. Ike took the axe and began to chop a dry pine stump on the shore to get a fire started. At about the third stroke of the axe, we were startled by a bull speaking in the bushes not over a hundred feet from where we were making camp. It was too dark to go after him, and the woods were too thick to try to get a shot at him, so we decided to make a quiet camp, eat a cold supper, and

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crawl into our sleeping-bags right on the beach. We rigged up a wind-break with the canvas motor-boat cover, built no fire, and turned in.

When daylight came there was a thick fog, and we had to wait until an hour after sunrise before we dared go back and investigate the tracks, or make an attempt to call the bull within shooting distance. We found the beach covered with deer and moose tracks. We also found tracks of a bull a little way from camp. We followed them around until they came out on the beach below and to leeward of us. Here we quit, as the moose had broken into a trot and was travelling fast and probably far. There was a slight north-west wind. As the bull worked to windward of us in the night and walked out on the beach, he caught our scent. One whiff was enough. We saw where he had driven his front feet in the sand as he whirled to get out of that neck of the woods. We fervently hope that he will grow another big set of horns and will carry them across our trail in the fall of 1918.

There was nothing to do but to roll up our sleeping-bags, put our duffle aboard the motor-boat, and return to camp.

CHAPTER 15.—ABNEGATION.

On the way home from camp in the car, we shot some partridges from the front seat. This stunt, by the way, is not so easy as it sounds. We would often run the car up to within thirty or forty feet of a partridge in the road as we came round a bend, but by the time we would get the car stopped and Ike would stand up to shoot, the partridge would be whirring away in the brush or running under the bushes. We succeeded in killing four, and must have missed a dozen, much to our chagrin.

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CHAPTER 16.—NEGATION.

After driving to the mill, we waited with considerable impatience for the snapshots I had taken to be developed. We had hoped that the third snap I had made of the cow at Trout Brook Meadow would show the bull turning on the edge of the woods. All three negatives were negative.

U-Fish

THAT sea salmon no longer spawn in Lake Rossignol, Nova Scotia, is beyond peradventure of a doubt. The year that Fletch Wade hooked a wildcat while fly-fishing for grilse is the last season that a salmon was caught in the falls just below the dam at Indian Gardens. It seems that he did not succeed in either gaffing or dipping the wildcat—but that is another story. The following season dams were constructed across the Mersey River that effectually prevented the passage of migratory fish. The great Rossignol watershed with its innumerable streams and lakes fairly teem with trout, big white perch, and all kinds of small fresh-water fish; but outside of some very large speckled trout which have been landed, up to date there have not been big fish of any other species caught. That there are big fish other than trout in the lake is well known to the Indians and guides who frequent this section. Just what they are and how to catch them are still unsolved mysteries.

Lake Rossignol is really three lakes flooded into one by a dam at Indian Gardens. The upper or Third Lake carries the name of the system, while the other two are simply known as the First and Second Lakes. Through a group of islands near the outlet of the Third Lake runs a very deep, clear water-channel, perhaps a hundred yards wide and half a mile long. One August evening while passing through this channel in my motor-boat, I was startled to see the back and tail of a large fish break water within twenty feet of the boat. As there

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was no wind the surface of the water was otherwise quite unruffled. I immediately stopped the engine and circled the boat around, and watched. Two more monster fish broke water: then a third and fourth. There was a pause, and while I waited in excitement and suspense, a big tail flipped out of water within a foot of the boat and as high as the rail. Having a creel half full of speckled trout that I had caught that afternoon just below the Hopper, I reached quickly into the basket, picked up a fish and tossed it overboard. There was a swirl and a snap, and the tail half of the trout was seen whirling around in the diminishing eddy. But for an instant only. There was another rush and splash, and the remains of the trout disappeared. Curious to get a better look at the voracious monster that could make two bites of a two-pound trout, I tossed three fish overboard, one after another.

Snap! Splash! Snap! Splash! Snap! Splash! All three fish had vanished. The water for half a minute had seemed to be alive with shark-like, finny bodies. It was now so dark that I could not make out either their colour or size. But the performance reminded me of a time when I had seen a salt-water fisherman throw overboard half a tub of spoiled herring, and a school of dogfish had fought over the odoriferous delicacy. In the eerie half-light, this astonishing demonstration of the hitherto unguessed fact of there being fresh-water sharks in the old lake made me nervous. Having no tackle heavy enough to catch them and no harpoon, I gave the fly-wheel of the engine a flip, and chugged busily for Lowe's Landing and the camp.

The combination of bright moonlight and the ripple made by the motor-boat produced weird effects astern. As the wake of the boat would for an instant uncover a barely submerged ledge, it gave the effect of a black,

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misshapen, subaquatic monster rising lazily to the surface and rolling over. The end of an old log, which in the daylight acted as a friendly channel mark, in the misty moonlight seemed to rise menacingly out of the water and reach towards the dodging motor-boat. Several times I ran too close to various cliffs or islands marking the channel, and sheered off only just in time. On one occasion I side-swiped a hidden boulder, and if it had not been for the steel guard, would have broken the propeller. I could have sworn that this rock jumped right out into mid-channel for the sole purpose of attacking me. Perhaps if I had watched more consistently the skyline ahead instead of being so horribly fascinated by the antics of the *Balæna mysticetæ* astern, I might have steered straighter. To speak plainly, the happenings of the evening had induced a frenetic condition of the imagination, with a consequent frigorific effect upon my pedal extremities. It was also quite evident that the above effect increased as the square of the size of the moccasins, and as I wore number elevens, you can easily visualize the resultant irresponsible and divaricating course of the boat.

Once out of the big lake, safely through the Narrows, and popping comfortably across our little home pond, I felt easier in my mind. Before I had tied up at the dock, I had already planned a campaign of crafty assault upon the mysterious denizens of the Deep Channel.

Sitting down to a late supper, I resolved to say nothing to the various sportsmen and guides until I had had an opportunity of trying to catch one of the big fish without too much help and advice. Knowing that trout were the right bait, I was not worrying on that score. Also, I had a stout steel rod, a brand-new heavy silk salmon line and reel; but what I was to use for a hook and leader baffled me.

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Surreptitiously rifling my tackle-box, I unearthed a large silver minnow with a single fish-hook, two and a half inches long, through its tail. I also found a couple of old wollopers of swivelled spoons, each armed with a gang of hooks and a feather duster. The guy that made these ostensible weapons of offence against finny sports either had an optimistic imagination, or had in mind some such fish as those I was going after. Down in the boat-house I found a piece of braided copper wire, left by some sportsman who had been doing deep trolling for the big August trout. Tying a piece of salmon line on to four or five feet of this copper leader, I looped it around my foot, wrapped a bit of the line around a hammer handle, and pulled. The line broke about six inches from where it was tied in the loop of the copper. I should judge that I pulled some thirty-five or forty pounds before the line parted. I was satisfied that if I could hook one of the big fish, I could hold him with the help of a drifting boat.

The next afternoon I sneaked off in a little sixteen-foot power launch. Arriving on the scene of the adventure of the previous night, I rigged up the short, powerful steel rod, tied the copper leader to my salmon line, tied the silver minnow and giant hook on to that, then hooked on a six-inch speckled trout for bait. Just before sunset I made the first cast standing up in the stern of the motor-boat.

The bait struck the water some eighty feet away. I let it sink below the surface and then reeled slowly in. When it was about forty feet from the boat one of the big fish took it under water. I set the hook with a sharp jerk and the fish started straight down the channel. For all I know he is going yet. When the line was all off the reel it broke, luckily near the fish. The boat had no time to accumulate any headway, and I could not put

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pressure enough upon the spool to retard the speed of the fleeing U-fish. I reeled sadly in, rigged up another piece of copper leader, attached one of the feathered spoons and small trout, and tried again. Inside of ten minutes I was hooked to another. This time I was ready for him. I had my engine primed and the switch on. As I held the rod and singing reel in one hand, I gave the fly-wheel a flip with the other, and we started down the channel. It was a nice companionable little party, but it didn't last. As long as we kept on the straight away I could steer the boat with one hand and keep hold of the rod with the other. When the fish doubled back I could not turn the wheel and the reel at the same time. The fish snagged the slack line on the bottom and broke away. By the time I had the motor-boat stopped, I found myself hooked to a log, and the fight was over.

With half my line and one feather duster spoon-hook left, I decided to try once more. As my braided copper leader was all gone, I used an aluminium key-chain. It made a very good-looking rig. With another trout attached for bait, I soon hooked a third big fellow. He sounded when he struck. I got the boat going and kept it running in a circle, expecting that my quarry would soon bolt down the channel. Instead he came up and broke water within ten feet of the boat. The rod was pulled violently towards the stern and nearly jerked out of my hand. Then the engine slowed down and stopped. The fish had fouled the line in the propeller, and about a hundred yards of it were neatly and tightly wound around the shaft, and so jammed between the wheel and the stuffing-box that the friction had actually stopped the engine. Luckily I carried a very sharp weed-hook with a three-foot handle. With the aid of an electric flash-light, I finally succeeded in loosening the tangle and freeing the wheel. While pointing the

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light down into the water, several of the big fish swam curiously into the iridescent circle, but did not come close enough for me to reach them with the weed-hook. I longed for a fish-spear. Cold, hungry, and disappointed, I gave it up for the night, and made camp and supper by nine o'clock.

I have tried for the big fish upon several occasions since, and have been hooked to them twice, each time with disastrous results to my fishing gear. No fisherman has turned up at my camp with either the patience or apparatus for handling anything so heavy or so vicious as these smashers seem to be. The discouraging part of the whole business is that I know from experience that one can fish for an entire week, and toss them everything from a live trout to a spoon made out of a twenty-dollar gold piece, without the desired result.

But when they do take it into their heads to bite, they fight right.

“ Tolling ” Wild Animals

HAVING hunted as an amateur and as a professional for a great many years pretty well all over the North American continent, I had until lately laboured under the impression that I knew nearly every method extant, or extinct, for catching wild animals.

Early in June of this year an acquaintance living at Vogler's Cove, on the coast of Nova Scotia, “ sprang ” a new one. In a very matter-of-fact way he told me about a man named Nowe, living in his little village, who made a practice of “ tolling ” wild animals. When asked to elucidate, he explained that he had accompanied his friend Nowe when he had caught mink by means of a wire snare held in his hand, and which he slipped over the mink's head after “ coaxing ” him close enough to do so. This sounded like true “ animal magnetism,” or plain bunk, and I naturally doubted the truth of the story.

My acquaintance then went on to tell me that he had actually shipped three pairs of mink caught this way by Mr. Nowe to a local fur farm, and that he had received sixty-five dollars per pair for them alive for breeding purposes. He told how this wizard Nowe could catch, and had caught, other wild animals by the same method. He gave in detail a performance he had seen Nowe conduct with seals in Port Medway Harbour:

“ Nowe would lie down on the rocks near the edge of the water,” he went on, “ and writhe around in imitation of a seal, and thereby coax the real seals up so close to him that he could put his hands upon them and actually play with them, or fasten a rope to them if he wished to.”

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Now, although I believed that my friend was in most things perfectly honest, and although in my early fishing adventures I had "tickled trout" and snared fish with fine wire, my experience with wild animals convinced me that such hypnotizing of the kind of game he was referring to would be impossible. Both the acute sense of smell and sight possessed by wild things would preclude the possibility of their being fooled while Mr. Nowe was giving them a "close-up" of his act.

A couple of weeks later I was taking a cruise in my motor-boat from Port Medway Bay eastward along the Atlantic coast, and put in at Petite Rivière breakwater for the night. On Monday morning, July 22, as I sauntered along the plank top of the old structure, I saw a mink dodge in under some broken planking. I stood still, and a few minutes later saw three young ones darting in and out among the ballast rocks. They were about twenty-five feet from where I stood, and although they had seen me did not seem to be particularly frightened. I hurried back to the motor-boat to get my camera, and returned to the same spot, but did not at first see my quarry. I glanced over the side of the breakwater and saw three young mink playing or fishing on the end of some piles near the edge of the water. I set my camera for a six-foot focus, and, keeping out of sight, sneaked along until I got opposite and just above the point where they were playing, and peered cautiously over the edge. The mink were there, but they saw me before I had time to get the camera pointed down at them, and ducked out of sight. I stood perfectly still and just watched. In a few seconds one stuck his head out, spied me, and ducked again. Then another one stuck his head out a little way and whisked back out of sight before I could snap the camera. A third darted out in another place. I tried my best to



1.—ONE OF THE LITTLE CHAPS POKED HIS HEAD OUT.



2.—HE CREPT CLOSER.

“Tolling” Wild Animals

get the camera focussed on any one of them, but they were too quick and wary.

I suddenly thought of the Nowe method that I had recently heard of, and decided to see if I could excite their curiosity so that they would come and keep still long enough for me to take their pictures. I had heard mink squeal when they were in a trap or in a fight, and believed that I could imitate closely that particular sound, but it did not seem to me a practical thing for enticing the youngsters into view. After pondering a moment, I took a bunch of keys out of my pocket and tinkled them like ringing a bell. I peeped over the edge of the breakwater, and three curious little heads ducked back under the logs. I held the bunch of keys in the sunlight and tinkled them again. Three little heads immediately popped into view. So long as I tinkled the keys and held them where they could be seen, the mink seemed to be fascinated, darting in and out between the logs while working their way nearer and nearer. Finally one little fellow stuck his head out from under the logs just beneath my feet. So, holding the keys dangling from my finger, I aimed the camera and took a snap.

As it was an awkward place from which to try for another photo, I resolved to see if I could coax any one of the small family out into the bright sunshine on the top of the breakwater. I tiptoed back to the hole in the plank where I had first seen the mink, held the camera ready, and jingled the keys. I was fully thirty feet away from the point where the mink had been playing and where I took the first picture. In a minute or two all three mink popped out of the hole in the planking, saw me, and scurried to cover. I was so anxious to get a picture of the entire family that I missed my chance of snapping two that showed for an instant in the finder.

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Every time that I would jingle the keys the little animals would pop out in some new spot, so I focussed the camera as near as I could on the nearest hole in the planking, and kept jingling the keys and waiting. In a few seconds one of the little chaps poked his head out, and I took picture No. 1, here shown. He seemed to be fascinated by the sun shining on the metal-work of the camera, or the jingle of the keys, and he crawled out a little farther. I took picture No. 2. Then I leaned over and held the camera as close to him as I could without stepping forward, and he crept out to within three feet of the lens. I took a picture so close that it was out of focus. Winding the film between the pictures did not seem to frighten him. He acted as though he was unconsciously drawn toward the camera. After I snapped the fourth picture he crept up to within six inches of the toe of my shoe. I could have picked him up in my hands, but I did not care to risk a bite, as a mink's teeth can make a nasty and even dangerous wound. A sudden movement of my foot seemed to bring him out of his trance, and he scurried out of sight.

While this performance was going on the other two members of the family were dodging in and out of the broken planking, and seemed much interested in the temerity of their courageous brother.

The above experience has changed my views as to the possibility of "tolling" wild animals.

Small Boat Wrinkles

NEARLY every young man who lives near the water is fascinated by power-driven craft, and sooner or later becomes either part owner or one of the crew of a power boat. If a young man, or group of them for that matter, wishes to be a boat-owner, he will usually arrange it some way. Almost any old kind of a hull will do for beginners, and nearly any kind of an engine that can be coaxed into more or less regular explosions will suffice to drive her.

When one observes the combinations that amateurs risk their lives in, it makes one marvel at the comparatively few breakdowns and accidents which are reported. It is not my intention to discourage the neophyte in the power-boat game, but quite the contrary. He is moving in the right direction the minute he becomes interested in any kind of a mechanically propelled boat. But a few hints as to how to install an engine, and what he should try to achieve in fitting up a hull, may help him to better and safer practice, without having to learn it all from experience.

Away, away back in the last century I built my first power boat, and am not so darned old at that. It was twenty inches long and contained as a power plant an expurgated alarm-clock works, turning a shaft made out of an old buttonhook, upon the outboard end of which was riveted a little tin propeller. This little power boat could speed over the surface of our local frog-pond in a most satisfactory manner, much to the delight of the other regular American boys of the neighbourhood.

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The internal combustion engine was then only an impractical, half-perfected invention, sneered at by the steamboat men and unnoticed by yachtsmen. A few years later, while on a summer vacation at Bath, Maine, I became, by virtue of certain "magic" which I employed, the only successful engineer of a "Globe" gasoline engine, installed in a converted steam-launch. Just what I did to make that engine run, I do not know, nor do I believe that even at that time I was quite sure of the whys and wherefores of its mechanics.

For several years following I spent each summer tinkering with other engines in all sorts of makeshift converted sail and steam hulls. In 1903, having reached man's estate, I had a small launch built in Chester, Nova Scotia, in which I installed a kerosene engine, built in Stamford, Conn. This venture was a very expensive joke. I used to have to heat up a hot tube to get the engine started, and, in order to keep it going, had to hold a gas torch, full blast, against the tube most of the time. My brothers afterwards converted this kerosene engine into a gasoline engine, and used it for sawing wood.

I jumped out of this venture into becoming part owner of a regular 55-foot steam-yacht. The most regular thing about the latter were the bills of expense in connection therewith. After changing her type of boiler three times, we finally junked her machinery and installed a two-cycle, three-cylinder gasoline engine. After one year's operation we junked this outfit and installed an up-to-date Sterling 50 horse-power, heavy-duty affair with all the fixings.

Coincident with the rather expensive and time-consuming experiences with the big boat, I was having my real power-boat fun with much smaller but seaworthy one-man power craft. Five years in Toronto gave me an opportunity to get a touch of the speed-boat

Small Boat Wrinkles

mania, but I always seemed to get back to the small, sturdy fisherman type of power boat when I wanted to have a regular cruise or excitement in the big water, either salt or fresh.

The boat I am showing in the picture is the best all-round power boat that I ever had. It is a little Seabright lapstreak dory, 21 feet 6 inches over all, copper-fastened, built at Long Branch, N.J., where, as they have no harbours, they must land their fish through the surf right on the beach. She is fitted with a 7 horse-power Model T Gray two-cycle engine. The boat was shipped to Toronto, where her deck and coamings were added; her engine and other fittings were installed there, and I used her for four years on Lake Ontario for cruising, hunting, etc. Then I shipped her to Nova Scotia, and she became a hunting launch at my camp on Lake Rossignol.

Her shallow draught and seaworthiness made her ideal for this rough and rocky lake. Then she was taken to salt water at Port Medway, and I used her the entire season of 1918, cruising on the Nova Scotian coast. If there is any rougher coast (or rougher sea) than the North Atlantic off the north-eastern corner of this continent, the salt-water sailors have not yet discovered it. The dory is still perfectly sound, tight as a bottle, and as I write this article early in May, is ready to go overboard for another season of strenuous salt-water work.

SEVEN YEARS OF HARD SERVICE.

If the reader will bear in mind that all the apparatus and arrangement thereof in connection with this little craft have been subjected to steady and consistent hard work in both salt and fresh water for a period of seven

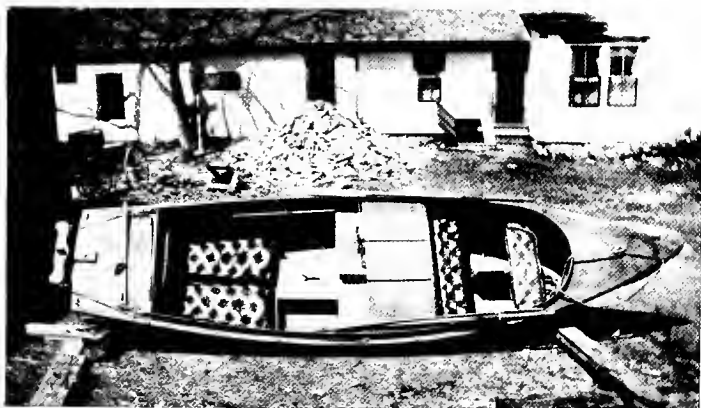
With Gun & Rod in Canada

years, it will perhaps give him confidence in the information contained herein, and make him feel that the suggestions do not arise from cranky ideas nor trifling notions.

The boat is so arranged and rigged that she cannot sink; her engine cannot get wet; in case of a breakdown she can be rowed, sculled, or sailed; her cushions are all life-preservers; she can carry enough water and provisions for four men for three weeks; she has a cruising radius of 160 miles; carries marine compass, charts in a water-tight chart-box, power bilge-pump, 75 fathoms of anchor rope, and an anchor strong enough to hold her in any sea. She has a tiller as well as a wheel, centreboard, fog-horn, and weed-hook; the engine is a one-lunger, with dry battery, and high-tension magneto system of ignition; her batteries are contained in a water-tight box tucked up under the rail inside the engine-room, above all possibility of getting wet.

IGNITION SYSTEM IS WATERPROOF.

The high-tension kw. magneto is chain-driven from the shaft, and sits upon a thwart in a water-tight box with a hinge cover, just aft of the engine-house; the wires are all properly insulated and kept well up off the bottom of the boat; the pan under the fly-wheel is raised half an inch above the floorboards, so that water running on the floor cannot run into the pan and be thrown around by the fly-wheel, with a chance of wetting the ignition; it is impossible for the strainer on the bilge-pump suction to become clogged owing to the very large surface of this strainer; the muffler and exhaust pipe are large enough in diameter so that part of the circulating water can be diverted for condensing exhaust gases, and they are properly insulated with asbestos



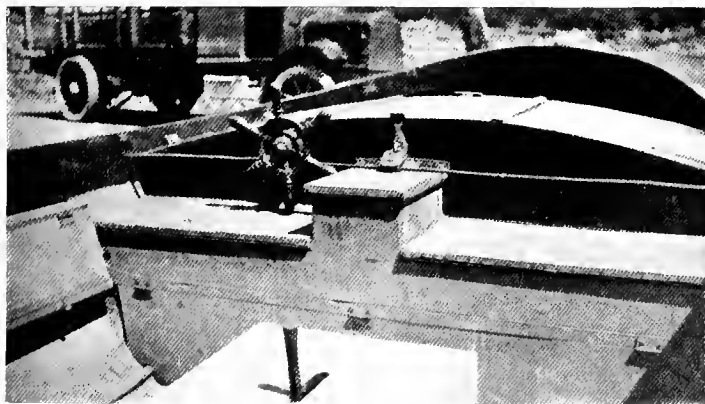
1.—THE SEAT AND ENGINE PLAN OF THE DORY, AND FULL EQUIPMENT OF LIFE-PRESERVER CUSHIONS, OARS, SPARE TILLER, ETC.



2.—AFTER END OF ENGINE-ROOM, SHOWING WATER-TIGHT BATTERY BOX, TWO TERMINAL SPARK-PLUGS AND DOUBLE THROW SWITCH.



3.—ARRANGEMENT OF ROWLOCK UNDER THE RUDDER-YOKE—MAY BE USED FOR STEERING OR SCULLING.



4.—FORWARD END OF ENGINE-ROOM, SHOWING WATERPROOF TOOL-BOX ON LEFT, AND BILGE PUMP SETTING.

Small Boat Wrinkles

wherever they touch any wood; the friction-wheel on the bilge-pump is served with rawhide belt-lacing over the usual rubber tyre (this gives a great wearing surface); the belt-lacing is saturated with a waterproof sticky belt-dressing before being wound on the friction-wheel, so that it will still run and drive the bilge-pump, even though the fly-wheel has been drenched with spray from a breaking sea or rain.

A full complement of tools is carried in a waterproof tool-box inside the engine-house, also well up off the floor and clear of water; both spring-bottom oil and priming can are carried inside the engine-house in a handy holder on a little shelf.

A STUDY OF BALLAST.

If it is at all possible to avoid it, never select a hull that has to carry ballast to keep her in trim, other than the driving machinery. Nearly any hull has wood enough in it to float the engine and act as a life-raft for the passengers (with the exception of the high-speed craft).

It is wise to have the boat sheathed inside, from the rail right down to the floor, so that lighted matches cannot be carelessly dropped into the oil or gaseous bilge-water.

Endless precautions might be written down, but the photos depict the more important wrinkles conducive to safety and pleasure in power boating. Where I believe that speed boats furnish the most fascinating form of sport outside of flying, I get more gratification out of a look, word, or nod of approval from a regular old-time salt-water sailor when he inspects my dory than I would from the plaudits of thousands when crossing the finish-line in a fifty-mile-an-hour "go-devil."

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KNOWING WHAT TO DO.

In conclusion, it were well to remember that deep waters or high winds are no respecters of persons nor trade-marks on engines. And it is oftentimes fully as important to know how to pick up from the deck two half-hitches with one hand as it is to use a monkey-wrench.

Shooting a Grizzly with a Coffee-Pot

IN August, 1901, I started from the little town of Vernal, Uintah County, Utah, situated in Ashley Valley, accompanied by a young guide of the faith by the name of David. We were going hunting, and incidentally to visit the old Dead Man Mine way up on the north side of Baldy Mountain, some one hundred miles from town. The abandoned mine was located just below snow-line, and had an elevation of ten thousand feet.

David was a very quiet boy with a pleasant disposition; a first-class prospector, guide, and hunter. He had a crippled hand. From his mild and retiring personality one would conjecture that he might have crippled that hand in his mother's sewing-machine, or perhaps jammed it in the cellar-door. I learned later that he carried this deformity as a result of performing some of his duties as deputy-sheriff, particularly while persuading a couple of outlaws to accompany him to jail. I also learned that one went to jail and the other to the cemetery. Uintah County in the old days was a nice isolated place to live in, and an unostentatious place in which to die. As intimated above, however, you would never guess from appearances that David had any notches on his gun.

With the white cap of Baldy Mountain gleaming in the noon sunshine, we left the old Government trail, and turning sharply to the north-west rode up a long draw,

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or canyon, to the edge of a mesa, made a lunch camp beside a mountain torrent, hobbled the horses and turned them out to feed. Packing up after lunch, we crossed a most beautiful grassy park on top of this tableland. It was a vast undulating sea of grass with clumps of cedars here and there, like ships riding at anchor.

Toward night David said we were in a fine deer country, and should soon begin to see elk, and bear tracks as well. We camped that night on the northern edge of the mesa, and next morning travelled down a short canyon partially wooded with quaking-aspen and cottonwoods. There was a good footing for the horses, but no fresh tracks were in sight. By noon we were making elevation again at every mile. We were in the foothills of Baldy Mountain. Hardly half a mile from our camp-fire the hoof-prints of a bunch of ponies came into our trail, going also toward our objective. David said they belonged to a bunch of Uintah Utes going on a deer-hunt. He explained to me that the Ute Indians made a sort of general holiday of their hunting. All went on horseback spread out in a great half-moon, sometimes stretching for a couple of miles, with the object of driving deer or other game before them into the mouth of some blind canyon, or draw. In that way they could be more certain of getting them than by individual hunting. Our chance of getting any game short of the snow-line on Baldy Mountain seemed pretty slim. As the tracks we were following were hardly two days old, we would likely run into this bunch of Indians sometime within twenty-four hours.

About the middle of the next afternoon we came up to their camp. I first saw it from the top of a little knoll in the foothills, and it was in the distance a most picturesque sight. There were perhaps a dozen wigwams pitched on the side of a "creek" (even a mountain

Shooting a Grizzly

torrent is known as a "creek" among the Mormons). There were ponies and dogs, and papooses and squaws, scattered indiscriminately over the landscape. The wigwams, covered with different shades of deer and elk hides, old pieces of canvas and tattered blankets, and a few burlap bags thrown in for good measure, gave a crazy quilt effect in the blue, late afternoon atmosphere. It really would have made a colourful and interesting painting for a Remington to extend himself upon.

Personally I never yet saw a picture of an Indian camp that seemed real. One misses the smell so. When we were a quarter of a mile away a gentle, evening north-west breeze drifted indolently and carelessly among the tepees, and thence wafted the perfume toward our ungrateful and misunderstanding nostrils.

"Gosh, David! what's that awful smell? There must be something dead around here!"

"Them's Indians, pardner. They don't stink half as bad when they're dead as when they're alive."

Dave said this with a perfectly serious face, and I wondered if he referred to the old adage that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, and if it applied to the Indian smell as well as to his life.

With my olfactory nerves tremendously disciplined, I accompanied Dave into the camp. He dismounted, but I did not. At his suggestion I had caught up the pack-mare and led it with a turn of the larigo attached to the hackamore around the horn of my saddle. Indian kids sometimes, slyly assisted by their elders, would jokingly stampede a well-packed animal, and before you could find your pack-horse, the diamond- or loop-hitch would become strangely unfastened, the contents of the pack or panniers might be scattered among the rocks and underbrush, and although the papooses, squaws, and even bucks would help scour the country for your

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goods and chattels, they would be curiously inefficient when it came to finding things and bringing them to you. The inevitable blanket, so nonchalantly worn by all classes of Ute Indians when not actually fighting, dancing, or hunting, always struck me as a convenient place for concealing other people's possessions.

Dave held council with the Chief in the Ute language, and after proffering a chew of tobacco, which was readily accepted, mounted his horse and joined me.

The Utes had huge smoke fires going, and hundreds of pounds of venison strung upon baling wire in the dense fumes. The Chief told David they had had good hunting, and had killed some forty blacktail in a steep blind canyon, the mouth of which showed to the south about half a mile beyond the camp.

We rode straight on to the north-west, following an old creek bed up Baldy Mountain. Toward night the going began to get steep. There was no marked trail. Our path was interspersed with rocky stretches covered with quaking-asp and beautiful little open grassy meadows, or parks, as the Mormons call them. We camped that night beside a crystal mountain pool, my aneroid barometer showing an elevation of five thousand five hundred feet. The feed was excellent for the horses. There were fresh elk tracks, and although the night was cool, it was clear and not windy. We did not hobble the horses, as Dave said they would not leave the good level feeding-ground of the park for the rough country we had quit. I have noted that when packing through the mountains of the West, as you make altitude and get into a country strange to your horses, they are more dependent upon their masters, and are not so apt to stray far from the camp-fire. It may be they feel the need of the protection of human beings, as it is in these mountains that both the grizzly bear and cougar

Shooting a Grizzly

have their homes. There is no doubt that a grizzly will attack a horse if he can get the opportunity. Burros and colts are often victims of the cougar. Whether the latter would have the temerity to attack a full-grown horse, I am not prepared to say.

Dave caught seven or eight little speckled trout, which we had for supper.

Speaking of the supper we ate that night reminds me of all the other meals upon that trip, and makes me appreciate the wonderful luxury of the grub we eat in Nova Scotia compared to what we packed in the old days. Our complete menu consisted of flour, salt pork, baking-powder, coffee, sugar, salt, a few onions and half a dozen cans of tomatoes. The tomatoes were only to be used if we got short of water while crossing the Bad Lands, which border the Rocky Mountains upon this particular part of the American continent. The juice in a can of tomatoes is better to drink when suffering from thirst than the best water you can pack in a canteen. Owing to the can having no opening except what you make with your knife, it is never used except as a last resort, and consequently the juice is not idly sipped at as the water is apt to be when in a screw-top canteen. The old-timers told me that many a man's life had been saved through this habit of carrying canned tomatoes for an emergency. My personal experience bears this out. You will gather from the limited store of provisions we carried that every meal consisted of baking-powder bread made in the frying-pan, salt pork, black coffee, and such meat or fish as we happened to kill along the way. At times we picked and ate various kinds of berries. As strange as it may seem to the pampered guide and "sport" of the East, frying-pan bread, fried pork and coffee tasted good three times a day and every day in the week. Mountain air might

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have had something to do with it. If our friend, the sauce-maker of "57 varieties" of fame, could bottle some Rocky Mountain air and sell it for the sharpening of the jaded Eastern appetite, he could discard the original "57," and, calling the new mixture "Oxygenitrogen Piquant à la Rocky Mountain," double his sales.

The next day we climbed slowly toward snow-line, hunting as we went, leading our horses much of the time, and using our field-glasses where the country was open enough. After lunch we espied one small band of sheep on a shoulder of Baldy Mountain itself, but they were too far off to shoot at or go after. This night we camped under one of the ridges, making the fire on the edge of a snow-water lake. This lake gave rise to one of the many streamlets or creeks fed by the eternal snows of the mountain peak.

As we are but slowly progressing to the incident of the coffee-pot and the grizzly, I am going to continue loitering and tell a fish story.

The tiny lake before our camp was ice-cold and perfectly clear, having a pebbly bottom. It did not seem to be over two feet deep and was full of speckled trout. They were so thick that I thought at first they were suckers. I fired my six-gun at a big one near the surface and killed it. After wading in and taking up the dead fish in my hands, and incidentally freezing my feet, I discovered I had a most remarkable specimen. It was about eighteen inches long and had all the markings of the Eastern brook-trout. But it was the leanest fish I had ever seen, being about the same proportions as a skinny pickerel. In Dave's presence I cleaned it and took from its stomach another lean-looking trout, seven or eight inches long. For curiosity's sake I cut this fish open, and found within it the skin and bones of another

Shooting a Grizzly

small trout. I imagine that if I had had a microscope I could have gone on discovering fish of a descending scale in size, *ad infinitum*.

As there were no bushes or grass around the edge of that pond and no mud on the bottom, there was no feed, and these trout must have lived and propagated and cannibalized since Adam threw away the core. The only outlets to the lake were little rivulets passing through the loose formation forming the bed of the watercourse leading down the mountain. To add to the mystery of the phenomenon, the water in this pond must have been solid ice six months out of the twelve. Dave said that he knew for a fact that the trout in these high altitudes stayed in the ponds all winter frozen in the ice, and came to life again in the spring. We didn't cook the trout because it did not have flesh enough upon it to warrant wasting the fat required for frying.

Looking for signs of spawn around the edge of the pond revealed nothing, nor was there a characteristic place for a spawning-ground. If one could judge by a trout's teeth, the way you judge the age of a horse, the trout I shot was a thousand years old.

Crossing the ridge and dropping down the other side, a vast natural amphitheatre or bowl stretched before our eyes, like the crater of an extinct volcano. Upon the farther side of the crater we could distinctly see a white quartz vein cutting vertically down through the formation, its lower end being lost in the accumulation of overburden in the bottom of the crater. A turquoise lake a few hundred yards across, surrounded by deserted cabins, completed the picture. The sides of the bowl were dotted with location monuments of stone. Dave took me quite a détour to pass one of these close at hand. Obeying his suggestion to dismount and examine this old "stake," I was interested to see him kick out

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from among the rocks a few ancient bleached bones and a much rusted rifle-barrel.

Dave said that an old prospector who was the original owner in fee simple of these bones had been obsessed with the idea that all the other inmates of the camp were going to try to jump his claim. Consequently he stayed on guard day and night. When the mines turned out to be a non-paying proposition and the inhabitants had stampeded out of the country, this old prospector was convinced that it was simply a ruse to lure him away from his claim. So he had sat there untiringly with his rifle across his knees to guard his property, ever since. The Indians found him, but being superstitious left him alone. They named the place "Dead Man Mine."

Upon closer examination we found the cabins still partly furnished; old rusted mining tools lying around, a couple of blacksmiths' outfits, much moulded and rusted cases of canned goods, mice-riddled blankets, cooking utensils, etc. After a casual inspection one would have thought that the miners had left the day before and were expected back any moment.

I carefully sampled such of the quartz as I could get at, both on the surface and in a short tunnel, quartered my samples down to the smallest possible bulk for convenient carrying on our pack-mare; and climbing the southern and lower side of the crater, we topped the low ridge, and waving a farewell to the tenacious old miner, started our descent. For two miles we travelled down the most treacherous rock slides it was ever my bad fortune to encounter. Then we entered fallen timber. Forest fires and wind had made this canyon almost impassable for anything but snakes and birds.

We dismounted, and with an axe in one hand and reins in the other, we hewed, scrambled, crawled, and twisted through a maze of giant jack-straws. When it was

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nearly dark the timber began to take a more upright position. To my relief we came to what Dave called an "elk park." It was a series of small meadows with bunches of cottonwoods and quaking-aspen between them, and fine grass for the horses. Elk tracks and elk beds were all around us.

We were too tired, scratched, and sore to hunt. Unsaddling and unpacking our lagging animals, we turned them loose. I unstrapped my heavy cartridge-belt and six-shooter and hung them on the branch of a tree, glad to be rid of the dangling weight. Hearing the gurgle of a mountain stream a little way off, I picked up the coffee-pot and went for water while Dave built a fire and opened the provisions. I walked perhaps fifty yards before coming to the bed of the creek. The spring torrent had washed away the gravel, leaving a little bank a couple of feet above the surface of the brook. Taking the coffee-pot by the nozzle and putting my left arm around a cottonwood to help me maintain my balance, I reached down and dipped a potful of water and slaked my thirst.

As I was drinking I heard the stones rattling on the other side of the brook behind some bushes. Glancing, somewhat startled, in the direction of the noise, I discerned a big black shapeless mass. It moved, then growled, and believing it to be a bear, and having heard that bears were timid when confronted by unexpected sights and sounds, I emitted a lusty yell and threw the coffee-pot full of water at the dark growling shape.

Its identity was immediately established. It stood up on its hind-legs, gave a most convincing snarl, and started toward me. I started up the tree. There were no branches on this old cottonwood within ten feet of the ground, but I went up that smooth trunk like an electric shock. The interim between the time I started

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to climb and the time I got my legs over the branches is a very short and hazy period in my life. I have a distinct recollection, however, as I pulled myself safely up into the branches, of seeing the bear in the brook at the foot of the tree just scrambling upright. The left half of my hunting-shirt was torn completely off, and my upper left arm was burning and bleeding badly. I do not know to this day whether the bear had jumped and made a slash at me with his paw, or whether my shirt and arm were torn as I climbed into the tree. Evidently the bear had jumped, and striking on the edge of the bank when he came down, had rolled over into the water.

Naturally wishing to get assistance from Dave, I yelled "Bear!" at the top of my lungs. He came running through the bushes with a can in his hand. It being a great country for bees and wild honey, he thought I had yelled "Bees!" and was coming to get the honey. Catching sight of me in the tree and the bear beneath it at almost the same instant, he made tracks for his gun, touching only the high spots. It is a well-known fact among hunters that the much-touted Eastern champion sprinters really do not hold the world's records. The only way that a man can be made to run fast is to have a grizzly chase him. The bear started after Dave, but by shaking the limbs and hollering I succeeded in attracting his attention to such an extent that he decided not to leave the sure thing up the tree for the chimerical and flighty Mormon. Besides, I was in good flesh, bleeding profusely, and David was quite scrawny.

In a couple of minutes the bear and I heard a slight crackling in the bushes, toward which we immediately turned our heads, only to be startled by the sharp crack of a 45-70 and a blinding flash. The bear grunted and started straight for the flash. Again I shouted and shook the branches while David did a semicircular sprint.

Shooting a Grizzly

The bear returned snarling and growling to the tree. He reached up almost to the lower branches, and with a few emphatic pats of his paws ripped bark and wood out of that old trunk as though it were made of cheese. Then he started to bite it. If it had not been for the timely crack of my friend's rifle from another quarter, I veritably believe he would have gnawed that tree down in six bites.

The bear started again for the flash of the gun. After jumping a few yards toward the bushes from which the bullet came, he fell down. I shook the branches of the tree again and repeated my hurrah. The bear jumped to his feet and came toward the tree. He was limping badly. I could hear Dave make another spurt through the mountain laurel to a new point of vantage. The way he was running around he must have been trying to make the bear think that there were five or six men firing at him. Again from a bush the rifle cracked. This time the bear squalled and rolled over and over, trying to strike at the small of his back with his fore-paws. He rolled into the water, then got up and gave himself a shake. Limping off over the stony bed of the brook, he finally disappeared in the bushes on the other side. I could hear him grumbling and whining as he scrambled up the steep side of the mountain.

Fearing that a yell to David would attract the bear's attention and call it back to the tree, I gave a low whistle. Dave answered in kind, and in a minute or two appeared sneaking along as if stepping on eggs, with his gun cocked and at the ready, darting his sharp little eyes at every corner in the growing dusk.

"Where is he?" whispered David.

"He's gone up the mountain on the other side," I replied, as I slid stiffly down the trunk of the faithful cottonwood.

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"My Gawd!" he exclaimed, as he saw me bloody and half denuded. "Did he take a crack at yer?"

"Nothing serious," I explained, at the same time making speedy tracks for the proximity of my own fire-arms. I decided then and there never again to be without them a second when on the trail.

Reaching the camp-fire, which Dave had already started, we found the horses stampeded, but our grub and outfit where we had left them. Building up a good bright fire, David proceeded to dress my arm by the simple process of washing with cold water and sewing up a cut about two inches long by half an inch deep, square across the left biceps. White linen thread and a coarse needle which we carried for "housewife" emergencies did the trick. After this operation we packed in plenty of dry fuel, of which there was an abundance near our camp-fire, and after an unrelished supper we stayed awake all night—David, for the purpose of keeping the fire, and I, on account of the pain in my arm.

At daylight we started to track the horses, my arm in a handkerchief sling, both of us carrying rifles. We succeeded in rounding them up about half a mile down the canyon, at the lower end of a series of little parks, and drove them back. After hobbling them and having lunch, Dave suggested that we pull out at once for Vernal, where my arm could have the attention of the local surgeon. Although the wound was painful, its being on the left arm did not incapacitate me. But it annoyed me just enough to make me so irritated at that bear that I could have eaten him raw if I could have come up to him. I explained all this to Dave, and he finally consented to help me hunt him.

We found his tracks where he had crossed the brook. David stooped down and picked up something. It was

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the coffee-pot, flattened out as if a steam-roller had run over it. The bear had bled a great deal, so it was not difficult to keep on his trail. I fully expected to find him dead at any moment. We followed him up the mountain clear to snow-line. When he struck the snow he evidently kept right on going. As it was four in the afternoon, we had to give it up and return to camp. After another painful night we saddled up and started down the canyon for Vernal.

It was about one hundred miles away. We were on the trail two nights and three days.

The surgeon in Vernal pulled out the stitches and said it was a good job.

Nova Scotia bears can climb trees. I often think it's a wise provision of Providence that they do not combine with this talent the disposition of the Rocky Mountain grizzly.

Shooting from a Canoe

THE fascinating alliance of a gun, a novice, and a canoe is perhaps the cause of more amusement and, often enough, of more accidents than almost any other combination. Shooting from a gunning-float, or a sink-box, is one thing, and shooting from a canoe, as Abe would say to Mawruss, "is yet something else again."

A gunning-float, or sink-box, is primarily for the purpose of hiding as much as possible of the sportsman's body from the game, which arrangement necessitates a very low centre of gravity and comparatively little danger of capsizing from over-sudden motions or the recoil of the gun. Also, the sink-box, or gunning-float, are special types of craft used more for shooting than for navigating. As the canoe is the sportsman's common type of craft for conveyance on the fresh-water highways and byways of eastern United States and Canada, and as it is seldom convenient to use, or in fact have available, specialties in boats when far from civilization, it were well for the amateur to be mindful of the danger as well as the convenience of using a canoe for gunning purposes. Being expert with a gun does not necessarily carry with it expert handling of the same when a sportsman is doing his first shooting from a canoe. The writer has seen fully as many dangerous mistakes made by good wing-shots when attempting to shoot from the bow of a canoe as those made by rank amateurs with both utensils. A ducking in ice-cold water may or may not be enjoyed by a sportsman, depending largely upon



1.—DON'T LEAN BACKWARDS—THE RECOIL IS LIABLE TO TIP YOU OVER.



2.—DON'T TURN ROUND AND SIT UP IN THE BOW.



3.—IT IS DANGEROUS TO KNEEL UP IN THIS POSITION.



4.—THIS IS SAFER.

Shooting from a Canoe

his love for the aqueous element and the time of year. But, of a certainty, it is hard upon shells, blankets, guns, cameras, and grub, to say nothing of the patient and ruminant guide. To avoid unpleasant experiences, such as are suggested above, a little forethought and study of the accompanying pictures may help those who anticipate canoeing and gunning simultaneously.

When hunting in the eastern part of Canada and the United States, a mixed bag is more entertaining and better to seek for the sportsman with a short vacation period than specializing on some particular kind of game. The canoe, being silently propelled (when expertly handled) and, if painted grey, having low visibility, is the ideal craft for a hunter-voyageur. A shotgun, rifle, trout-rod, camera, and a skilful guide are a symposium that will assure a sportsman an interesting day, always provided that the above adjuncts are carefully and correctly manipulated. Otherwise it would be better for a sportsman to blunder along in a boat or go hunting afoot.

A canoe is a surprisingly stable craft when its occupants are kneeling in the bottom, half sitting upon and half leaning against the thwarts. But when one or both of the passengers are sitting upon the thwarts, the centre of gravity is too high for safety. In spite of the fact that much canoeing is done in this way without accident, it is neither the proper nor the best way to use a canoe. Where stiff joints or bulk make it essential to sit on the forward thwart or seat, the guide would naturally take the kneeling position, and by so doing halve the risk of tipping over. Where a sportsman can kneel down in the bottom with comparative comfort, he should accustom himself to this position.

The hulls of these useful craft are purposely built of the lightest fabric so they may be portaged with the

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least amount of labour. This light weight combined with an exceedingly shallow draught is responsible for the canoe's unstability as well as its fragility. A sportsman should remember to wear rubber-soled shoes, or moccasins, out of respect for this very frailty that makes a canoe so desirable in shallow waters and over long portages. When stepping in, be sure that the canoe is resting upon the water and not upon the rocks, as a sharp stone or snag can easily puncture the canvas and light sheathing of the hull. When once in, keep down, keep in the middle, and keep as quiet as possible. So much for embarkation.

Stow the guns forward with the butts in the bottom of the canoe and the barrels pointing over the gunwales forward. Never stow a gun so that the muzzle points either at the bottom of the canoe or at its sides. Do not stow the gun behind you so that you have to pull it forward by the barrel, with the possibility of the lock or trigger catching on some of the duffle and perhaps discharging it inopportunately; nor so that you have to pull it toward you by the stock, with the chance of shooting your guide. Do not hold a gun in your hands with the muzzle pointing into the bow or bottom of the canoe. Accidental discharge when held in this position means at the very least the thorough wetting of the cargo and a possible swamping far from shore.

In making side-shots at flying birds, do not attempt to swing the whole body towards the birds, but only the trunk from the waist up, turning as on a pivot and keeping the centre of the body exactly over the canoe's keel. It is easier to fire a shot to the left than to the right without upsetting the canoe. When right-hand shots have to be made, the guide should swing the boat sharply towards the birds, thus enabling the sportsman to take an easier and more natural position than would



1.—NEVER POINT A COCKED GUN INTO THE HULL OF THE CANOE.



2 —ILLUSTRATES THE CORRECT WAY TO CARRY A GUN WHEN SHOOTING FROM A CANOE.

Shooting from a Canoe

be possible otherwise. If a sportsman shoots from the left shoulder, the reverse of the above is, of course, the correct thing.

A canoe is so light and the centre of gravity so high that the recoil of a gun has to be taken into consideration. The stock should be held firmly against the shoulder, and the latter member thrust slightly more forward toward the game than when shooting on terra-firma. In high shots this movement should be accentuated. Practice will soon regulate the amount of shoulder thrust necessary to offset the recoil of any particular gun. If the guide calls attention to any birds that are coming up astern, do not attempt to shift your seat and turn around, nor place one hand on the gunwale and turn. Pivot only as far as you can with head and shoulders, and leave it to the guide to turn the canoe to an appropriate angle.

Thousands of words might be written listing things not to do when using a gun from a canoe. But the pivoting over the centre of gravity is the essential thing to remember, combined with keeping the latter as low as possible. With these two fundamental principles always in mind, practically all dangerous mistakes will be automatically avoided.

The pictures accompanying this article are taken to illustrate a few of the more common mistakes. An expert wing-shot when in my canoe has been known to turn suddenly and to sit upon the bow deck and shoot at birds flying behind me, at imminent risk of capsizing us both or shooting me. Another over-anxious "sport" suddenly stood up and emptied his repeater at flying ducks. Uncountable times I have had hunters swing quickly to the right or left, throwing their weight on the gunwale, or shift their bodies sharply to port while shooting to starboard, or the reverse. In all these

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cases I was too busy cutting figure eights in the water with my paddle while frantically attempting to keep my boat right side up, to have time to persuade the joyous Nimrod to desist. The lad that sat up in the bow facing me certainly made some wonderful shots at the risk of my life and his own. But he never seemed to appreciate the fact that if I had not been fully as good a canoeman as he was a wing-shot there would probably have been a wet blanket thrown over the gleeful occasion.

If these few hints and pictures have the effect of saving even one sportsman from a wetting, or one stanch little kwedun from destruction, the space given will not be used amiss.

The Uninvited Guest

FOR some years past—in fact, ever since I built my first little combination boat-house and camp on Lake Rossignol—I have guided and “hosted” a great variety of human beings for pleasure and profit. Incidentally the profit was mostly in the pleasure. Not being nearly so close a student of human nature as of Dame Nature, it is seldom that either the character or appearance of a transient guest is lastingly impressed upon my memory. Occasionally a visitor of especially charming personality presents himself and is remembered. He is perhaps unconsciously blessed for his easygoing and good disposition. Occasionally, also, a peculiarly disagreeable, prying, fussy “sport” is misdirected into our neck of the woods. If he is trying enough he is remembered a long, long time. Such a man was Tug Williams.

The history of Tug’s moose-hunt might not be unprofitable as a horrible example to the young and aspiring hunter of what *not* to do or say in the woods.

To begin at the beginning:

I was sitting in my office in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, one fall morning when the telephone announced that a friend from Halifax had just arrived at the station with his gun, woods luggage, and the intention of going moose-hunting with me. Although I had already been hunting once that season and it was late in October, I welcomed the opportunity of making a good excuse to go again, so told him to come right up to the office

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and we would talk it over. In a few minutes he arrived—gun, sleeping-bag, and all. During the next half-hour we discussed ways and means, and had a most interesting time.

We decided to leave Bridgewater that afternoon by train for Caledonia and stay at the Alton House, driving out to camp the next morning. A few days before I had sent a new motor-boat and engine up to the lake to be stored in the boat-house ready for the next hunting or fishing trip. We anticipated great fun cruising around the big Rossignol watershed in this boat, towing a canoe or two with us for side trips up the rivers and into connecting lakes. The boat was equipped with a $3\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power Gray engine, and I had not yet had an opportunity of trying it out. This engine had been purchased from Mr. Tug Williams, the aforementioned gentleman, an erstwhile inhabitant of Bridgewater. (His real name is withheld for obvious reasons.) The Caledonia train did not leave until 4.40 in the afternoon. Sometime between lunch and train time, Tug heard that I was headed for camp for the purpose of testing the new motor. When friend Emery and I arrived at the station, Tug was waiting on the platform to greet us, valise in hand. I had had no suspicion of his evil intentions. He informed us that he was glad of this opportunity to go up to my camp and “demonstrate the engine.” I did not know what to say nor which way to look. In order to give myself a chance to gather my wits, I hastily introduced Tug to Emery and slipped into the station to buy the tickets. Still lacking moral courage to tell Tug he could not go with us, I climbed aboard the train closely followed by the welcome and the unwelcome guests. Tug found some cronies and hobnobbed with them during the two-hour run to Caledonia.

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“Who’s your friend?” Emery asked, with one eyebrow raised a little higher than the other.

I lamely tried to explain that he was the man who had sold me the engine, and was not a friend of mine exactly, that I had not wanted him, and perhaps he was not going any farther than Caledonia, and ended by admitting that I did not know what to do about it under the circumstances. Emery recognized my embarrassment and magnanimously agreed to let matters take their course. At Caledonia that night Tug was offensively one of the party.

Next morning during the drive out to camp he told several really funny stories. The road was long and somewhat muddy, lying largely through woodland. Toward the end of the second hour he seemed to get a little nervous, and asked if there weren’t “any people living ’round here.” This was my first inkling that Tug had never been in the woods before. When I told him no one lived within a number of miles of camp, where we intended spending that night, he “allowed” that it was an awful lonesome place for people to go for moose.

Arriving at camp, we rolled the motor-boat out of the boat-house into the water, and then had lunch. The new engine kept Tug so busy all the afternoon that he had no chance to worry about the isolation. During the evening in the camp he was quite the life of the party. He sang songs, recited, step-danced, told unrepeatable stories, and played an “easy” game of poker—all of which softened our hearts a little towards him. Just before we retired, Old Joe, one of our guides, took me aside and in a worried voice asked if I intended taking “that man” out on a moose-hunt, referring to Tug. Assuring Joe that I was going to take “that man” out where the moose were, I inquired why he asked. It seems Tug had told Jim, the other guide, that he had

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never fired a gun nor slept in a tent, nor indeed had he ever been in the woods before. Old Joe earnestly advised me to send him home. This was impossible to do, as we had only a few days to spend in the woods, and the team that had brought us out had returned to town, a distance of twelve miles. It was a case of take Tug or give up the moose-hunt.

The next morning we started off with the new boat, two canoes in tow, two tents, etc.; Emery, Tug, Joe, and I in the motor-boat and Jim sitting in the stern of the second canoe. We had grub for a week. As the moose-calling season was about over and the wind was favourable, we decided to "drive" a piece of country known as Yeaton Lake Bog. Our camp site was to be on the neck of land between Yeaton Lake and Lake Rossignol, a distance of nine miles from the home camp. We made directly for this point, and ran into a heavy easterly wind and sea in the lower reaches of the lake. The engine stalled, and we shipped a little water. Tug, who was acting as engineer, went straight "up in the air." After considerable difficulty, Emery and I got the motor working again. (The trouble had been a short circuit due to the fact that Tug had left the wires sagging in the bilge-water.) With the exception of this one interruption, the engine pushed us along satisfactorily to our destination. While we were unloading and pitching the tents, Tug asked a lot of questions. The newness of the situation, however, did not seem to hurt his appetite, either for the solid or liquid nourishment with which our commissary was supplied. After lunch we set out to "drive" Yeaton Lake Bog.

The *modus operandi* was for a guide to go to windward along the shore of the lake, and then weave back and forth through the thicket, shouting, and occasionally discharging his six-shooter. If there were any moose

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in the woods at the head of the bog, this would start them out. There were three paths that they would follow: one trail led along the eastern edge of the bog; the second, the western edge; the third crossed the brook at the outlet of Yeaton Lake, and then along the narrow neck of land upon which we had pitched our tents. Jim was to do the driving, and he placed Emery on a low ridge on the western side, and me on the eastern side on a similar ridge. Joe took charge of Tug and stationed him, armed with a double-barrelled shotgun loaded with ball, on the trail below our tents. The bog was about five hundred yards wide. From where I crouched among the bushes on my ridge, I could see Emery quite plainly upon his.

Jim had been gone perhaps an hour and a half, when I heard his first shout, "Get out o' there!" This was followed by a couple of revolver shots. In a few minutes a two-year-old bull trotted out on the bog and stood within twenty-five yards of Emery. As this moose was little more than a spike-horn, Emery would not shoot at him, although I expected to hear his 405 Winchester bark at any second. When you consider that Emery had never killed a moose in his life, he showed real sporting blood in withholding his fire. Even a two-year-old bull moose, broadside on at twenty-five yards, is a very tempting target, and few hunters would have passed it up.

After studying the animal, Emery simply waved his hand and scared it across to my side of the bog. I looked it over carefully and also waved it good-bye. The next instant a little calf ran out near Emery; this was followed by a fat, lumbering cow. As this was real beef, Emery's 405 did the trick nicely in two shots. The cow went down for the final count within one hundred yards of the edge of the lake.

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While the cow was making its last kick, an enormous bull showed himself for an instant, coming from the same direction. It was in sight only a couple of seconds, and neither Emery nor I had time to take the long shot. As the big bull had taken the trail down towards Tug and Joe, we expected to hear the old smooth-bore bellow at any moment. After listening for twenty minutes, Jim, who had now joined us, concluded that the big bull must have taken to the water.

We dressed the cow and carried it down to the two canoes which we had used to cross Yeaton Lake from the camp. It was a big load, and by the time I had Emery in the bow of mine, and half a moose, there was barely three inches of rail showing above water. Jim took the other half of the big carcass in his canoe, and we paddled back to the neck of land upon which our tents were situated. Leaving the meat in the boats, we hurried across the peninsula, expecting to find Joe and Tug watching the trail. They were not in sight, but the tracks of a regular old-timer of a bull passed right under the big tree where Joe had placed Tug to watch. They were just about the biggest moose tracks I had ever seen, and the way the moss and mud were thrown out of them and scattered among the bushes indicated that that moose was in a considerable hurry to get out of the country. Hoping to solve the mystery of Tug's disappearance, we hastened over to the tents, where we found Joe chopping wood and Tug on a stump still asking questions. Joe hardly looked up at our approach, but by the way he was making the chips fly I concluded he was irritated about something. Tug greeted us as follows:

"Say, what are youse guys trying to put over? Youse must think I'm a chicken. You can't kid me, takin' me way off in the bushes like this, and leavin' me up

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against a tree, then goin' away and shootin'. It didn't scare me none, and youse is just wastin' your time. Where's your old moose, anyway? There ain't none nearer than Central Park Zoo, I bet. Where is he? Tell me! Where is he?"

This was all delivered in a tone of opprobrium that was positively scathing. While I took Joe aside for a quiet talk, neither Jim nor Emery enlightened Tug as to the day's happenings. It was unnecessary to tell Joe we had succeeded in killing a moose, as the two quick shots of Emery's rifle gave him an adequate account of our hunt. If he had heard eight or ten shots, he might have asked whether or not we had succeeded in getting our game. When I told Joe about the big tracks and asked him why he and Tug hadn't seen the bull, he elucidated:

"It was this way. I took Mr. Williams over to that big pine right on the trail and got him all fixed behind some bushes. Then I handed him the smooth-bore and explained to him that he must shoot low, and, as the bull would probably be trottin' straight toward him, he mustn't shoot until he was close. He fidgeted around quite awhile and cocked both barrels of the gun. I told him not to do that till the moose showed up. Being scared he would fire the gun if he tried to let the hammers down, I took the gun away from him and put the hammers at half-cock, explainin' how it should be done. He grabbed the gun out of my hands and told me it didn't take him all day to learn how to shoot. So I just naturally took the gun away from him again and took the cartridges out of it, and explained some more how to cock it. I let the hammers down to half-cock and showed him how to load it. He called me an old farmer and a hick. Knowing he was a friend o' yours, I didn't smash him across the mouth, but kept cool and handed him back the gun. He tried snapping the hammers a

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few times, and then loaded her up. Then he squirmed around and pointed that gun at everything in the woods, while I was manoeuvrin' to keep behind him. Figurin' this kind of huntin' was too dangerous for me, I cautioned him not to shoot at anything he might hear walkin' in the woods unless he saw it had four legs and long ears. Then I left him and come back here to chop wood. Just as I was leavin' he asked what he'd do if a moose cum. I told him to just pull both barrels and then climb a tree. I hadn't been here five minutes before he followed and said he was lonesome."

This story was too good to keep. I told Emery about it, knowing Joe would tell Jim.

As Tug was still scoffing at us, we decided to take him over and show him the moose tracks. They didn't seem to make much impression on him.

"For all I know, them may be the footsteps of some kind of a big bird," was his slurring comment. He certainly contributed to the day's sport.

For the time we refrained from showing him the moose meat. Jim supposed he'd call that "some kind of a fish." Emery took Tug back to camp, while Jim and I walked over to the canoes to paddle our cargo of meat out around the point to the landing in front of our tents. Tug, hearing us talking, was at the landing when we arrived. He took one look at the meat and hide, and entertained us as follows:

"Where's his horns? Youse guys has been robbin' a bone-yard or killin' someone's horse."

That night when he saw us eating the "horse" meat, he joined in most heartily.

About nine o'clock as we lay stretched on our blankets in the tent with the fly thrown back to admit the warmth of the camp-fire, a big owl hooted from a tree just behind the tent.

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“Whoo, whoo! . . . Whoo! . . . Whoo, whoo . . . oooo!”

Williams jumped. “My Gawd! what’s that?”

“Them’s wild-cats”—from Old Joe.

“Wild-cats!” repeated Tug. “Do you have wild-cats ’round here?”

“Sure,” said Joe. “The woods is full of ’em.”

“How big are they?”—from Tug, apprehensively.

“Oh, not very big,” drawled Joe. “About the size of a two-year-old steer.”

There was a brief silence, during which Emery and I were stuffing our mittens in our mouths to keep from laughing.

“This is sure a h—ll of a place to invite a man,” rasped Tug—“way out in these woods, and no place to sleep but under an old sheet, strung up on a pole, and no windows nor doors to shut!” This plaint seemed to delight Jim and Joe, and stirred the latter to further devilry.

I was wearing an old leather coat with the sleeve badly torn and worn.

“It’s a good thing that bear got hold of your coat-sleeve instead of tearin’ the arm off yer that night he reached under the tent,” said Joe, in a sepulchral tone, barely loud enough for Tug to overhear.

“What’s that? what’s that?” snapped Tug, taking the bait and sitting bolt upright on his blankets.

Joe explained at length how a bear had reached in under the tent one night during our last camping trip, and had made a grab at me with his paw, but had only succeeded in tearing my coat-sleeve, as I had awakened just in the nick of time. Whether this was pragmatism or a rank lie, depends entirely upon your point of view.

Tug kept rumbling and grumbling and complaining about the hard ground, and about our lack of considera-

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tion in taking him out into such an environment. Just as we were getting settled down again, Joe asked if he could borrow my six-shooter. Prepared for some more of his amusing pranks, I handed it over without asking for an explanation. He disappeared from the fire-light, taking the trail down to the canoe landing.

"Where's he goin' ? What 'd he want that gun for ?" asked Tug, anxiously.

As Jim had gone to bed in the tent on the other side of the fire, it fell to me to back Joe's game, so I hazarded:

"Oh, he's just gone down to see if the meat's all right. Sometimes bears carry off moose meat, if you don't watch it."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when there was a crash in the bushes, followed by several shots from the six-shooter. In apparent alarm, I grabbed my rifle, and with a yell, "I'm coming, Joe," darted out of the tent, heading for the scene of action. My hasty arrival in Joe's proximity found him sitting on a rock laughing.

"Fire a couple o' shots out of your rifle, boss," he suggested.

"Crack, crack !" went the old 30-40 into the innocent blackness of the night. The wood resounded with the turmoil. Considerately pausing for the full effect of this sham battle, Joe and I went up the trail to the tents. Emery was having hysterics. There were scufflings and grunting sounds coming from Jim's tent.

"Where's Tug ?" I asked.

"When you fired that rifle he took a high dive across the fire, and tried to get in bed with old Jim," laughed Emery.

Just then Tug's big, rough, red face obtruded from under the fly of Jim's tent.

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"Did you get him, boys?" he questioned, his eyes as big as saucers.

"Naw, he got away," said Joe, laconically.

Whether or not Tug was making up his mind to come back and sleep in our tent, I do not know; but suddenly he was catapulted out of Jim's wickiup, with suspicious alacrity. Picking himself quickly up from the ashes of the camp-fire, where he had rolled, and with his mind still set on the action of the past few moments, he demanded to know all about it.

Old Joe was absolutely shameless in giving the exciting details of our encounter with an imaginary bear.

Perhaps it was the hearty evening meal of moose meat and other rich food, of which Tug had eaten large quantities, or perhaps it was the exciting events he had lately passed through, that were responsible for his restless night. It may have been a combination of both.

About three o'clock in the morning we were all disturbed by a blood-curdling yell. Tug was sitting up in his blankets wild-eyed, and evidently having a nightmare. "Look out!" he yelled. "He's got yer by the foot. See him? See him?"

After we had mauled him a bit, he came to his senses, and with a long sigh of relief explained how he had dreamed that he had seen a bear gnawing at one of my feet, and as he had succeeded in chewing it off clear up to the ankle, he (Tug) was trying to wake me to tell me about it.

The next two or three days it snowed and "blowed" and rained. The tents were wet and leaked more or less; the blankets were soggy from continual contact with our wet clothing. The meals were served half cold and half cooked. Under these difficult conditions, it would have tried the nerves of old, experienced campers to keep the peace.

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As for Tug, he was miserable and incorrigible. He found fault with his fellow-sportsmen, hackled the guides, hogged the bedding, and generally made himself an everlasting nuisance.

At my suggestion he tried to get the engine started in the motor-boat; but wet batteries, wet wires, and wet gasoline baffled his best efforts and mine also. Finally, in desperation, I took the spark coil, batteries, and wire all out of the boat, and baked them before a roaring fire in our tin baker. Getting one of the guides to hold an oil-coat to windward of the engine, I re-attached the various appurtenances and got the engine running.

This was the middle of the afternoon of our fourth stormy day. The wind was still blowing a gale, but during a temporary lull we tore down our tents, packed our dunnage as best we could in the boats, and started for Lowe's Landing. As we ran into the open lake we encountered a heavy wind and sea, and it began to snow. We just made the lee of a low, swampy island covered with firs, when the engine stalled. By strenuous rowing and paddling we made a landing. The engine refused to work, so in spite of Tug's vituperations we decided to spend the night right there. We had to pitch a tent in a rocky, wet spot under the trees, but a roaring fire soon relieved the acute sense of discomfort. Tug's sputterings had reached a squeaky, querulous stage. Joe threatened to tie a rock to his foot and throw him in the lake, and I didn't blame him. It was "some" night! To cap the climax, Tug accused Jim of picking out the only soft, level spot under the tent for himself. Jim said nothing, but picked up his sheep-skin and blankets, and went outside in the snowstorm to lie in the lee of the fire. As the sparks flew on his wet blanket, we occasionally caught the odour of scorched wool.

The Uninvited Guest

Tug found the aroma very disagreeable to his sensitive nostrils, and told Jim if he washed a little oftener his hide wouldn't smell so bad when it burned. Jim then relieved himself as follows:

"Mr. Williams, my hide may be dirty, but it tain't half as foul as your big mouth. In all my busy life of guidin' I never 'lowed to take money from such a low-down, beer-guzzlin', greasy, slum sport as you be. You stay in that there tent. The outdoors belongs to me. If I didn't have more respect for my guide's licence than I have for your dirty carcass, I'd roll you in the fire and fry out enough fat to grease all the machinery in the brewery where you last worked."

This tirade was too much for even Tug's thick-skinned sensibilities, so he discharged Jim on the spot, much to our amusement and Jim's indifference.

It cleared off the next day bright and warm. After re-baking the ignition apparatus, we started gaily off and made camp at Lowe's Landing in good time.

Tug breathed a long sigh of relief as he stretched himself out on one of the good spring cots. He was right merry and talked incessantly of the wonderfully fine time he had had.

The next morning Kempton's team arrived to take us out. The moose was to follow in a truck-wagon.

After we were comfortably jogging along, Tug heaved a sigh of relief. He shivered and settled himself contentedly down into the collar of his overcoat.

"Gosh!" he murmured; "them wildcats make a doleful sound."

Outguessing a Bull

ALTHOUGH my camp is in the heart of a very fine moose country, working unconsciously on the theory that "the fishing is always better on the other side of the brook," I have invariably gone several miles from camp to do my moose-hunting, usually by canoe or motor-boat, to some point near the shore of Lake Rossignol or its tributaries.

I do not suppose there is another place in North America where one can see so many fine moose and heads assembled as at Lowe's Landing, where the wagon road from Caledonia terminates.

On several occasions moose have been shot near the camp, but I was always under the impression that the continued hilarity and practice-shooting of hunting-parties, either before going out or coming in, would be detrimental to attempts to call moose or to seriously hunt them anywhere near the buildings.

On October 19, 1918, with one companion, I rolled into camp with the car about 5 p.m. Just as we arrived a single horse and truck-wagon were leaving the landing for Caledonia with a fine moose. After opening up the cabin I picked up a moose call from the mantel over the fireplace and stepped out on the front porch. The evening was beautiful; the sun, a ball of fire in the west. It was dead calm and going to be frosty. I put the birch-bark megaphone to my lips and called once. The imitation notes of a cow moose rang out over the woods and lake, echoing and re-echoing for miles. The echo had hardly died down, when I heard a bull speak from

Outguessing a Bull

the knoll on the edge of the lake less than half a mile from camp. A second or two afterwards a second bull spoke from the same direction, but with a coarser grunt. This was followed by a crash in the trees, a clashing of horns, and then it sounded as though Bedlam were let loose in the wilderness.

Charlie, my companion, was lying down on the couch in the living-room with a headache, as I stepped in to get my rifle. He was too sleepy to come out and hear the bulls fight. With my rifle in one hand and call in the other, I walked down the trail from the cabin to a little clearing just west of my barn and called again. Both bulls answered and immediately began to fight. It was quite evident that they both started for the call, but each time decided to settle which was entitled to go to it. I repeated the performance several times at intervals of perhaps five minutes, while the bulls were making a continual uproar. I could not succeed in separating them.

Believing that a little strategy might accomplish the trick, I went down to the boat-house, took out a canoe, and paddled along the edge of the lake. Guided by the uproar the bulls were making, I tried to paddle up close enough to them to get a shot. The sunset was directly in my eyes. The water in the lake was very high, owing to a dam at Indian Gardens, and I could not force my canoe through the trees in order to get close enough to the bulls to see them nor to make dry land, so, backing the canoe out of the bushes, I paddled along the edge of the lake a few rods farther and called again. The bulls immediately stopped fighting. I had them guessing. I could hear them walking through the woods, one circling around to find the new supposed cow, and the other started for the first call. I paddled back as quickly as possible to the landing and slipped into the

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shadow of the barn in the clearing where I had called the first few times. I listened and could hear the bull walking towards me through the woods. He came as straight for the corner of that barn as if he had been led by the halter, and stood on the edge of the clearing hardly fifty feet away. As it was getting dark, I tied a handkerchief around the barrel of my gun to give me an idea where I was aiming, and when the moose stopped, I fired. He staggered and turned sideways. I fired again, and as he moved off in the dark edge of the trees, I fired three more shots. The moose disappeared in the black woods. I did not feel like following him through the thicket alone at that time of night, so I loaded up my magazine and went to the cabin. My shooting had awakened Charlie, and he was just putting on his moccasins to see what it was all about. Together we went back to look for the moose. There had been a slight fall of snow the night before, and we found his tracks and blood. We had not tracked him over twenty-five yards, when the moose jumped up out of the thicket and made for the lake. As soon as I heard him in the water I ran back to the landing and jumped into a canoe, and caught sight of the moose, now swimming, now running, just outside of the trees on the edge of the flowage. The sun had set and there was a full moon in the east. The moose swam across a little cove and came out of water on a submerged point, and stood for an instant looking back. I dropped the paddle, picked up my rifle and fired. The moose plunged again into deep water. A little point of flowed timber reached out into the lake, and the moose ran right through it.

I followed now, only about twenty-five or thirty feet behind. As he made clear water on the other edge of the point he put for the shore, and I paddled frantically to get between him and his objective, and succeeded in

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turning him out into the deep water of the lake. I found that I could paddle a little faster than he could swim, as he was undoubtedly badly wounded, so I stopped long enough to take off my mackinaw, which had materially impeded my efforts up to this moment. With my mackinaw under my knees and my rifle handy, I settled down to a comfortable race with the moose, my object now being to head him off from landing across the lake from the camp. I caught up to him just as he struck dry land, and succeeded in turning him again towards deep water and camp. He swam a few rods, and then evidently suddenly resented the fact that he was being driven at will around the lake, for he turned as quick as lightning, and with his front feet thrashing the water tried to climb in the front seat of the canoe. He probably fancied a ride rather than a swim. I shouted at him and turned that canoe quicker than I had ever turned a buoy in a canoe race. The moose headed again for deep water and the other side of the lake. By paddling first on one side, then on the other, I succeeded in keeping him straight until we reached nearly the middle of the lake, when he again viciously swung around and struck at the canoe. Having had the previous experience, I was ready for this move, and succeeded in getting out of his way and turned him back on his course. As we approached the landing in front of the boat-house, Charlie was standing on the shore and undertook to shout directions. The moose heard him, turned sharply to the left, and made a bee-line for the western shore. At this point he swam so fast that it was all I could do to keep up to him. I was afraid if he got in among the trees I would lose him, so I again dropped the paddle, picked up the rifle and fired two shots at him.

One shot went through his ear, as I afterwards dis-

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covered, and the other struck the water just behind his head. That shot slowed him down, and I succeeded in paddling by him and heading him again towards the landing. Not knowing just where Charlie was on the shore, I was conjecturing as to how to manœuvre so as to shoot the moose when he did strike solid bottom and come out of water, without hitting Charlie.

As the moose's feet struck bottom he turned sharply to the left, and the canoe almost ran into him. Another jump and his front feet would have gone through the bottom of the canoe, or worse. I had just time to pick up the rifle and fire a shot into his shoulder. This shot stopped him and a second shot killed him. He was in about three feet of water.

Charlie came out with a piece of rope, which we fastened to his horns, and towed him to the wharf in front of the boat-house. The water in the lake was so high that it just reached the top edge of the wharf. It took two of us nearly an hour with ropes and prys to get the animal up on the dock. We dressed him, went up to the cabin, and turned in until morning.

Altogether it was a most exciting and satisfactory moose-hunt. The next morning we skinned and quartered him, backed the car to the dock, and loaded the whole business into the tonneau.

Charlie is a licensed guide and an old moose-hunter. He said it was the first time he had ever seen a moose "teamed" around a lake and driven ashore right where you wanted it. As he stood on the bank and shouted directions as to where to drive the moose, it crossed my mind (even in the excitement of the chase) that under the circumstances he was too darn particular as to just where I should land that moose!

Speaking of carrying away lead, that hide shows three shoulder shots, one paunch shot, one neck shot just back

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of the ears, one shot in the back beside the tail, and a hole through the ear. One bullet broke the lower jaw.

I was using a 30 U.S.A. Winchester carbine 1895. None of the shoulder shots touched the heart. I have killed five moose with this same gun, and never before fired over two shots to put my quarry down for keeps.

The Grizzly Agrees

I AM a Rocky Mountain Silver-tip Grizzly. When berries are ripe I weigh nearly half a ton. I can stand up with my back to a tree, and biting up over my shoulder, make my mark fully nine feet above ground. I am not afraid of anything that hunts in the neck of the woods I call home, barring human beings with guns. I would soon make my mountains untenable for man if it were not for their pesky rifles. They do take unfair advantage of us poor bears. Being afraid to come to close quarters, they stand off a long way and shoot at us. Sometimes they leave food around with poison in it that makes us sick, but as we can usually detect the poison we do not often eat it. They have traps also that trouble us a little, but we can generally see or smell them. Occasionally we turn them over and cause them to bite the ground instead of our feet. We could live in spite of the poison and the traps, but we cannot cope with guns.

While hibernating in my snug cave tucked away on a nice sunny slope of the Rockies this winter, I projected my astral body to New York City. Having been the editor of a magazine in a previous incarnation, I am naturally attracted to news-stands while on my spirit peregrinations. Although now existing on a much higher plane than in my previous state, I am still intensely interested in what my late pedantic colleagues are publishing. In pursuance of my hobby of spiritual editing, I happened to glance over a copy of *Outlook* (N.Y.) for January, and noted an article entitled, "The Hunter

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Pleads for the Grizzly.” I was gratified to learn that human beings knew so much about me and my habits. I will admit that I was shocked when I found that Mr. George Ord had the nerve to call our family by such an unpleasant name (*Ursus horribilis*). I trust that some of his descendants will camp in my vicinity next summer, and having inherited naturalistic tendencies, will bring plenty of supplies and *no* guns.

As the author of this article intimates, I am keenly curious. There is nothing I enjoy more than slipping into a tent full of good bacon, sugar, molasses, canned goods, and other supplies while the owners are away, and learning all I can about things. What I cannot eat I investigate, anyway. It is my nature. I just love to merrily mix everything all up and sort of play around. If I were sure that in future men would come into my country without guns, I would do more of this sort of thing, and we could get real well acquainted. I have always been curious to get close to a man and see what he's made of. Several times I have walked right up to a camp, partly with the intention of turning some of them over with my paw, and rolling them about and toying with them. They give me the impression of being mushy and weak, and I think I could play with a large number and even take them apart without being injured myself, were it not for their guns. Someone always wakes up and shoots at me.

As stated in the article in question, I get excitedly curious and eager for a close look at new things. I well remember up in north-eastern Utah, in the summer of 1900, seeing a band of sheep in a big mountain park. Two of my friends were with me. We just naturally had to walk down and investigate those sheep. We frolicked among them awhile and killed sixty. It was remarkable how weak and helpless they were. We did

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not mean any harm, but it was fascinating to pat them and see them fall. Our early training teaching us never to waste food, we had to stuff ourselves on mutton for several weeks after this day's sport. Mutton becomes quite tender if exposed to the sun a few days. It was a good thing for us that the sheep-herder had no gun.

Although it is delightful to have oneself well thought of, and to be given a good character, there are times when we grizzlies just have to chase annoying human beings out of our way, the magazine article to the contrary notwithstanding. I recall one incident back in 1901; and although I do not often lose my temper, I think you will agree with me that this particular misadventure justified my actions. I was having a pleasant evening drink out of a mountain brook, and a man had the audacity to dip water in a coffee-pot out of the same brook, not fifteen feet away. It was lucky for him that he was a good tree-climber. He was too quick for me, consequently I succeeded merely in getting hold of a piece of his shirt. Another man came running with one of those guns, and hurt me so badly that I had to climb up the mountain and lie in the snow until my wounds healed. If it hadn't been for this second man I could have just waited around under the tree.

The author of the magazine story tells about me playing with a floating log and coasting down the mountain. He should have seen me a few years ago romping with a bunch of saddle-horses in a small corral. Those ponies were pretty quick and made great fun for a little while, but their backs were weak. I gave half a dozen or so a playful slap, and they would lie down and be right in the way of our tag game. I saw a man coming with a gun, and so had to stop playing the ponies.

I do not get down among the ranches often, but one

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of the best times I ever had in my life was in the kitchen of a ranch-house near my home. The men were all away and the women were out in the orchard picking fruit. There were two doors to the kitchen, one in each side of the house. Both were open. I was sleeping in a bunch of cottonwoods on the opposite side of the house from the orchard and not very far away, when my nostrils were assailed by a most wonderful, sweetish, pungent aroma. Cautiously following this up, I was led to one of the open doors. Seeing no one, I went in. The table was covered with the most delicious preserved fruit in little jars and dishes. I cleaned them out in a very few minutes. Then seeing a large pot of the luscious stuff sitting upon the stove, I tried to take it in my paws, burning myself badly and spilling the fruit all over the floor. Not wishing to be wasteful, I tried to lick up the delectable mess, and burned my tongue. Being sure that the whole thing was just a trap set by the tricky owners, I proceeded to wreck the place. The women heard the noise and came hurrying back from the orchard. Naturally I was in a bad temper. I chased those women into the barn. My exploring ability coming to the fore, I had just found a way into the building through the pigsty, when I was interrupted by some men coming with guns. Anyway, I managed to kill the pig before leaving. If it hadn't been for those men and those guns, I'm sure I could have entered that barn and played with the women!

I certainly agree with the author of the story in the magazine, that men should not be allowed to hunt us nor carry guns. Believing in Karma, which is the universal law of retributive justice, I further agree that we "all will be losers if we fail to protect and perpetuate the heroic grizzly bear." There is no doubt but that our "existence in the wild places will enliven the

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imagination and touch the outdoors with a primeval spell.”

Give us ten years of a close season, and we can pass on to our devachanic rest, because life will not be worth living without human beings to play with.

The Business of Moose-Hunting

THE question is often asked by sportsmen how it happens that a licensed guide, or other professional woodsman, can go out into the wilds of Nova Scotia and come back with a fine bull moose in one or two days, but if he is hired for the purpose of giving a sportsman a shot at a moose, he is often gone a week or ten days before the sportsman gets an opportunity to either see or kill one. Some amateur hunters even go so far as to say that a guide purposely prolongs a hunt with the idea of getting more money out of the sportsman.

Admitting that it is frequently a fact that as soon as a visitor has killed a moose he wishes to take the head and get back to civilization so he can triumphantly tell his friends all about it, the average guide would rather have a moose shot quickly and get the advertising that a successful expedition gives him, than to prolong a hunt and perhaps miss entirely the opportunity of securing a trophy. He wishes to avoid the possibility of bringing his charge back wearied, disappointed, and sore.

Guides know from experience that a man in this frame of mind is usually hard to settle with, and that he figures the cost of the trip down to the last detail, whereas if he gets a fine head he is more than willing to slip his successful guide quite a bonus over and above the actual charges.

So much for that phase of moose-hunting. There are

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many other whys and wherefores that puzzle some returning hunters. Most of them can be explained if a little time and effort is spent in investigating the conditions as they exist. When guides take amateur sportsmen into the woods, they have to consider their employers' physical comfort; they have to avoid dangerous situations; observe the various phases of the weather; plan to have a good dry camp each night with plenty of wood; size up carefully the physical limitations of their sportsmen, and confine their hunting to such locality, topography, and methods as their employers seem to be able to undertake.

Too much whisky in camp saves the life of many a fine bull.

The copious use of it induces late rising and slothful hunting.

Excessive use of coarse, greasy food served in the woods is nearly as great a detriment as too much liquid stimulant. Outdoor air and exercise sharpen jaded appetites, and unless a sportsman is wise and moderate his first few days of hunting are marred by acute indigestion.

When a man has to sit for hours on the edge of a cold, wet bog in the early morning, waiting for a bull to come to a call, it takes both stamina and patience. If at the same time he is suffering from heartburn, he is being truly martyred.

In still-hunting, a conscientious guide does not wish to kill a moose where he would be obliged to leave the meat in the woods; consequently he confines his hunting to a country where the meat can be easily gotten out to his canoe. When practising the art of calling, a guide can so place himself that the moose will be killed comparatively near water transportation. The guide is aware that if his charge kills a moose it means a great

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many hours of hard work to skin, dress, cut up and carry the various parts of the gigantic animal to the canoe; and at the same time he has to make camp, feed and chaperon his "sport," in addition to looking after himself. Every move the guide makes is limited by the capacity of his employer to take care of himself in the woods.

When the professional guide or hunter goes hunting in the Rossignol district of Nova Scotia he takes a very small, light tent, one blanket or quilt, a kettle, salt bread, tea, and a chunk of pork or moose meat. He has plenty of matches, cartridges and his rifle, an axe, burlap bag and pack-strap. He has no boxes of canned goods, no extra clothing, no dishes, camera, game-bags, or fancy paraphernalia. He carries the bare essentials to existence only. He packs this in a small, light, canvas-covered canoe and starts off. He is hunting from the minute his paddle first touches the water. He makes no noise. If it is calm and frosty, he will call any time during the day or night when it is light enough to see to shoot. If the weather is not right for calling, he leaves his canoe at a convenient spot on the shore of a lake or river, puts a chunk of bread and meat into his pocket with a pinch of salt and tea, and with his cup, axe, and rifle starts on his hunt. If night overtakes him and there is bad country between him and his canoe, he simply builds a fire and stays right where he is until morning. If he is in a good moose country and the morning is calm, he will call right from his camp-fire. For supper and breakfast he will eat dry bread, some pork or moose meat, make strong black tea in his tin cup without sugar or milk, and be satisfied.

If he kills a moose he scientifically disembowels him, skins and quarters the animal; and if far from his canoe, cuts out a great deal of the bone and subdivides the

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quarters so he will have less weight to carry. When he gets back to the canoe with his first load, if it is raining or cold he will usually put up his little tent, gather a good pile of dry firewood, eat some more meat and bread, and drink his strong black tea before he goes back for the next load. He will often spend a full day packing out moose meat, eating a little lunch between each trip. By night-time he is tired and sleepy, but if the weather is calm and he wishes to get across a big lake before a storm comes up, after a rest he will load his canoe and start on his homeward trip any time in the night that he feels inclined that way. He really does not rest or eat a proper variety of food until he has his moose head, hide, and meat at some place where he can load it on a wagon. It is quite the usual thing for hunters to come to Lowe's Landing, on Lake Rossignol, at two or three o'clock in the morning with a moose, unload their canoes, pile their cargo on the shore, turn the canoes over their dunnage, walk twelve miles to Caledonia and walk back with an ox team, put their load on the wagon, and walk out again without stopping anywhere to sleep.

They sacrifice all thought of sleep or physical comfort until they have safely landed the moose in the settlement.

When two men go together it simplifies the work somewhat.

If a guide should put a sportsman through a course of sprouts such as the above, if it did not kill him, it would at least preclude the possibility of the guide ever being hired again.

Luckily the amateur sportsman that habitually journeys into the Nova Scotia woods to hunt big game, does so to gain health and have a good time. If he gets a fine head he is tremendously pleased, and the guide

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is tickled to death. If he does not get a trophy he usually gets plenty of fish and small game, has a picturesque and comfortable camping trip, and leaves the woods with but faint disappointment at not running down a big bull.

Sporting Innocents Abroad

THE boys who have been in the trenches probably would not deign to notice such little hardships and physical discomforts as are to be encountered upon a spring and summer fishing and hunting trip, but to the many who were unlucky enough not to be called and partake of the advantages coincident with military service, a camping trip will present a great many new and uncomfortable dilemmas. Especially is this the case when such an expedition is undertaken in the wilderness and actually out of touch with civilization.

We will presume that the reader is going to have a combination canoe, tenting, and trout-fishing trip in the Lake Rossignol district of Nova Scotia. His last contact with civilization would be at the hotel in Caledonia. He would be driven or motored twelve miles to Lowe's Landing, upon Lake Rossignol. The first six miles would be through a sparsely settled farming country, while the last six would be entirely through an uninhabited wilderness of trees and rocks. At the point of embarkation he would find his guide and canoe awaiting him. There is a log sporting camp at this place where guides, canoes, and supplies are available. He would probably have lunch at this camp, served in quite a civilized manner, and would be inclined to think that if this were life in the woods, assuredly it was no hardship. He does not yet feel out of touch with things he has been used to.

As the guide gets ready to push the canoe off into the

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waters of Lake Rossignol, with his novitiate in the bow, provisions and tent stowed compactly amidships, and himself kneeling cautiously in the stern, the situation takes on an entirely new aspect. The guide inquires casually:

“Mr. Newman, have you ever been in a canoe before?”

If the answer is in the negative, the guide from that moment watches every move of his charge with fatherly solicitude. If the answer is in the affirmative, he will suggest that the passenger demonstrate his ability by using the bow paddle. The first half-dozen strokes will prove the truth or falsity of the statement to the guide's experienced eye, and he will conduct himself accordingly.

At this point it might be as well to explain the social, ethical, and business status of a licensed sportsman's guide in the Canadian woods. The novice wants to forget the quite common and erroneous idea that a licensed guide is a servant in the sense of being a menial. He is licensed by the Government to protect, with his life if necessary, the visiting sportsman from all the dangers of whatever nature, and at the same time protect the forest from conflagrations that might be started by the careless or ignorant, and to protect the fish and game from illegal slaughter. He is a direct representative of the great Canadian Government, and it is against the law for any sportsman, outside of a resident taxpayer, to hunt, fish, or even camp in the Canadian woods without first employing the services of a licensed guide. Socially he is very likely upon as high a plane in his community as the visitor when at home. If he were not a good, sober, taxpaying, industrious citizen, he would never have been appointed a guide. Treat him as a friend and equal, and you will find that he is a friend indeed, all the while you are in the woods. Having a

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very clear conception of the ethics involved and his duties, your guide will seldom take advantage of the fact that you are meeting him upon terms of equality. As a class they take pride and pleasure in waiting upon you, teaching, and making you as comfortable as possible.

Now to return to the change that takes place in your existence the moment you put yourself in a guide's hands and start out for a week's outing in a seventeen-foot canvas canoe.

Remember that all your eggs are in one basket.

If you are careless in your movements, you may tip the craft over, lose your provisions, and perhaps even your life. Though you may save the latter more or less valuable commodity, an immediate trip back to a base of supplies is necessary in order to refit, with a consequent loss of time and money. Rough handling of the canoe among rocks and snags may result in tearing a hole in the light fabric with which it is covered, resulting in serious consequences. Careless handling of firearms is an abomination that no guide will tolerate. Wasting food is also to be guarded against. If you are not an experienced axe-man, never touch your guide's axe. There are two reasons for this. They are both important. The first is that you are liable to cut yourself and bleed to death before you can be moved to medical assistance; and the second is that you are apt to so dull or break the edge of the axe that nothing short of a grindstone will make it fit for use, and neither grindstones nor axes grow on trees. Without a sharp axe it is impossible for a guide to do his work of making camp.

You may have some very exhilarating "runs" down over rapids. If your guide hesitates about running you over any particular rapid, do not insist upon his doing so. He probably knows that certain falls are dangerous, and he very properly avoids taking an unnecessary

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chance. Whatever he may volunteer in the nature of advice does not cost you anything extra. No matter how timidly or casually it is tendered, try to take it to heart and remember it. If you are a drinking man, do not insist upon your guide's partaking of your hospitality to such an extent that it will incapacitate him for attending to his job.

The first night in the woods will be a brand-new experience. If you wish to be comfortable, give your guide at least two hours before dark to get camp and supper ready. It is difficult to prepare a satisfactory camp in less than two hours of daylight. The tent site will be selected, not for its scenic value, but because the ground is level and dry, near wood and spring water. First, there is the tent to pitch; then there are two large bundles of hemlock "feathers" to collect for a mattress upon which to lay your blankets; then there are fish to clean, a cook-fire to be built, supper to be cooked, served and eaten, dishes to be washed, and food to be placed out of reach of nocturnal four-legged marauders. A large quantity of wood must be cut to keep a good fire in front of the tent all night. If it looks like rain, dry kindlings will be prepared and stored in a corner of the tent for the breakfast fire.

After a few nights in the woods you can be of considerable assistance to your guide in preparing camp, and the outdoor exercise and fresh air will make you so sleepy that you can sleep like a top with your blankets laid on the ground without the hemlock "feathers."

You will find the food a little greasy but wholesome. Be careful not to over-indulge the first few days of your trip, and you will not suffer from indigestion. Being physically overtired and ravenously hungry at the same time is a combination which demands moral courage and foresight. The digestive organs are not in

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condition to take care of an unusual amount of fried trout, fried potatoes and onions, hot biscuit, canned peaches, and strong tea or coffee. Toward the end of your excursion you can eat anything or everything, and as much as you can hold without fear of discomfort.

You will sleep with your clothes on. The very first night you will probably not sleep very much. You will be too warm, then too cold. Your bed, which felt like an Ostermoor when you lay down, quickly develops all sorts of knots, snags, and bumps; a spider crawls across your face; a toad hops in the grass outside of the tent, and you imagine it is a bear; you are sure there is a flock of earwigglers getting ready to beat a tattoo upon your ear-drums; you twist and turn and find lumps everywhere; you wake the guide and tell him about something rattling the dishes; you marvel at his indifference, and also at the nonchalant way in which he lies half in and half out of the tent, with his woollen socks smoking in the heat of the camp-fire coals; you get up and replenish the fire, gazing furtively the while into the lowering forest surrounding you. Making your bed once more, it dawns upon you that you would be more comfortable if you removed your moccasins. Then you take a bunch of keys out of one pocket and a wicked-looking jack-knife out of another, a pocket-book out of another, immediately followed by a watch, a compass, a matchbox, a tobacco pouch, a cigarette-case and a pipe. You discover that your hat is the only safe place in which to deposit these appurtenances of a fully equipped sportsman. You roll up your slicker or storm-coat for a pillow, and pulling the blankets up to your chin, stretch hopefully out once more. Much to your surprise the lumps in your bed have all disappeared. You are now due for a little sleep, and get it, only to be disturbed by the guide calling, "Breakfast!"

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Rolling out, you shiver in the early dawn. A hasty wash in the stream, followed by a cup of black tea, gets your drowsy wits working, and you begin to take an interest in the day's happenings. After a good breakfast of ham and eggs, marmalade and cold biscuit, you take your place stiffly in the bow of the canoe, and the guide pushes off. You are not over-enthusiastic. You find your casting arm is sore, and you handle the rod awkwardly. Perhaps you snag the line, or maybe lodge it in the branches of an overhanging tree, although your companion warned you about the back cast. You handle the fish roughly and lose a good many. Lame, tired, and out of sorts, all nature seems to conspire against you. Being particularly careless in one back cast, you hook the guide in his cap, or mayhap in his ear. Although unaware of it, you are learning what to do and what not to do. The guide finally suggests quietly that you stop fishing and have a smoke while he poles you up over a nice little run. This interests you and gets your mind off yourself and your troubles. Perhaps he entertains you by antithetical tales of the river or woods, or sings chanteys. You've been acting like a tired, spoiled child, and without your realizing it, he is trying to divert you, and usually succeeds. When he thinks you have recovered your equilibrium, he suggests that you cast in "that there eddy behind that big rock."

As the fly strikes the water there is a splash, a sharp tug, and you have hooked a big one. The fight is on. After five minutes of most exciting sport and skilful handling upon your part, the guide deftly slips the dip-net under a three-pounder. You feel a man again.

As the sun gets hot and the blackflies begin to annoy, you float downstream to the tent. You are suffering from sunburn. The guide suggests cold cream or white

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vaseline. Not having any in your kit, you are much surprised when he produces a large tube of the soothing lotion, which he carries for just such emergencies. The only difference between his brand of cold cream and the kind you are used to is that it smells to high heaven of oil of cedar or pennyroyal. This keeps away the flies. Smearing yourself lavishly, you select a shady, breezy spot beneath the trees and have a regular sleep.

A light lunch, a fine afternoon's fishing, and you have completed the first cycle of your existence in the wilds.

The second night is better than the first, and you enjoy the succeeding days and nights with increasing pleasure. You are getting stronger, hardier, and more independent every hour. An occasional glimpse of a moose, bear, deer, or humble "porky" lends a primeval spell to the solitude. If you have a Kodak, you take some wonderful pictures. Scenes and incidents imprint themselves ineffaceably upon your mind.

Finally the day comes when you and your companion must point the prow of your faithful little bark downstream for Lowe's Landing and home. You leave the woods behind with regrets and many pleasant memories, say good-bye to your friend the guide, and head for civilization.

Sitting at your desk in the far-away city, you find time for many brief reveries. As you think of your thrilling first fishing trip, you marvel that you remember vividly the delights and but vaguely its discomforts.

Canoeing in Swift Water

I.—HANDLING THE CANOE IN UPSTREAM WORK WITH A POLE

WHEN I was fourteen years old, my father, after much urging, purchased for me a sixteen-foot canvas-covered canoe, which I used for several years on the placid water of the Charles River at Auburndale, Mass. I had some nice corduroy-covered, curled-hair cushions to put in the bottom, and I persuaded nearly every young lady of my acquaintance to make a fancy feather cushion to further furnish the craft. I had little silk flags for the bow and stern, and by the end of the first summer my canoe looked like a floating advertisement for a merchant who made a speciality of fitting up 'Turkish smoking-rooms or ladies' boudoirs.

There was not one cushion in the lot that was a life-preserver in case of accident. Floating around the quiet Charles in the moonlight, listening to the band concerts with similarly inclined athletes of the opposite sex, was about the most strenuous exercise that I knew of in connection with canoeing outside of one or two canoe races in which I took part.

There was a little "run" up-river from the Auburndale boat-houses about seventy-five feet long, where the current must have flowed at the rate of about two miles per hour. When I desired to make a deep impression on my canoe partner as to my prowess, I would tackle this mighty run with grim determination. It used to be a terrible struggle!

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I was, as I remember, generally successful in guiding my craft safely into the still water above the run, where with a long sigh after my Herculean efforts we would sit and look at each other with mutual admiration. The run down also was exhilarating, there being one menacing rock which had to be avoided with rare skill as we drifted toward the boat-house.

Nevertheless, in spite of the natural placidity of the Charles River between Waltham and Newton Lower Falls, drowning accidents were regrettably frequent, as the boat liveries would lease a canoe to anyone who came along with the required deposit. The most frequent cause of the capsizing of a canoe was overconfidence in its stability. Accidents were caused by the occupants of the craft trying to change places or standing up. I was not naturally overcautious, but I heartily disliked the humiliation of thoroughly wetting and spoiling my canoe furnishings, which generally included a girl.

Consequently, I learned at an early age that accidents in a canoe could be avoided by remembering three things: To sit down, sit in the middle, and sit still. Looking back on two decades of the most strenuous kind of canoeing for business and pleasure, I find that these three rules are still applicable when using a canoe anywhere. Standing up in a canoe is never without danger, but, like walking a slack wire, it is a good trick if you can do it, and a tremendous time and energy saver when the alternative is to unload a heavily laden canoe, portage the supplies around a fall or rapid, and carry the canoe around also.

Now, believing that a reader of this book would not be at all interested in this matter of poling a canoe in swift water unless he had had previous canoe training, I have endeavoured to so take the photographs that they depict



1.—THE CORRECT POSITION FOR
POLING A LIGHT CANOE UP THE
RAPIDS.



2.—I SHOULD HAVE PULLED THE STERN
TOWARDS THE RIGHT AND GOT IT
CLEAR OF THE RETURN CURRENT.



3—FIFTY FEET FROM THE CAMERA,
POLE IS PULLED TOWARDS THE
STERN TO TURN BOW MORE TO LEFT.



4 —BE SURE YOUR CANOE IS HEADED
FAIRLY UPSTREAM, SO THE CURRENT
WILL NOT SWING IT

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for the benefit of the experienced eye the more essential positions of the operator when using a pole under varied conditions.

A careful study of the photographs will visualize for the reader the relative positions of operator, pole, canoe, and current in typical situations.

I am going to advise the reader who wishes to pole a canoe in swift water from a standing position, first to take his canoe in shallow water on the edge of a placid lake, then try standing up and pushing himself along with a pike-pole. A little practice of this sort may assist him to keep his balance, and he should be able after a half-hour's practice to gather unto himself all that there is to learn in handling a canoe this way.

Also he is very likely to tip over and get wet. This should give him an opportunity to learn the "alphabet of the game," and also how it feels to jump in smooth water "before jumping into swift-water work."

Of course, outside practice in balancing, there is no object in poling a canoe in still, placid water. A paddle would be much more practical.

After having practised awhile in calm, shallow water, you have arrived at an advanced stage of self-confidence and have keenly developed your sense of balance, and you will naturally wish to try your luck in swift water. Do not be surprised when you find that immediately upon striking the current your canoe will come suddenly to life, and will try to do all sorts of crazy stunts that it would never think of doing in still water.

At this point you will probably join with our friend Irving Cobb in what he said to the food controller when the latter ostensibly tried to interfere with the first square meal that Irving was able to get hold of after returning home from the front, viz.:

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"Herb, stand back! Stand well back, Herb, to avoid being splashed!"

I will never forget the first time I saw a Nova Scotia guide stand up in his canoe and pole over a swift run. I thought he was crazy. It was about fourteen years ago. I had been trout-fishing down the Kejimikujik River from Fairy Lake to Lake Rossignol. There were practically seven miles of falls and rapids.

We were tenting at a place called Arthur's Ledges, and after lunch I suggested to one of the ladies in the party that she should go out with me in one of the canoes and fish without taking a guide along. She stepped into the canoe and I pushed off. The current was very swift, and immediately it swept us downstream sideways. I had no pole, and would not have known how to use it if I had had one. I finally succeeded in getting the canoe headed upstream, but the current was too strong for me to paddle against, and was rapidly sweeping us toward the next falls. I succeeded in running the canoe ashore about a quarter of a mile below the camp and on the opposite shore. I was frightened, and of course humiliated. A guide answered my distress signal, paddled down with his canoe, took us both aboard, tied my canoe astern of his with a long painter, stood up in his canoe with a pole, and landed us safely back at camp in about five minutes. He chatted pleasantly with the lady on the way up. The members of the camping party were all quite polite, and did not discuss the incident at length during the entire trip.

After considerable pondering upon the subject of canoes, paddling, swift water, and poling, I concluded I still had quite a lot to learn. For the next two days I worked the guides in shifts, and spent most of the time having them pole me up over the various rapids and

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falls, and watched them most carefully. I also watched how they handled the canoe with pole and paddle in running down.

Although during the previous few days I had come down over five miles of running water, I had most of the time been kneeling in the bow of my canoe, fishing with my back to the guide. Consequently, I had not watched his manipulation with either paddle or pole, and with every confidence in his ability, had immensely enjoyed the exhilarating rushes down over the rapids and falls. I did not observe how the canoe was being handled, nor particularly care just what the guide did so long as he got me back to camp.

At the end of two days I had my guides pretty well worn out with continual poling. They could not understand why I was so restless, as the fishing was excellent anywhere in the river. Neither could they understand why I sat in the bottom with my back to the bow, which is a most awkward way to fish going downstream, although convenient enough for trolling up, providing you keep your line clear of the guide's pole.

Two days later we had crossed Lake Rossignol and were on our way up the Shelburne River, and camped at Kempton's Dam. Just above our camp site is as stiff a little run as there is on the whole river, known as Little Kempton Falls. This run is about three hundred yards long and is simply a series of cascades. It is very rapid. At the foot of the run is a large, whirling, deep eddy. It was on this run that I learned to pole a canoe standing up.

About nine o'clock on the morning following the day we made camp at Kempton's Dam, the whole party, with the exception of the author, had gone down to fish the run below the falls. I took my little sixteen-foot

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basswood Lakefield canoe (she was a little too round on the bottom, but as sleek as an eel), tied one paddle to the thwarts, took the pole, and headed for Little Kempton Falls, just above the camp.

When I got to the foot of the run, I stood up in the canoe and started to pole up over the first swift water. I made good headway for about two lengths of the boat, when she seemed to start off sideways, and I could not head her upstream. The current caught her and quick as a flash whipped her sideways against a rock, and I went overboard. The canoe and I landed in the eddy at the foot of the falls, still good friends.

I took the canoe ashore, dumped the water out of her, and came to the conclusion that it was essential, if one intended to go upstream, to keep the canoe's head exactly against the current at all times. One must learn to balance his canoe, by the "feel" of the current, exactly on the centre line of the trend of the stream. Permanent headway could not be made otherwise. So I tried again.

This time I was most careful to keep the keel of my canoe in exact line with the current. I made better headway, and succeeded in getting up over the first few feet of the run, when two converging currents which had been divided by a big rock threw my canoe's head sharply to the left, when it was most necessary that I should keep her, if anything, a little more to the right. I tried with all the strength in my arms to throw the boat's head to the right, using the pole as a lever, but in so doing I lost my hold with the pole, was swept into an eddy and turned around, and was headed nicely for camp before I could get a new hold with my pole.

As my canoe was now headed downstream and I was in the stern, her bow was pretty well out of water. I

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found it most awkward to steer with a pole, and consequently the bow of the canoe ran up on a flat rock. The swift water still carried my stern downstream, and although I was now kneeling, the current and rock between them did the trick neatly. Again the canoe and I (both half full of water) wound up at the foot of the falls in the eddy.

After pulling the canoe ashore and dumping the water out, I remembered that I had neglected to do two important things:

First: when a guide wished to throw his canoe's head to the right while going upstream, he simply shoved his stern to the left. The current would then catch the bow and throw it to the right or *vice versa*, depending upon conditions.

The second thing was that I remembered the guides were particularly careful to load the canoes bow-heavy in going downstream. With the bow of the canoe drawing more water than the stern, the swift, deep currents keep a firm grip on this part of the canoe, and your bow will naturally follow the deep, swift channels. Very little steering will keep the stern out of trouble.

Incidentally, it is much safer to run a rapid or fall with a pole than with the paddles, providing the stream is not too deep for a pole to reach bottom. When you get going too fast, you can drag your pole along the bottom and get the headway off the canoe, and keep her under such control that you can push into a little bay or eddy to readjust your load, or get a look at the water below you.

To get back to Little Kempton Falls: I tried the lower run once more, and this time experimented a bit. I headed her a shade too much to the right with the intention of shoving the stern to the right and so getting the canoe's head back to her proper course, square against

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the current. I was standing up and using my pole on the right side of the boat.

It flashed across my mind that I had to turn half-way round and use the pole on the left-hand side of the boat, in order to shove the stern toward the right. I gave a quick little shove ahead to keep the headway on the canoe, which was a mistake, as the canoe was not heading fair upstream. I then tried to turn and shift the pole, which was a mistake, as I found that I was too late, the canoe being headed almost across the stream and shooting toward the bank. So I shifted the pole back to the right-hand side and shoved it toward the bottom as far ahead as I could reach, with the idea of snubbing the canoe and turning her head upstream. This also was a mistake. This brought the canoe with the full force of the current behind it up against the pole amidships, and I did the prettiest little pole vault out among the festive trout that was ever seen! The water was only up to my knees, so I turned and grabbed the canoe and waded ashore right there, being now tired of swimming around with the canoe in the eddy at the foot of the falls.

After I got ashore and thought the matter over, I realized that I had never seen a guide shift his pole from one side of the canoe to the other, no matter which way he desired to throw his boat's head. If he was poling on the right-hand side of his canoe and wanted to throw his boat's head to the right, he would shove the stern to the left. If he wished to throw his boat's head to the left, he would reach out with his pole as far as he could and a little ahead, and pull the stern towards the pole to the right.

When I got to thinking over the pole-vaulting stunt, I realized that I should have dropped to my knees, shoved the pole to bottom on the upstream side, and

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as near the stern of the canoe as possible. This would have delayed the stern long enough for the bow to swing downstream, when she would have lain straight with the current, and I could have easily held her with a pole. Then, by shifting my weight a little forward, I could have backed the canoe up against the stream to quiet water, where I could have turned her around, or could have dropped her downstream for the same purpose.

With these conclusions I started upstream once more. The water was very heavy, and I decided to go up through a little channel near the shore. Immediately I was in trouble. The channel was rocky and crooked, and as fast as I got off one rock, I got on another. Finally I gave it up and took the centre of the big channel.

A large flat rock divided the current and made a heavy eddy about half-way up. I got into this eddy quite easily with the idea of taking a rest. The return current rushed me toward a big rock. I lost my head and tried to shove up the heavy falls without a rest. I shoved the stern toward the left, which swung the bow toward the right and out into the main current. My stern was still in the return current of the eddy. This whirled the canoe nearly crosswise to the stream, and she shot for the right-hand bank like a scared trout and landed on a rock pile.

This convinced me that an eddy was a poor thing to depend upon in the middle of a swift stream. If the rock making the eddy is flat and slopes down to the water, it is practically possible to ease the bow of your canoe up on the flat rock, and the stern of your canoe will hang on one side of the eddy or the other between the up and down currents. Getting out of an eddy into the current for the purpose of going upstream takes considerable care and skilful handling if you wish to avoid a quick trip ashore, or come to grief on the rocks below you.

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In the case in question, it was my intention to leave the rock that formed the eddy on the left-hand side, as I shot out into the main stream. Instead of shoving the stern toward the left, I should have pulled it toward the right, and got the stern clear of the return current and into the downstream current before trying to pole up against the falls. I should have seen to it that the bow of my canoe, which was easily swung, being mostly out of water, was pointed upstream just enough to clear the rock. That these conclusions were correct I immediately proved by shoving out into the stream, getting into the eddy, poling out of it, and shoving upstream against the heavy current successfully to the head of Little Kempton Falls. I was pretty tired, but to prove to my own satisfaction that I had learned the trick of standing up in a canoe and poling it up over swift water, I decided to run down, using the pole to snub my headway, then pole up the run from the bottom to the top without resting.

Before I was half-way up I was completely out of breath, and was obliged to take it easily and slowly or quit. Much to my surprise, I seemed to make fully as good headway when I took my time as I did when I tried to sprint. I found also that the current, if properly used, was of considerable assistance, acting much like the wind on the sails of a tacking yacht, the pole acting as a keel or centreboard in holding the craft against making too much leeway, or, in other words, against going downstream.

After conquering the falls a second time, I ran over them again and back to camp, satisfied, wet, and all in. It had taken me three hours and a half to negotiate a little run that I could now go up over with a loaded canoe and a passenger in five minutes.

That afternoon we broke camp for the purpose of



1.—ACTION VERY STRENUOUS: NOTE BENDING POLE OPERATOR IS PULLING STERN TOWARDS POLE AND PUSHING AHEAD AT SAME TIME.



2.—STILL PUSHING AHEAD.



3—SHOOTING THE RAPIDS. POLE IS DRAGGED ALONG THE BOTTOM TO REDUCE HEADWAY AND TO ACT AS RUDDER.



"CLIMB" ON THE POLE.

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going upstream to the Tobeatic Country. I took H. J. Frost, of fishing-tackle fame, in my canoe with a load of dunnage, and poled up over Little Kempton Falls as nonchalantly as the rest of the guides, to say nothing of the mile and a half of the meanest kind of swift water, known as Pollard's Falls, and numerous lesser runs. We had no accidents.

That was a great many years ago.

Since that time there has hardly been a season when I have not spent many weeks handling a loaded canoe in swift water, often far in the interior where a capsizing accident would mean wet grub, spoiled ammunition, and serious if not fatal loss. I have yet to have my first serious accident.

You can handle a pole while kneeling in the bottom, nearly as well as in a standing position, and it is a much safer posture for the amateur. This position necessitates a shorter pole, shorter strokes with the pole, and a shorter climb, or run, on the pole, and there is not so good a leverage as in the standing position.

In summing up the poling of a canoe either from a standing (or kneeling) position, remember the following rules, and you can be quite successful with a little practice:

1st. Stand a little sidewise in the canoe with both feet over the keel, and knees slightly bent. Load your canoe for upstream work so that the bow will draw less water than the stern. Place your load in the canoe so that she will trim properly when you are standing in the space between the stern seat and the next thwart forward, with your left leg just touching the after side of the thwart. This will help you maintain your balance, and will give you a brace to push against in strong water. If the canoe is not loaded, stand two-thirds of the way back from the bow to make her trim right.

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2nd. Be sure that your canoe is headed fairly upstream, so that the current will not swing it one way or the other.

3rd. When you get ready to shove, do so deliberately, and run up the pole with your hands like climbing a rope hand over hand. Be sure that the pike of the pole has found solid bottom where it will not slip before you shove.

4th. When you wish to swing the canoe's head to the right, shove the stern to the left. When you wish to turn her head to the left, put your pole to bottom, out as far sideways as you can conveniently reach, and pull the stern toward the pole to the right.

5th. If you find that your pole is stuck when you try to withdraw it for a new hold, do not jerk it out, but let the canoe drift back gently with the current until you can release it.

6th. When you recover the pole for the next hold, do it quickly, but do not try to reach too far ahead.

7th. Do not hurry, and do not get excited. Remember that in the swiftest water, if you are headed squarely upstream, your canoe will hang an appreciable length of time before its momentum is overcome by the current, which will give you ample time to pull up your pole for the next hold.

8th. Always remember after each hold to swing your canoe fairly upstream before you push on your pole.

9th. In going down rapids load your canoe bow-heavy; if you do not know all about the channel, do not try to use a paddle to steer with—use a pole and hold her back.

10th. Select the deep channel every time when headed upstream rather than the shallow or crooked one.

11th. Do not be afraid of swift, roaring water. You can pole a canoe against a five- or six-mile current with

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comparative ease, where a paddle would simply get you into trouble.

12th. If in a standing position and your foot or pole should slip, drop quickly to your knees, and if you cannot catch a new hold with your pike and keep headed properly upstream, it is better to back her into an eddy and start again, rather than to run wild among the ledges.

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(Continued)

II.—HOW TO OUTFIT AND HANDLE YOUR CRAFT WHEN YOU WANT TO FISH THE RAPIDS

IT has been suggested that I give more information about using the paddle in swift water. This suggestion is somewhat ambiguous, owing to the fact that in any water running more than two or three miles per hour a paddle is really impracticable, unless there is absolutely no other way to get a canoe along. I do not mean by this that a quarter, or even half a mile, of comparatively smooth water, with perhaps a four-mile current, cannot be negotiated by a couple of strong paddlers, headed upstream; but at that they would have a strenuous job ahead of them.

Obviously a canoe's headway in smooth water is limited by the strength and skill of the paddlers.

The limit of the practical working speed in still water for a canoe with two men is only about three or four miles per hour; consequently, when a canoe is headed into a current running that fast, the paddlers have got to speed up, with a consequent extra drain upon their physical resources.

A current running as fast as six or seven miles an hour can be negotiated by one man with a pole and loaded canoe without as much effort to the operator as would be demanded in paddling against a four-mile current

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accompanied by a partner. Consequently, there is not much to be said about using a paddle in swift water when going upstream.

In going downstream one should not run broken or rocky rivers with a paddle unless one knows the channels and river below; otherwise, disaster is almost certain. When using a pike-pole you can hold your canoe back and pick out the safe, easy channels, or push ashore and portage around the dangerous falls. If, on the other hand, you know the river below you and wish to run downstream, or literally shoot the rapids with only a paddle, the only safe way to do so is to paddle your canoe faster than the current, so that you always have steerage way. Shooting rapids with a paddle is exhilarating sport, but as you cannot snub a canoe easily in a swift current, it behoves one to know the channel and keep it.

From being the witness of many accidents in white water, I am fully convinced that it is lack of proper equipment as well as lack of knowledge of simple fundamental principles that is the cause of a large percentage of disasters. In other words, I claim that equipment as well as method is fundamental, and that due attention must be given to the standardization of one as well as of the other.

Believing that fishing is the most common excuse sportsmen have for getting out into swift water, and that canoes improperly equipped and handled for fishing purposes are responsible for more accidents than when used in any other branch of sport, I am going to specialize a little in this article on this particular phase of the canoe game. I shall try to give first, in as condensed a form as possible, an outline of equipment that through a process of years of elimination has gradually become standardized with experts in this particular line of

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work; and second, to tell, by pictures and text, how such equipment should be used.

The equipment I would select for stream fishing would be about as follows: A sixteen- or seventeen-foot guides' model canvas-covered canoe with open gunwale, low stern and bow, flat on the bottom, and carrying her width well fore and aft. The canoe should have no outside keel, as the latter is apt to catch on rocks and tip you over. The seats should be underslung, beneath the inside of the rails—the forward seat hanging perhaps three inches beneath the gunwale. Although the position of seats is not a prime requisite in one-man canoe fishing, owing to the fact that you do all your work from a standing or kneeling position in the bottom of the canoe, it is just as easy to have a canoe properly rigged for all purposes of hunting and fishing, as it is to select one that is just a little wrong. The canoe should have a centre thwart, so that you can pick it up and carry it on your shoulders if necessary, and the two other thwarts just fore and aft of the seats, so that your paddles will overreach the space between either of them and the centre thwart sufficiently to enable you to use them as shoulder rests when carrying the canoe over a long portage.

Attach a small galvanized-iron pulley-block by a piece of strong copper wire to the ring in the bow of the canoe. Either purchase or have a blacksmith make for you an anchor, grappling-iron, or kellick, with five prongs made out of half-inch steel, with a twelve-inch shank and a ring in both ends. Use about forty feet of hemp clothes-line or window-sash cord for an anchor rope. Tie one end through the loose ring in the shank of the anchor, using two wraps through the ring and two half-hitches. Then pass the other end through the pulley, carry it aft and over and around the after thwart, and



1.—NOTE POLE WITH HOLLOW STEEL SPIKE, AND PADDLE IRONED FOR ROCKY STREAMS.



3.—POSITION OF HANDS ON CENTRE THWART, PREPARATORY TO "ROLLING" CANOE UP ON TO SHOULDERS.



2.—A GOOD TYPE OF KELLY OR ANCHOR, AND RIGGING FOR SWIFT WATER.



4.—PROPER POSITION WHEN CARRYING—THE CENTRE THWART ACROSS BACK OF NECK.

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then tie the end through the ring at the hook-end of the anchor. You then have a kellick so rigged that you can lower it or raise it from your kneeling position near the stern of your canoe, and in case the anchor gets caught under a root or a rock, you can pull yourself up to it with the tail-rope on your anchor, and by the same rope pull the anchor in upside down.

If you cannot easily obtain a grab or grappling-hook for an anchor or kellick, use an iron ring twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, made out of square iron and weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Such a ring makes a very satisfactory anchor when used with a long rope, and never necessitates a tail-rope. I have never known one to get fast among the rocks or roots. When a ring is not available, use an oblong stone weighing fifteen or twenty pounds. An ordinary slip-knot will generally hold a properly shaped boulder. A timber hitch, rolling hitch, clove hitch, or even two half-hitches will suffice. I have found that putting a stone in a burlap bag prevents scratching a canoe.

The best wrinkle for a kellick where a long trip is contemplated with many portages, and where saving in weight of outfit is essential, is a net made of cord-line with about a three-inch mesh and two feet square. When you wish to fish and use an anchor, pick out a smooth boulder, say fifteen pounds in weight, place it in the centre of the net, and use the end of the anchor rope as a gathering line, threading it through the edges of the net. You then have a net bag with a stone in it for a kellick. When you are through fishing, throw away the stone and put the net in your pocket.

For a pike-pole use straight-grained spruce anywhere from twelve to sixteen feet long, depending on whether you pole from a standing or kneeling position (the latter requiring a shorter pole), or a piece of straight-grained

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ash even a little less in diameter. Have the pike made of tool steel and only about three inches long, forged with a cup-shaped hollow at the point. This cup-shaped point should not be over half an inch across, and in tempering should be hardened at a dark straw colour.

The pike should have a shoulder or collar one inch wide where it rests against the end of the pole. The part of the pike that enters the pole should be five inches long, and tapered square like an old-fashioned nail. The edges of the square should be scored with a chisel before it is driven, so that it will not readily pull out.

Two rings three-quarters of an inch wide and one-eighth of an inch thick should be driven over the end of the pole before the pike is driven into its place. A hole should of course be bored in the end of the pole for receiving the burred end of the pike. The pole must be perfectly smooth and free from splinters, and as straight as possible.

For paddles, if you have to use those furnished by the canoe manufacturers, have them shod with steel. The longitudinal piece is of tool steel split so that it goes up each side of the paddle, but leaves a tempered, chisel-shaped point of about three-quarters of an inch long at the point of the blade. The strap around the paddle is made of soft iron about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and both the steel and iron are riveted right through the blade. This will give you a paddle that will stand considerable grief among the rocks. If you have an opportunity to have paddles made to order, specify ash or locust, and see that the contour of the handle is carried down into the blade in the form of a "bone," or rib, clear to the tip. This will give you a strong paddle, and one that will last a long time among the rocks without any iron; it also has the advantage of being a little lighter than the ironed blade.

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Have the upper end of the handle so fashioned that it will have a flat palm about two inches wide and eight inches long, extending from the hand-hold down towards the blade. You will find these flattened shanks of great assistance when carrying a canoe over a long portage, as you can stick the blades of your paddles under the after thwart of your canoe and the other ends over the centre thwart, and use them for shoulder rests while carrying your craft, a flat shank resting on each shoulder.

When one is fishing in swift water from a canoe, there are a good many different implements to think of and handle—namely, the paddle, the pike-pole, the kellick or anchor, the rod, and the dip-net; consequently, it is best to have the various tools so arranged that they are always conveniently at hand.

Personally, I do most of my paddling and poling on the right-hand side of the canoe, and the implements are arranged as follows: I place an oil-coat or sweater in the bottom of the canoe to kneel on, just forward of the after thwart; the pike-pole is shoved under the two forward thwarts and over the one I am resting against, with the point toward the stern and on my left hand; the anchor or kellick is swung outboard and hauled close up against the pulley with a rolling hitch of the rope around the centre thwart. (It is important to have your anchor rope so fast that a quick twitch of the rope will let the anchor run to bottom.)

The rod, which I have previously assembled and made ready for fishing, is also at my left with the tip overhanging the stern and the butt resting on the bottom of the canoe and about under the centre thwart; the dip-net or gaff is lying on the bottom of the canoe with handle toward me. I paddle to the foot of the first run, then lay the paddle in the bottom of the canoe beside the dip-net, pull the pole back and out from under the thwarts

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with my left hand, pass it over my head and over my rod to the right-hand side, stand up and pole into the swift water.

If I am expecting an immediate strike in the first run, I have my line trailing behind the canoe before I start to use the pole. In the latter case, I do not stand up, but do the poling from a kneeling position. In case of a strike on the trailing flies, which is no uncommon occurrence in Nova Scotia waters, I grab the rod with the left hand, shove the pole under the thwarts on the right-hand side, and in the same forward motion release my anchor with a twitch of the rope.

As a grappling-hook will not as a rule hold on a rocky bottom with a short rope, but invariably will hold with fifteen or twenty feet of line, I let it pay out until it comes taut against the thwart to which it is tied. Three or four seconds suffices for the above operation. Now for the fish.

When they stop biting in this run, I rearrange my gear, pull up to my anchor, fasten it by a quick twist of the rope around the thwart, seize my pole (which is now on the right-hand side), and proceed up the stream. If you use a creel, keep it just in front of your knees. If you are not using a creel, kill your fish and put them in the stern of the canoe behind you. This will prevent the bottom of your boat from getting slimy and slippery in case you wish to stand up, and will keep them from flopping around and getting tangled up in your fishing gear or dip-net.

If you find the fish are biting fast, after you are anchored turn round carefully in the canoe and face downstream. Fish will invariably use the current to assist them in their fight for freedom, and this means that most of the fishing will be done downstream from the boat. It is much less tiresome to be facing the fish in his struggles

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than to be half twisted around while both fighting and dipping him.

Any fisherman will, as a rule, desire to fish "down over" the same water that he fished "up over." If you do this, do not turn your canoe around; let her down over the rapids stern first, but turn yourself and face downstream, being careful to keep your weight nearer the stern than the bow. In this position it is perfectly safe to drop the anchor at any point, as this allows the downstream end of the canoe to draw more water than the upstream.

Many a fisherman has come to grief through turning his canoe or boat around, and having the anchor end downstream, when, if he lets his anchor go, the bow is snubbed so suddenly when the anchor catches, that the craft is apt to tip over; or, as it turns in the swift current, the stern might be driven against a rock and smashed; or, the rock and the anchor between them might hold the craft broadside to the current, in which position it would be sure to fill.

Always remember to use the anchor on the upstream end of the canoe, either going up or coming down. Also, invariably have the downstream end of the canoe drawing more water than the upstream end.

When you are fishing from a canoe and have a guide, if you will remember a few essential principles, you can make it much easier for the guide, and more comfortable and much safer for yourself. I have seen a guide allow his employer to fish all day from a canoe in the most awkward way imaginable (both for the sportsman and the guide), simply because the latter was too timid to make suggestions as to where his employer should sit, or how or where he should fish. Also, many "sports" are inclined to resent suggestions from a guide, although

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such suggestions are made entirely for the former's comfort and safety.

Do not insist upon sitting in the front seat of the canoe when going upstream. It is preferable to sit on the bottom with your back to the forward thwart facing downstream. A coat or sweater thrown over the thwart makes a very comfortable seat and back. You can then cast out to either side without hooking your flies into the guide's features, or, worse yet, around the pike-pole, upon which your safety depends, or, you can troll your flies on the side opposite to the guide's pole. You have a better chance of hooking a fish from a side cast, and fighting him facing downstream, than you have when casting against the current. In the latter case, if you do hook a fish, you have either got to twist around in your seat to fight him, or the guide has to turn the canoe around in the swift water to give you a better opportunity.

In the first case, you are apt to upset the canoe. In the second case, the guide is obliged to handle the canoe when she is headed downstream but trimmed for upstream work, which is both dangerous and awkward. A good guide under the latter circumstances will usually run his canoe into an eddy, or into quiet water near the shore until the fight is over. This manœuvre stirs up a lot of water and spoils your chance for another immediate strike. With a good guide, however, it's "safety first" and trout second.

If, on the other hand, you are sitting in the bottom and facing the stern, as above suggested, you would be facing the fish, you would not run the risk of upsetting, and the guide would not have to turn the canoe around and spoil your fishing, but could simply hold the canoe in the proper position with the pole, or let go his anchor.

In running downstream it is perfectly proper for the

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sportsman to sit in the front seat. In this case, the guide rigs his anchor from a pulley in the stern, moves up nearly to the centre of the canoe so that she will be bow-heavy, and then handles his craft with kellick and pole in the proper way. Personally, I prefer to let my canoe down over the rapids stern first, even when fishing with a companion. The only objection to this method is that in manipulating the kellick the wet rope is apt to annoy the other occupant of the craft.

When going downstream, never try to assist your guide by attempting to shove the canoe's bow away from the rocks or logs, unless the guide expressly tells you to do so. There have been many accidents caused by sportsmen being over-anxious to assist their pilot while running the rapids.

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(*Continued*)

III.—WHAT TO DO WHEN THE WIND CATCHES YOU ON LAKES, AND HOW TO RUN THE SURF

NO guide or sportsman likes to be confronted by a head wind and a rough lake, combined with the necessity for getting across to a comfortable camp, or perhaps keeping an appointment with a team at a certain landing. I well remember Old Joe Patterson's answer some years ago when we were thus embarrassed. He was guide for me on a moose-hunt in the Rossignol district in Nova Scotia. We had captured our moose and were paddling toward camp. Eight miles of lake lay ahead of us.

As we turned Sam's Point we struck a heavy sea and a half-gale of north-west wind. The lake was a seething mass of white water. We landed in the lee of the point and surveyed the prospect. It looked bad.

I said: "Joe, what do you do in a case like this?"

"We don't," was his laconic reply.

Generally speaking, under such conditions, the way to get across is just as Joe said—"Don't!"

However, after waiting on the point awhile I began to get restive, and decided to try it. I had a sixteen-foot basswood canoe, which was not a regular hunting model—built for pleasure rather than work—but a fine acting boat in a seaway. She had open gunwales with a rail outside like a chafing batten, one and a half inches

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wide. Beside my one hundred and eighty-five pounds, she carried a quarter of moose meat, a tent and small roll of blankets.

I waited for a lull in the wind and paddled out around the point, then headed square into the sea. A squall struck me and actually backed me up against my own paddle. I stuck it out, and as the gale passed, managed to make considerable headway. The seas were wicked and the wind blew the tops right off the waves. They drenched me with spray, but that little boat cut through the tops of the seas as clean as a knife. The outside rail threw off the "green" water, and she shipped hardly any. It was a desperate struggle to keep her head fairly into the wind and sea. I made for a little island, and after half an hour's fight, shot her under the lee. I turned around and saw the other canoe coming with Joe at the business end. I had "shamed" him into it! He was paddling for his very life and probably swearing at every stroke. His canoe was an eighteen-foot bark, a fine sea boat but rough on the bottom, heavily loaded and hard to paddle. She lumbered into my harbour at last. Joe was grinning but winded.

After a rest we tried for the next island, made that, and so on, until we reached the western shore of the lake. There we paddled along in quiet water as far as Wildcat Point. We carried across the point, had another battle with the wind crossing the Kejimikujik River, then through the Narrows and over Lowe's Lake to camp. It took us half a day, and we had probably paddled twelve miles to advance eight. Joe said it was the worst wind and sea that he had ever paddled against. The canoes were handled correctly, and consequently carried us through.

The point of the above story is that a canoe can stand a terrific sea if managed properly (and you have good

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luck), but it is not a comfortable nor safe craft for really rough water. If you have to paddle against rough water, get your load well aft, carry a handy bailing dipper, two paddles, and, unless you are a strong swimmer, a good air-cushion or some other life-preserver. If you tip over, hang on to the canoe as long as possible. The wind will eventually blow you ashore. The best way to fight a heavy sea and wind with a loaded canoe is to get everything ready to go, wait until the wind and sea die down, then start out.

An experienced swimmer and canoeman can perform all sorts of wonderful feats with a canoe. For instance, he can tip over and swamp his craft, and then by rocking her sideways and pushing her quickly away from him each time her near side comes down, he can splash or rock the water out of her. This can be done only with a canoe that has no inside rail and no "tumble home" or "curve in," to her top sides. Either the rail or the "tumble home" will have a tendency to throw the water back in the boat instead of over the side.

If you intend to cruise in deep water, it is best to carry a bailer tied to a thwart; then if you tip over you can rock out some of the water and bail out the rest. After your canoe is unwatered you can (if you know how) climb in over one end. It takes practice, but can be done.

If you have a loaded canoe and wish to save the stuff, and find that you are shipping so much water that capsizing or swamping is imminent, it is better to slip over the end, if you have time, and into the water. Then, untie your bailer and hold the canoe by the heavy end with one hand while you bail with the other. If you think that the load is so heavy that it will sink the canoe as it gets water-soaked, and you are a long way from shore—a matter of life or death—throw your load

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overboard or turn the canoe upside down and dump the ballast, then use the canoe to keep you afloat.

If it is not too rough, splash or bail her out and climb in. On one occasion I used a fish-line and an empty flask, and buoyed my jettisoned cargo, before abandoning it to the tender mercies of the big lake. Then I got my canoe clear of water, and climbed safely into her and made land. It calmed the following day, and I found my buoy. With a grappling-hook I recovered the gear, including a seventy-five-dollar gun.

If you get caught in a blow and have to paddle squarely against wind and waves, load so that the bow is well out of water. With a fair following sea, load with even keel. Do not, under any condition, tackle rough water and try to paddle in the trough. When you are actually in the trough and between two waves, there is safety for an instant only. The crest of the next sea will probably come partly aboard. A continued repetition of this will soon make your canoe unmanageable. Then as the crests underrun you, you will lose your balance and have a swim.

Before closing this advice on canoeing in rough water, I wish to emphasize Old Joe's advice—if possible, "Don't !"

HOW TO RUN THE SURF.

Some years ago, and after I had arrived at the professional stage in my career as a canoe handler, I had an instructive experience landing a canoe through the surf on the Atlantic coast. Many times I had landed with a dory or surf-boat at various points, and believed it could be done with a canoe. We were taking a summer cruise in a big motor-boat, and had sailed down from Bridgewater, Nova Scotia. We rounded the La Have

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Islands into Green Bay, and as the sea was calm, anchored just off Crescent Beach with the intention of getting ashore in an eighteen-foot canoe.

The *Daphne* carried two dinghies, but as they hung on davits and were covered and blocked up, it was quite a job to put them overside. After landing all but one lady at a fish wharf in a little cove, I suggested to her that we land directly on the beach and so avoid quite a walk around. She was game, and we paddled into the surf. We caught a wave just right, and it shot us toward the beach in grand style. It was like riding a surf-board. We were going about fifteen miles an hour, and it was most exhilarating, when suddenly the canoe began to shoot towards the right. I tried desperately to paddle her around. The bow pointed down, dug into the sand, and over we went—lady, dignity, and all!

The wave receded and left us sitting on the beach, high and wet. The crowd laughed—the lady didn't. Besides spoiling the lady's clothes, disposition, and day, I incidentally ruined my watch and social standing with the lady. It was deplorable but instructive. The wave that did the trick was not over two feet high.

The whole trouble was that I should have had the canoe loaded heavier in the bow than in the stern. I spent the next two hours practising with and without a passenger. When properly trimmed with the light stern toward the sea, it was the easiest thing in the world to keep her straight and make a safe landing. Also it was great sport to ride the crests, surf-board fashion. I explained all this to the lady, but she scorned, scouted, and flouted the idea—as well as the perpetrator.

The photos showing the canoe in a small surf illustrate the principles involved. When going out have the bow



1.—CATCHING A WAVE AS IT BEGINS TO FLATTEN OUT AFTER
BREAKING.



2.—SHOOTS YOU SMOOTHLY ON THE SAND.



3.—AT THIS POINT CANOE IS GOING AT SAME SPEED AS TOP OF
WAVE—FULLY TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.



4.—KNEEL FORWARD OF THE CENTRE THWART AND PADDLE
TOWARDS THE SHORE.

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light, and so time your seaward progress that you will catch the first wave just after it breaks; the second wave just before it breaks; and so on. It is much easier to go out safely than to come in dry, unless you remember always to have the seaward end of your canoe drawing less water than the other end.

When going shoreward, kneel forward of the centre thwart and paddle toward the shore, watching for a following wave. If you can get the canoe moving fast enough, the sea will catch you with the bow of your canoe pointing slightly down, and will carry you in this position on its crest until it breaks and shoots you smoothly upon the sand. It takes but little steering, as the water beneath you has a firm grip on the deep forward end of the boat, and as it is going straight for the beach, it will carry you straight with it.

This is logical to the average sailor, as it is common practice, when landing a dinghy or other hand-propelled craft through the surf, to back her in. The stern draws more water than the bow, and the bow has a chance to rise to the breaking surf and will not ship any water. In going out, the bow is still towards the waves and the boat is easily steered, as the deep stern is still gripped by the intrushing water, which helps to hold the boat at right angles to the surf-line.

Although it is remarkable what a heavy surf you can negotiate with a canoe, it is really no place for this type of craft, but the history of my experiences may be helpful to those who like to play in the waves. As a sport it quite rivals the Hawaiian surf-board. Incidentally, it would have saved the writer embarrassment, money, and a friend if he had known how, before attempting to take a lady passenger ashore through the surf.

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TOWING CANOES.

In the two preceding articles I took up canoe handling in swift water with a pole, paddle, and kellick. They presuppose the reader's ability to handle a canoe with a paddle in quiet water. Most out-of-door young people of to-day can paddle, especially if they live in the eastern part of North America. The limited amount of canoe lore accumulated in vacation experiences at summer resorts, while valuable, is usually just enough to get an amateur into difficulties when he or she is confronted by situations that come up when using a canoe for hunting, camping, or fishing in the wilds.

Unprecedented dilemmas confront even the most practised canoeist. I had a personal experience along that line some years ago. I had been using a canoe since boyhood. I had learned how to handle a canoe in swift water with a pole, and had been up against many conditions not encountered by the amateur. I made many mistakes, but had learned how to meet almost every conceivable situation that might arise.

At this period I bought a motor-boat, to be used principally for towing canoes for hunting and fishing parties around Lake Rossignol and connecting lakes in Nova Scotia. A day or two after the new motor-boat was in commission I was called upon to tow three loaded canoes from my camp at Lowe's Landing, on Lake Rossignol, to the Shelburne River—a distance of six miles across the end of the lake. I found I still had something to learn.

When the motor-boat was ready to start, the three canoes were loaded each with its own equipment for going up the Shelburne River. I tied the painter of one of the canoes to the towing cleat on the stern of the motor-boat, the other end of the painter being through



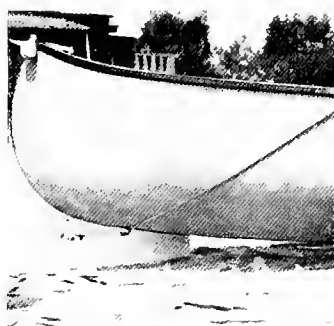
1.—HANDLING A CANOE IN SURF IS A MATTER OF TIMING WAVES. HERE CANOE WAS SHOVELED INTO THE BREAKING WAVE TOO SOON.



2.—JUMPING IN JUST AFTER WAVE HAS BROKEN.



3.—THE CORRECT PLACE FOR TOWING RING IS AS NEAR WATER-LINE AS POSSIBLE.



4.—WHEN CANOE IS NOT EQUIPPED WITH TOWING RING, RIG A BRIDLE AS SHOWN.

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the usual ring in the bow of the canoe. There being a similar ring in the stern, I tied the painter of the second canoe through that, and in turn tied the third canoe to the stern ring of the second. This strung out the three canoes tandem fashion, with about fifteen feet of rope between them.

The guides elected to ride in the motor-boat. As I started from the dock, the water was smooth and the canoes were pulled very nicely. After passing out of the Narrows and into the big lake, we encountered a heavy wind and sea, which we had to take broadside while following the channel, before squaring away for Shelburne River.

The canoes started to pitch and yaw around in an alarming manner. The second started off on a course all her own, thus pulling the stern of the first canoe off sideways and out of line with the towing strain. The second canoe's bow was drawn under water, and she tipped over. This put an impossible sideways pull on the first canoe, and she swamped. Before I could stop the motor-boat, the third canoe, which had been whipped around like the tail of a kite, took in so much water that she capsized. My guests estimated that one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fishing tackle was lost in the lake. Most of the camp gear had been tied in by the guides, otherwise it would have been difficult to recover.

Right at this point I decided that it was a mistake to leave valuables in a canoe when it was being towed by a motor-boat, unless the owner would consent to remain in the canoe and help handle her in rough water, or while leaving or making a landing. After trying several experiments in towing empty canoes, I found that they could be towed with comparative success if partially loaded in the stern when using the usual rings found in the bow and stern of every canoe, as towing bits.

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While the canoe next to the motor-boat would tow fairly well, owing to the stern of the motor-boat being usually higher than the bow of the canoe, and thus pulling the bow up out of water, the second canoe, tied to the stern of the first one, had a tendency to be pulled bow down instead of up, which caused trouble if there was any wind or sea.

The best way to equip a canoe for towing is to have a ring fastened in either end of your canoe near the bottom of the stem, or stern post. The design of the stem and stern of a canoe being identical, it does not make any difference which way it is towed. The ring as described is really better placed in the bottom of the stern post than near the bottom of the stem, so when you are using your canoe for other purposes than towing, the ring will not catch in the rocks or weeds when making a landing.

A towing ring so attached permits the canoe to be towed with the pull all from under her bow, which does not affect her stability and enables her to be towed loaded or light, without danger of capsizing either in a beam sea, following sea, quartering sea, or straight in the eye of the wind.

Where more than one canoe is to be towed, fasten the painter of the second through the ordinary ring in the stern of the first. This pulls down on the stern of the first and up on the bow of the second. Fasten the painter of the third through the regular stern ring of the second; this, in turn, pulls down the stern of the second and pulls up the bow of the third, etc. I am taking it for granted that all the canoes are rigged with a special towing ring attached as advised.

When a canoe is not rigged with the properly placed towing ring and is to be towed, take a spare painter and make a bridle or yoke. Tie one end of the painter to either end of the forward thwart, pass it outside and

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around the bow, draw it tight and fasten the end to the other end of the forward thwart. Then you slip the rope down and tie a loop in it exactly beneath the bow.

Tie your tow-rope through this loop, and you get the right effect when towing. The loop is under the bow and in line with the keel. The pull is below the centre of gravity, consequently up on the bow. The problem in towing is to keep the bow of the canoe out of the water.

It is difficult to describe the behaviour of a canoe when being towed by a painter made fast away above the centre of gravity, especially in a following sea, or beam sea. Guides generally seem to have an antipathy for sitting in a canoe when being towed behind a motor-boat. Probably they have seen so many accidents and tipovers from improper towing rigs that they think it more or less dangerous. It really is not, but quite safe, even in a heavy sea, providing the guide knows how to handle his craft and carries a bailer in case he ships water from a wind lop.

I do not know of a sensation more pleasing than that of quietly slipping along behind a motor-boat in a canoe. There is no vibration or noise, and you glide along at an apparently impossible speed without effort or even consciousness of the propelling agent.

When towing two or more canoes or boats, I make a practice of placing a guide with a paddle in the stern of the last boat. He can help a great deal when turning or making a landing; or, in case the engine balks, he can keep the canoes straightened out and sufficiently in line so that they are not jerked about when the motor starts.

Before closing, I may say that I always anticipate trouble with a passenger when he (or she) steps into a canoe and makes any of the following mistakes:

Wears hobnailed or high-heeled boots; steps in roughly or carelessly on one side or the other; does not wait for

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the guide to have the canoe resting in water instead of on the rocks; jumps in, or loses his balance and grabs one rail with both hands; puts one foot in while he pushes the canoe away from him with the other; sits on one side; starts flopping around; tries to stand up or turn around; tells the guide that he is not "scared" of a canoe.

These signs mean trouble. It will require extreme care to keep him dry. Such a person either has no knowledge of, nor love nor respect for, a canoe.

I have for many years taught people to use a paddle to assist them in and out of a canoe. If you stick the paddle in the bottom, on the off side, it will hold the boat against the bank or landing; will keep it from moving away from you when stepping in; and will help you keep your balance while kneeling or getting seated. The same rule applies when stepping out.

The canoe is coming to be the most universally used (and misused and misunderstood) craft in North America. It gives more people pleasure than all other craft combined. Without it the great North Land of Canada would not yet have been explored, or opened up for mining, lumbering, hunting, or fishing. It is used in the Arctic by the Eskimo; in the tropics by the Negro; and in the temperate zones by Everybody. The canoe is strong enough for work, handsome enough for play, large enough to carry a load, and light enough to be carried.

They are great little boats, but temperamental. Respect them!

White Moose

MOSSY BOYLE was essentially a gentleman. He was soft-spoken, respectful to his equals (he called no man his better), chivalrous to ladies, and paid his bills.

He was also a scholar; not that his book-lore was great, but he was learned in the ways of the woods and the animals therein, and could furnish much material for books to be written about. Why he was called "Mossy" it is hard to guess, since he was neither green nor soft. If in addition to being a gentleman and a scholar he was also a base prevaricator, then the existence of an albino moose in the far northern corner of the great Lake Rossignol watershed is a myth. If, on the other hand, Mossy's stories are as honest as his general deportment in life seems to be, a great white moose *is* roaming in the barren land adjacent to the head-waters of the stream known as the Shelburne River. This stream wanders troutfully through a land of many lakes, wooded islands and ledges, to empty itself at last in a lauwine of foam in the south-west corner of Lake Rossignol, Nova Scotia. It winds through a wild hilly country interspersed with thickly wooded swamps and dry barrens, and furnishes a secluded home and succulent fodder for the largest known member of the deer family—*Alces machlis*, or moose. Upon showing Mossy the Latin name for moose, he said he supposed it meant "matchless Aleck," and that he "Shure was all that, and 'For a' that and a' that, a moose's a moose [for a' that!]" Which is about as

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accurately as one could expect an Irishman to quote a Scotchman !

The first intimation I had that there was a white moose was one night in Ma-tee-o's wigwam, when the old Micmac mentioned to Mossy that once he had caught a black-and-white spotted "meskek nabesk" (large male bear). I laughed at the idea, but to my surprise Mossy took it quite seriously. To prove this story to me, Ma-tee-o produced the skin of a very large bear's hind-foot with the claws still attached, and two spots of white fur, each about the size of a half-dollar, upon the instep.

It seems that this bear, according to the Indian, had left his hind-foot in a trap, and Ma-tee-o had skinned it and tanned the ragged trophy. Whether he kept it to prove the existence of a spotted bear, or as a good-luck token, I was unable to fathom. I have always taken it as the latter, since it led immediately to the discussion of a gigantic albino moose, the existence of which Ma-tee-o seemed to stoically accept as a matter of course, while Mossy claimed to have hunted and actually fired at it.

"Did you ever see it, Ma-tee-o?" I awaited his answer with great interest.

"T'ree, four time." Ma-tee-o shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

"Where?" I quizzed.

"Little Red Lake Bog—Granite Falls—Dunraven Bog. Last summer, Little Tobiatic Lake," Ma-tee-o answered, positively.

"Did you shoot at him, Ma-tee-o?"

"What's the use?" He seemed surprised at my question.

"Weren't the horns big enough? What was the matter?"

White Moose

“ Sure. Big spread—so ” (he stretched his arms as far apart as he could reach). “ All white, like ice in sunshine. Hide, white like snow. Hoofs, white. Muffle, black. Eyes, red like mad dog. If he leave me be, I leave him be. Kespeadooksit ” (The story is ended).

Mossy had a few words with the old fellow in the Micmac language, and then, turning to me, explained that Ma-tee-o did not believe any gun had yet been made that was either accurate or powerful enough to kill the big white moose. He ended by saying that he half believed with the Micmac that there was something both bullet-proof and supernatural about the mysterious animal. As I pressed him for more details he went on as follows:

“ I first saw it three years ago when I was spotting out a piece of hemlock land for the Millers way up the Shelburne River. It was in December and good snow-shoeing. The beast must have seen me before I saw it. Being pure white with the exception of a black muffle, I did not notice it until it started to trot away. It had a big spread of horns, and they were well matched as near as I could judge. Just as I threw up my rifle and fired, my snow-shoe caught under a bush and I fell. I picked myself up, and stepping into its trail, followed along several rods. Then I found this.”

Mossy pulled out of his pocket a prong from a moose's horn about three inches long. It had evidently been cut off by a bullet. It was as white and shiny as ivory. I examined and handed it back to him with a knowing and meaning leer, which, however, he did not deign to notice.

He resumed:

“ As the white moose was travelling too fast and probably too far for me to follow that day, I finished

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cruising the land, stuck up my little tent down by the river, and put in for the night. I was anxious to get that moose, since I figured that I could sell its horns, hide, and head for enough money to pay for the risk of killing out of season. I felt pretty certain that it was yarded up for the winter in the vicinity of the sidehill where I had started it, and that if I waited for a soft, deep snow with just enough crust to make good snow-shoeing, I'd have a good chance of getting it. The next day I went home to Caledonia.

"The week before Christmas we had a heavy snow; then it rained: then froze. On the evening of the twenty-first of December I drove out to Lowe's Landing with my snow-shoes, rifle, and grub for three or four days. The boy took the team back. The next morning I struck off over the ice for Shelburne River. All the still waters were frozen, and the snow-shoeing in the woods was just right to make easy going. Late in the afternoon I was on the ground where I had seen the big moose. Inside of half an hour I found his tracks; in another twenty minutes I saw him browsing with three cows and a small bull on the edge of a swamp. The setting sun made him shine as if he were made of ice and snow instead of horn and fur. A bunch of birches was between us, and in order to get a good shot I tried to move to the left. He saw me and started to trot away. In my anxiety to get a clean shot, I ran out into the open, and one of the lashings on my snow-shoe gave way and threw me. When I got up the moose was gone. I was disappointed but not discouraged, so walked down to the brook and made camp for the night. The next day I hunted again, and got one long shot at the glittering brute—about five hundred yards." He paused.

"Did you hit it?" I asked, impatiently excited.

White Moose

Mossy fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a greasy-looking fold of dirty brown paper, which he carefully opened and silently handed to me. Inside was a little tuft of long, stiff, white hairs attached to a particle of dry skin. They were undoubtedly moose hairs. I handed them back with a questioning "Well?"

"The moose ran as I fired, but he disappeared so quickly that I couldn't get in a second shot. Figuring I had hit it, I went over to the spot where it had been standing. A few drops of blood and that tuft of hair were all I found. His huge tracks were about fifteen feet apart. For a big moose he certainly was mighty catty. I hunted him till my grub gave out and then took back for home."

"When did you see him last, Mossy?" I asked.

"Remember that day last fall when you called that bull right up to your cabin at Lowe's Landing and shot him while in the water in front of the boat-house?"

"Yes, what of it?" I returned.

"Well, me and Jim had called up the big ghost that very morning, right out to the edge of a little bog just above Kempton's Falls, on the Shelburne River. I must have called an hour before it spoke. Then it showed itself on the edge of the forest for about one second, when it went behind another clump of trees. A cartridge jammed in my rifle, and I couldn't get it either in nor out, and so missed my chance. Jim said he was so surprised at seeing a snow-white bull that he forgot all about aiming his gun or pulling the trigger. So it got away again."

I glanced at Ma-tee-o to see what effect Mossy's story might have upon him.

"What do you think of it, Ma-tee-o?" I asked.

"No bullet ketch 'im," he asserted, laconically.

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I turned to Mossy.

“Boyle, I’ll give you five hundred dollars if you will land the head, hide, and horns of that white moose right here at my canoe landing.”

“You heard what Ma-tee-o said,” he quietly replied.

Saving Moose Meat

IT is the ambition of most habitual amateur sportsmen some day to be able to go into the woods alone with their own canoe and outfit, and successfully hunt and kill a big moose, and get it out to some point where an automobile or wagon can take it to railroad transportation. Many amateurs that can shoot accurately and have the nerve to face and kill big game would be practically helpless if they had to disembowel, skin, cut up, and carry a moose to their canoe. Even though a hunter is not physically strong enough to actually carry quartered moose meat out of the woods, he can still prepare the meat so that it can be safely hung and left while he goes out to get help. Outside an occasional black bear, there are no animals in the Nova Scotia woods that will destroy meat if it is not left over a day or two. On the other hand, blowflies will put meat in such a condition that it is unusable in a short time. After the carcass is skinned and the meat quartered, it should, if possible, be left in the sun and wind to dry, placed separately on dry rocks or logs. The action of the sun and wind forms a smooth dry glaze over the meat which the blowflies will not attack.

DISSEMBOWELLING.

After your moose is down, first take your hunting-knife and make an incision just below the jugular vein and bleed him. Then castrate him. Now, beginning at the point of the breast-bone, insert the point of your knife, which should have a curved, sharp blade, under

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the skin and rip the moose open the whole length of the belly, clean to the tail. Be careful not to let the knife puncture the wall of the paunch sac. The carcass should be lying flat on its back during this operation. Then roll the carcass on its side. With your knife disconnect the various ligaments attaching the paunch sac to the frame and roll the contents out of the carcass. Most hunters that have killed any kind of game know enough about disembowelling animals, so that it will not be necessary to give further details of this operation. It will be well to point out, however, that if you wish to keep the meat sweet, the sooner the animal is gutted after killing, the better.

Disconnect the heart and liver from the waste and lay aside in the sun to dry. They are both delicacies that should be saved. The tongue also should be cut out, as, when salted and smoked, or boiled, it is most palatable.

SKINNING.

Next you have to skin the animal. Continue the incision made in the hide for disembowelling up to the chin of the moose, leaving the bell on one side of the cut, Cut from this incision up the inside of the fore-leg as far as the hoof. Skin the leg by pulling the skin away from the flesh with one hand and cutting the tissue thus stretched with your knife. If the carcass is warm, the skin will come off quite easily. With a leg and a shoulder skinned, continue up the back to the head and under the shoulder as far as you can reach. Continue this operation down the side of the carcass, taking care to bring the hide away clean, leaving no meat upon it. As you approach the hind-quarters, make a cut up the inside of one hind-leg and skin it the same as you did the fore-leg, continuing the operation until one side of the animal is completed



1.—SKINNING.



2.—CLEAVING THE BREAST-BONE.



3.—ROLL THE CARCASS ON ITS SIDE.



4.—A STRONG MAN CAN CARRY A QUARTER OF MOOSE MEAT—
IT MAY WEIGH 100-175 LBS.

Saving Moose Meat

down to its backbone. Stretch this half of the skin out on the ground and roll the carcass over on it, then skin the other side.

CUTTING UP.

You now have the skin laid out flat on the ground, and the carcass reposing in the middle of it and ready to quarter. If you have not already done so, separate the arch of the pelvis bone with your knife or axe, and wash out the inside of the animal with water carried in your camp-kettle. Then take your axe and knife and cut through the joint in the neck-bone where it joins on the head, thus disconnecting the head from the body. Be careful not to cut the hide during this operation. Then take your axe and split the breast-bone down to the neck cavity, as shown in the photo. Now split the backbone, leaving an equal amount of bone on each side of the cut.

An experienced and skilful moose butcher can perform the entire operation with an ordinary hunting-knife, but a sharp axe is an easier tool to use.

You now have the carcass laid out on the hide as shown in the picture, which keeps the meat clean. Fresh meat is sticky, and if allowed to come in contact with leaves, grass, or dirt, it is very hard to clean.

To quarter the moose, tip up one side of the carcass as shown in the photo, cut down between the third and fourth rib, from the hind end and continuing into the split backbone. Repeat the operation on the other side, and you will have your moose cut into four quarters of nearly equal weight. Then take your knife and cut through the knees and hock-joints, thus disconnecting the shanks, as they are useless and heavy to carry.

An ordinarily strong man can pick up from the ground and shoulder a quarter of moose weighing from 125 to

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150 pounds, and carry as shown in one of the photos. In case of a long carry being contemplated, it is well to be provided with pack-baskets, and cut out all the heavy bone. You can do this by splitting down the leg and shoulder in the fore-quarters and removing the meat in twounks from the bone. In the hind-quarters you simply save the round after splitting lengthwise and removing the hip-bone. This is a wasteful method, but sometimes necessary with a long, rough trail ahead. The tender-loin can be removed from each side of the backbone and also saved. A green moose-hide will weigh nearly 100 pounds. It is a load in itself. But keep it, as after the hair is removed and it is oak-tanned soft, it makes a beautiful piece of leather for a smoking-room table or lounge.

If the head is to be saved for mounting, cut the neck of the hide off well below the bell and carry it attached to the head. The head of a moose without the hide attached will weigh about 100 pounds, and is also a load in itself.

If you do not wish to save the head, but only the horns and hide, skin the head without cutting off the neck of the hide, remove the lower jaw-bone, and take the skull out with horns attached. When you get to civilization, you can saw the horns with a small piece of forehead bone attached away from the rest of the skull.

As both a sharp axe and a sharp hunting-knife are essential to the proper dissection of an animal, be sure to carry a small piece of whetstone in your pocket. A hunting-knife or axe without a sharpening stone are two very exasperating tools to attempt to use.

After the meat is surface-dried by the sun and wind, try to avoid getting it wet again, as flies will immediately settle on any damp surface. Leave the hide flesh side up to the weather, and let it dry as much as possible. When

Saving Moose Meat

you come to carry the hide, tie it up with a piece of strong string, as it is very slippery and awkward to handle otherwise. Avoid getting the hide wet after you have it ready to handle, as it will soak up nearly its own weight in water, and it takes a long time to dry out.

Try to avoid throwing moose meat around and bruising it, or, in other words, abusing it. As a food it is fully as valuable as the best beef, and amateur hunters should be willing to sacrifice time and money if necessary to get the meat they have killed to where it can be used.

When you have had your sport, do not be afraid to spend a little additional time and money to conserve the meat.

Moose meat will keep fresh two weeks in the fall of the year, if properly handled. It makes fine mince-meat, is as good as beef when salted, and makes first-class jerked venison when cut in strips and smoked.

If you cannot save the meat, do not kill the moose. It is only the thoughtless, inexperienced tenderfoot who kills for the mere sake of killing. The real sportsman kills either for the trophy or for the food.

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

THE fall following the close of the Great War, two well-dressed strangers arrived at the camp on Lake Rossignol, quite unannounced. They both wore service buttons in their lapels. One was a little below the medium height, middle-aged, and stockily built, with black hair streaked with grey and clipped grey moustache. His eyes were his most noticeable feature, being of a piercing black. His face was tanned even beyond the colour that would naturally be acquired by service in the Army. It was quite evident that he was an outdoor man of long years' standing. He turned out to be a wonderful shot with the rifle, and also carried an old-fashioned 45 frontier model Colt's six-shooter, with which he could perform miracles in the way of juggling and fancy shooting. He registered under the name of Richard Carver. Mr. Carver was slightly bow-legged, and had the stilted and somewhat stiff walk of the habitual horseman.

The other was broad-shouldered, tall, and well proportioned. He had square jaws and a sandy complexion. He was quite evidently a man of education, and had at one time been an athlete, judging from his casual feats of strength, stride, and general deportment. He, like his partner, was no "slouch" with rifle or six-shooter, and in the many friendly matches with either arm, he shot a close second to his friend Carver. He registered under the name of J. W. Matthews. Both men had been wounded in the War and were slightly crippled from the effects.

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

Although they were very taciturn and uncommunicative about their business prior to the War, I learned that they had been living in Europe when it broke out, and had enlisted with the American Army when it joined forces with the other Allies. From bits of conversation which I overheard during several days that we spent together under canvas near the head-waters of the Shelburne River, I gathered that they had been at one time well acquainted with the western United States. As I had spent some years in the West myself, mining and hunting, I naturally tried to enter into conversation with them on what I had a right to believe would be a mutually interesting subject. Each attempt, however, that I made to draw them into conversation about the great mountains and Bad Lands of Utah and Colorado was met with utter silence, until, discouraged, I dropped the subject entirely.

Mr. Matthews seemed to be interested that I wrote for the sporting magazines, and said that he was doing a little writing himself. I noticed that he carried materials with him for this purpose, and did considerable writing at convenient times. After they had each killed a moose and were packing up ready to leave, Mr. Matthews handed me a roll of manuscript.

"I've written a little story here, pardner," he said, "that perhaps may look good enough to you to send to some of the magazines you are writing for. I write for fun and not for money. If you can make anything out of this you are welcome to do so. So long!"

They climbed into the waiting car, and waving good-bye were whirled away.

The following is the manuscript:

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THE NINE-MILE HOLD-UP

CHAPTER I.

"Well, pard, you're no tenderfoot if you have got a college education, and I guess we'll put her through."

"It cost me all I had, but it's bound to work, Butch," said Mat, as he thoughtfully twirled his six-shooter and viciously snapped it on the empty chamber.

"Looks like it," said Butch.

"Well, all our cash is gone now, and—we need it," concluded Mat, decidedly.

"That's right too. Better hit the trail. It's near sun-up," said Butch, and both men moved quickly towards the picketed horses.

The two speakers were breaking camp on the bank of a small creek among the sandy buttes of the Bad Lands in western Colorado. It was in the year 1900. "Butch" was a little below the medium height, young, strongly built, black hair, and long moustache. His piercing black eyes had a gun-like glint to them, with a slight suggestion of grim humour. His face was tanned by years of mountain riding.

"Mat" was a broad-shouldered young man, taller than Butch, and well proportioned. There was a three days' growth of beard on his square jaws, as also the remains of an old tan, that betokened months or perhaps years of exposure, but recent environment in civilization. He moved like an athlete and sat his horse like a cow-puncher.

Both men were equipped with regulation cowboy outfits that certainly had seen hard usage. They carried six-guns on their thighs and Winchesters beneath their saddle-flaps.

They mounted and trotted off to the west, Butch

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

ahead, with a lead-line through the rawhide halters of ten heavily laden pack-horses. Mat brought up in the rear or rode alongside the ponies, snapping the end of his rope at the lazy ones or pricking them in the side with an outward kick of his spurred heel. The men seemed to be in a hurry.

"No water till we get to the Hole," said Butch, jerking the lead-line.

"That's the place, isn't it?" asked Mat.

"Yep," from Butch, and he dug the spurs into his horse's sides. On they jogged for hours. The white alkali dust slowly drifted along in their wake and gradually covered them with a thin greyish coat. Once while stopping to tighten cinches and pack-ropes, Mat said:

"Let's see, to-day is Monday; we're due in Nine Mile Saturday noon, ain't we, Butch?"

"Yep."

"Got the batteries?"

"Yep."

"Powder?"

"Yep."

"Machines?"

"Yep."

"Didn't forget the tanks?"

"Naw. Say, Mat, you're nervous. Shut up, will you!"

Mat shrugged his big shoulders and "shut up."

That night they got to Green River, watered, and, without resting, trotted up along the eastern bank by a narrow trail and disappeared in a "box" canyon, or "hole." There was no outlet to the canyon except the trail they went in by, and the sides were several hundred feet high. They pitched camp, and in a few minutes were hard at work unpacking queer cylindrical bundles from the pack-horses. The surrounding country was totally uninhabited.

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CHAPTER 2.

The United States Army Ambulance came lumbering up Nine Mile Canyon behind four straining mules. It was heavily loaded, and carried, besides less valuable freight, seventy-five thousand in gold and greenbacks. It was the money for the Uintah Indians which was sent semi-annually into Fort Duchesne from Price, a little station on the Rio Grande Western Railroad, a distance of ninety miles. With the ambulance there was an escort of coloured cavalry or "Buffalo soldiers," numbering twenty-five men, twelve of them riding a few yards in advance and the rest in the rear. The Lieutenant in command sat on the seat with the driver, while his horse was led by a mounted orderly. They drove slowly along the road, which in places was hardly wide enough for a single wagon, having an abyss on one side and a tremendous rock slide on the other, that seemed ready to slip and wipe out the narrow trail any minute. As the ambulance came opposite one of these rock slides, it halted to breathe the horses.

Far up among the boulders, hidden from the trail, were two masked men, intently watching the ambulance. Near them, besides rifles and six-guns, was a switchboard, batteries, a megaphone, and two electrically operated phonographs. Half a dozen thin, green, insulated wires ran from the switchboard and disappeared among the rocks. The two men were talking in low voices.

"When I shoot, you press the button, Mat," said the shorter of the two.

"All right," said Mat.

"They've stopped! Let her go, partner!"

Butch's 30-40 cracked, and down fell the near leader on the Government wagon. It cracked again, and down

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

came both wheelers. A terrific explosion a few rods in front of the soldiers sent the rocks sliding and tumbling into the trail, completely blocking it. The whole canyon seemed to be falling down. Enormous boulders rattled and bounded down the steep mountain-side, and finally went crashing into the canyon bottom. Before the rocks had ceased sliding in front of the now panic-stricken detail, there was another awful explosion, and an avalanche of rocks cascaded into the trail behind them, effectually cutting off their retreat. Besides the noise and unexpected apparition of a small volcano almost under their feet, the coloured cavalymen were pelted with flying rocks and sand.

This startling combination threw them into utter confusion. Several horses went over the ledge, their riders saving their own lives by throwing themselves from the saddle. The other horses rushed madly up and down the narrow trail, jamming and crushing each other, almost uncontrolled by their frightened riders. The Lieutenant stood up in the wagon, and was partially succeeding in restoring discipline among the frightened troop, when a sharp order rang out from the rocks above.

"Halt!" commanded the voice; and again, "Halt!" in menacing accents. This was accompanied by a whole babble of gruff voices in the surrounding cliffs.

"Blow up the damned niggers!" "Blow 'em to Hell!" "Kill the black sons o' guns!"

The frightened soldiers looked in vain for something to shoot at. There was not a man in sight.

Still the voices kept on: "Blow up the damned niggers!" "Blow 'em to Hell!" There was something uncanny in those gruff, menacing voices and not a speaker showing himself. The soldiers, who had dismounted at the Lieutenant's command, cowered in fear. The Lieutenant had a creepy feeling in the small of his back, and

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he was frightened and puzzled. Suddenly, in an instant of comparative silence, Butch's sharp voice came thundering down from the boulders. He was speaking through a megaphone.

"Throw up your hands!" he commanded. "Throw 'em up! There are three more mines right under your feet, and I'll blow your whole outfit to Hell if you stir a step or pull a trigger! Up with 'em, quick!"

For a few seconds there was a pause. All looked at the Lieutenant and at each other in consternation. There was nothing to shoot at. What could they do? The Lieutenant was a brave man. He sprang in front of his demoralized soldiers and yelled:

"Come on, men; drive 'em out of the rocks!" He started towards the narrow trail which led up amongst the boulders.

A rifle cracked and he fell, shot through the thigh.

"It is no use for you coons to try that game," yelled Butch, "or you'll all get the same dose."

With their leader fallen, no one attempted to resist.

"All we want is that money," continued Butch. "Throw your guns over the cliff and my men won't harm you; and, damn you, if you don't we'll blow you into pieces a coyote wouldn't eat!"

This last remark seemed to strike terror to the hearts of the mystified negroes. Down went their guns and up went their hands. At Butch's command they walked to an indicated spot and sat down with their hands still over their heads. Then Butch cheerfully told them that they were sitting on fifty pounds of blasting powder, and if a man moved, all would die. Their eyes bulged and they turned green with fear, but they did not move. Rifle in one hand and some canvas sacks in the other, Butch scrambled quickly down the rock slide, leaving Mat above and now in plain sight of the soldiers. When

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

he was almost down he jumped on top of a big boulder and explained to the soldiers that his men had an electric firing battery by which they could blow them all up if they saw one man move hand or foot. He gave orders to some imaginary men hidden among the rocks, and ran down into the boxed-in trail and over to the ambulance, which was some fifty yards from where the soldiers now sat. He jumped into the wagon and rolled out four small kegs weighing about forty pounds apiece. One of these he smashed open with a rock. It was filled with gold. He glanced over at the soldiers. They were quiet and seemed curiously interested in the men up in the rocks, who seemed to be watching them stealthily. Butch quietly cornered and caught three of the now subdued Government horses and hitched them to the wagon wheel. Picking up the canvas sacks, which were attached in pairs like the panniers of a pack-saddle, he tossed them over two of the horses' saddles, fastened them securely, and slipped a keg in each of the four sacks. They balanced perfectly. He led the horses a little way up the trail and tied them to a cedar stump. He jumped into the wagon, and after being in there a minute, he was seen to jump out and dodge behind a big rock.

"Don't move," he called to the men.

There was a heavy report and the side of the wagon was blown out. Although the coloured soldiers ducked at this further terrifying explosion, they still held their hands above their heads. Butch ran over, and taking up the last pair of canvas sacks disappeared inside, only to reappear shortly with the bags bulging suggestively. He threw the bags across the third horse's saddle, picked up his rifle, and deliberately shot the remaining horses.

"You coons 'll have to walk home, I guess," said Butch, turning to the soldiers. "Arms tired, eh? Well, we

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won't keep you more than an hour longer. Keep 'em up, though!"

Jumping on the back of the third horse and leading the others, he went scrambling up the rock slide to Mat.

"Got the coin—the greenbacks were in the safe—Didn't know the combination—Blew it open with that bottle of nitre—Start them phonographs working—It'll keep them coons quiet for a while—Better be moving," said Butch, all in one breath, forestalling any question that Mat might ask. Mat picked up the megaphone and told the soldiers below that they could move when "the fellows in the rocks" said so, and to the Lieutenant he said:

"Hard luck, old chap. Glad we didn't have to kill you. The wound in the leg was necessary to keep you quiet. So long!"

"Come on, pard," said Butch, grinning. "Stop your jawing and hit the trail."

Suiting action to words, they scrambled to the mesa above, mounted their own waiting saddle-horses, and leading the Government horses, hit the trail at a gallop.

"For the Hole," said Mat. Butch nodded and dug in his spurs.

Meanwhile, the poor soldiers were sitting with their aching arms over their heads, casting furtive glances at the menacing red sandstone ledges, and listening with shivers to the jabbering voices still repeating:

"Blow up the damned niggers!"

"Blow 'em to Hell!"

"Kill the black sons o' guns!"

Suddenly the Lieutenant, whom Butch had compelled to limp over and sit down with the others, dropped his benumbed arms with a curse:

"Well, damn it! blow us up if you are going to, and don't keep us sitting here all night."

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

The poor soldiers thought he had surely pronounced their death sentence, and yelled:

"Don't shoot, Massas, don't shoot. Put 'em up, Lieutenant, for God's sake; put up your hands, or we're all dead men."

But the Lieutenant's wound was hurting him and he was obstinate. He sat there rubbing his leg. The soldiers begged and implored him to put up his hands. He would not do it. Gradually the voices among the rocks grew fainter, until only a low humming sound reached the ears of the terrified victims below. Then it began to dawn on all that they had not yet been blown up for the Lieutenant's defiant attitude, neither had it brought out fresh expletives from the brigands behind the boulders. One after another they dropped their tired arms.

There was a sudden exclamation from the Lieutenant: "Why, hang it all, boys, those are talking-machines up in the rocks there! They've said the same words the same way for twenty minutes. We've been nicely fooled, we have. All up! Fall in! Help me to the wagon, sergeant. Now, my men, go up into those rocks, and you'll see I'm right. Sergeant, don't fool with any electrical apparatus or we may get blown up yet."

The men obeyed and found our friends' stronghold just as they had left it. They did not fool with the switchboard, but just cut the wires and let it go at that.

In a few minutes the Lieutenant despatched a detail of men afoot to the Post and another to the nearest ranch for horses, a surgeon, and a troop with which to chase the robbers. The detail sent to the Post met within an hour a mounted squad riding hard towards the scene of the hold-up. A ranger in the vicinity had heard the explosions and had telephoned the Post of the disturbance off towards the south, which had sent troops

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flying in that direction, fearing for their pay-roll. They got to the scene of the robbery not more than two hours and a half after it occurred, and were in hot pursuit in a few minutes more; so the fugitives, with their seventy-five thousand dollars in gold and greenbacks, had barely three hours' start of their pursuers.

CHAPTER 3.

It was just about dark and Butch was riding ahead at a sharp trot. Mat rode behind and kept the pack-animals moving.

Suddenly Butch pulled up, dropped off his horse and put his ear to the ground. He got quickly up, and with a sweeping glance around said in a low, tense voice:

"We have got to ride for it. They are close on to us now."

He threw himself on his horse, and jerking the lead-line, started off. Mat lashed the pack-horses into a run. They were still fairly fresh and lightly loaded.

As they mounted the ridge before descending into Green River Canyon, a rifle-ball zipped past Mat's ear.

He turned and caught sight of a string of soldiers just galloping into sight in the trail behind him.

Down the trail to the river ran the fugitives. It was only a mile more to the water, over a crooked trail which Butch knew like a book; not so the soldiers. When they hit the rough, rocky trail, they had to pull up. A fall would mean certain death.

Down they went at a sliding trot. The fugitives were gaining as they slid, stumbled, and sprang down the trail like mountain goats. Mat had urged the pack-horses to their utmost. He risked everything for speed. A fall would mean capture, but down they went.

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

It was shortly too dark for the soldiers to see the flying outlaws.

Butch and Mat struck the river at last, and Butch's horse plunged into the swift current without hesitation. But the pack-horses threw up their heads and refused to go in. There was no time to lose. Mat drew his knife and deliberately jabbed it into the lead horse's flank. With a snort he plunged into the river, half dragging the others after him. Mat jabbed each horse in turn, and each did his best to get into the water the shortest way. Once started they all swam strongly for the opposite shore. A regular hail of bullets cut the water near them when they were in the middle of the stream. The soldiers had reached the bank and were firing in the dark at the splashing, but no one was hurt.

Just as the fugitive clambered up the bank on one side, the soldiers plunged into the water on the other. Butch headed up the trail for the Hole, followed by Mat and the pack-horses.

When the soldiers reached the opposite shore, the Captain in command struck a match and examined the trail. He followed it afoot for a few rods, examining the general direction closely.

Rising quickly from his scrutiny of the tracks, with an exclamation of surprise and exultation, he turned towards his men and said:

"We've got 'em now, boys, sure! They have made a mistake and taken the trail into the Hole. It's a regular trap; this trail is the only outlet. We'll go along a little farther and camp for the night. Three sentinels will be enough at the mouth of the Hole."

They rode along a few yards and dismounted. Hard-tack and water was their supper, as no fires were allowed. The tired horses were led back to a plot of grass on the river-bank. Sentinels were set, and the rest lay down

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beneath the starlight. The Captain lay there thinking what a rich reward he would get for this day's work. He had surely caught the robbers now, and that meant reward—money and perhaps promotion.

He fell asleep with very pleasant thoughts running through his head.

At twelve o'clock and three the watch was relieved, and all was reported quiet.

It was daylight before the Captain cared to get ready to go and make his capture. It was sun-up before he walked, carbine in hand, into the mouth of the Hole. His men were at his heels.

In the centre of the smooth grass-covered bottom of the Hole were five horses quietly grazing. Three were Government horses, as their equipment showed; the other two were mountain-trained thoroughbreds. There were neither camp nor men in sight. The Captain sent his squad spreading out around the Hole in all directions, looking behind the few cedars and boulders, but the robbers were not there. He was puzzled and sent men to look for tracks. There were a few footprints near the centre of the Hole, but that was all. The sides of the Hole went straight up. The only trail was the way the soldiers came in.

The Captain sent men around to look for tracks on the mesa above. There were no tracks there. Then he made a diligent search for a cave or pit of any description, without success.

The only things of unusual interest in the Hole were three stout iron ring-bolts cemented into the sides of as many big boulders. Our friends had successfully concealed all other traces of their mysterious disappearance.

"The birds must have flown," quoth the chagrined Captain, and he took the trail for the Post to report his story of the mysterious escape. His account was listened

The Nine-Mile Hold-Up

to with incredulity at first, but when the Post Commander had investigated it, he also was nonplussed. The country was watched for miles around, and notices were posted and rewards offered, but no one ever claimed the rewards. It was pronounced to be the cleverest and slickest job ever put up on the Government, and that was all that was said about it.

The Lieutenant means to dig some day to find out if they really were sitting on a mine.

CHAPTER 4.

Two modishly dressed and much-tanned gentlemen were watching Santos-Dumont make his attempt to sail his airship around the Eiffel Tower in Paris. They showed even more than the usual interest, and when he had finally accomplished the wonderful performance, the shorter of the two said:

"If we could have steered ours like that, we wouldn't have landed in old Mexico, eh, Mat?"

"That's right, too, old man," said the taller, "but he only gets twenty thousand dollars for his voyage, and don't get that until he lands. We took ours with us."

Both laughed and turned towards their hotel and dinner.

At the table they were extremely quiet. There was a far-away look in the eyes of the smaller of the two men, as he furtively studied his *vis-à-vis*. Finally he broke out with:

"It strikes me as mighty queer, Mat, that you had the nerve to tackle our country out there after being brought up to this sort of thing, and on top of it all to concoct the best 'divide up' scheme I ever heard of. What started you off?"

"Well, Butch, I've got a pretty clear conscience.

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You know it cost me fifty thousand dollars to prove my innocence in that counterfeiting case, besides three years practically in jail, and I was as innocent as a lamb. I thought I might just as well get the fun as the blame, and I felt as though the Government owed me that money. It was a question of make or break with me."

"Me too!" said Butch; and, lifting his glass: "Here's how!"

"And how about you, Butch?" queried Mat.

"Nothing much. I was on the wrong side of politics, that's all. As you may have heard, Utah Mormon politicians were some violent in the old days, and I served time for killing a sheep-herder that I never laid eyes on until he was dead. I, too, felt that the Government owed me something."

I have often wondered if J. W. Matthews could possibly have been "Mat" in the above story, and if Mr. Richard Carver had ever by chance carried the nickname of "Butch." There is something suggestively synonymous about their names and the names of the two heroes of the yarn.

Fly-Fishing among the Ice-Cakes

WHILE the T.B.M. is still enjoying musical comedy, dinner-parties, bridge and billiards as his chief recreations, and long before he dare to seriously overhaul his fishing tackle in the presence of his jeering family, the sport of fly-fishing for salmon is well under way on the Medway River in Queen's County, Nova Scotia.

The season opens February 1st. Its advent is often celebrated by cold, snowy, blustery weather. Upon such days the salmon are unmolested. The first quiet, sunny day following, however, a few of the old-timers limber up their fourteen-foot rods and drop a fly in any running water that King Frost has overlooked. The first salmon are usually shipped to Boston or Halifax, where they claim their rightful place at some kingly banquet. The early fishermen are nothing if not thrifty. A fifteen-pound salmon at seventy-five cents a pound—well, you can figure it for yourself.

The tackle used for this winter fishing must be strong and tough. A winter salmon will weigh anywhere from nine to twenty pounds. They are in perfect condition, and are as resilient as tempered steel and resolute as a bull terrier. After being hooked they will often dart under the ice, and the line will have to stand not only punishing strain, but chafing on the edge of the floes. The fishing is usually done in a current of from three to seven miles an hour. Many a salmon breaks away with the help of a floating ice-cake. The line is often glazed

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with ice, the reel sometimes entirely frozen up, and the fisherman feels as though he were also.

A direct-acting, very strong reel is used, capable of holding at least one hundred and fifty yards of heavy line; six or eight feet of stout, twisted gut leader, swinging a fly two inches long, is the accepted outfit. The fly is home-made and is decorated with a pheasant wing, a little touch of jungle cock, and a silver or gold body. A three-foot gaff with a three-inch hook completes the apparatus.

When fishing, the fly is cast and allowed to sink from one to two feet under water. It is then swept with slow, jerking motions through the likely pools or eddies. When a fish strikes he is allowed to have the fly a second or two before the hook is set. The salmon do not come up the river in large numbers until the ice is entirely out of the channels. The winter fish make their way but slowly upstream, often lying for several days in the same pool or eddy and some feet under water. Just after rain, or a warm, bright day, they will move a little way upstream and "hole up" again.

If the fishing is done in extremely frosty weather a short line is used, as too much wet line freezes upon the reel, with the consequent loss of a fish in case of a strike.

If the river is open, fishing is done from boats or canoes. This is colder work than fishing from the edge of the ice, but gives a fisherman a chance to follow a "bad" one and gaff it. The boats are handled in the swift current with a long pike-pole and kellick, or anchor. The anchor rope passes through a pulley, or hole, in the stem of the boat, and thence aft to a cleet on a rear thwart, near which the fisherman stands or kneels to cast.

When a salmon strikes, it is usually a short, hard battle. The native fishermen do not believe that it is policy to torture or run the risk of losing a valuable fish by long-

Fly-Fishing among the Ice-Cakes

drawn-out "playing." They are convinced that if a salmon succeeds in breaking a leader and gets away with a hook in its mouth and a length of trailing, irritating gut hanging to it, it will live but a short while. They assert that the leader will get tangled, snag the fish and drown it, or so impede its fighting qualities that the eels will attack and eat it. There is no doubt that eels which grow to a very large size in these waters do attack salmon that are the least incapacitated and destroy them. More than one fish has been pounced upon by these ferocious scavengers between the time of taking the fly and being gaffed.

The question is often asked why a salmon will take a fly, since the lure does not resemble anything that swims in the water, floats upon it, nor flies above it. Strange as it may seem, nothing in the form of food is ever found in a salmon's stomach, if killed on its way upstream. The only reasonable answer is that the salmon is a true sport and is chock-full of curiosity.

On the other hand, a slink, racer, or spawned salmon, if taken on the way downstream, is a voracious feeder, and will grab anything from a store-made fly to a chunk of meat.

It is against the law to catch and keep racers. Although they are the full length of the prime salmon, they are very slim and slinky in appearance. The flesh is white and comparatively soft. The salmon just in from sea on their way up to the spawning beds are a beautiful, bright, silver colour, and are fat, pink deliciousness from head to tail.

If a fisherman is hardy and enthusiastic enough, he should assuredly take a week off in February or March and experience the thrills coincident with a tug-of-war with a *Salmo salar*.

Resurrection

OLD JOE of Caledonia was reputed to be the best guide and the biggest liar in Nova Scotia. After spending several weeks in his company, one of his intimate friends was so profoundly convinced that Joe's reputation was not undeserved, that he sent him a large, wicked-looking hunting-knife, upon the handle of which was inscribed, in plain English, both the compliment and the insult. The way Old Joe showed the knife around, pridefully, to friend and stranger alike, would lead one to believe that he thought it as essential to be a big liar as it was to be a good guide.

The number of Joe's stories always struck me as being a little in excess of the requirements for the proper entertainment of a "sport." The quality of them, however, was not flagrantly doubtful. In fact, I believe that all of his stories were founded on the actual experiences of himself or others. No active man could spend fifty years as a hunter and lumberman in the Canadian woods, as a farmer on the Canadian prairies, and as a salt-water sailor, without accumulating an extensive fund of fact and fiction. Add to this experience a natural gift as a raconteur, and you have the stuff of which liars are made.

It was fifteen years ago when I first heard Joe's string of fish stories. I did not believe any of them. To-day I am willing to listen with respect and an open mind to any old-timer's yarns, for I know from experience that truth is stranger than fiction, and that almost anything can happen in the woods. I don't believe in Moochungs, Hidanbiffims, nor Sidehill-gougers, but I do believe that

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guides and other wild animals have a capacity for performing seemingly impossible stunts. The following adventure is only one of many that go to strengthen this impression:

One bright October morning, a few years ago, Joe and I were sitting on top of the big Indian lookout rock on the edge of Kempton's Bog, in the Lake Rossignol district of Nova Scotia. We had been moose calling. As a fresh breeze had sprung up, Joe said it was no use to call any more, since if a bull were within earshot he would work around to leeward of us, get our scent, and run away before coming within our range of vision. Being young and no respecter of sylvan traditions, I picked up the call, and essaying a near imitation of a cow in distress, sent a sound that was a cross between a whine and a moo waveringly over the bog.

Then impossibilities began to happen. My inexperience in moose calling must have imparted something of its essence to my plaint, and impressed the big bull that immediately answered with the idea that there was in the vicinity a poor little *ingénue*, patently in need of a large and strong protector. That's where I had Old Joe. He was too much of an old-timer, and his call denoted too much worldly wisdom to attract any philandering and blasé old bull. The big moose trotted right down the wind and stuck its head out of a bunch of pine, hardly fifty steps from where we crouched on the rim of the rock. I fired one shot from my old 30-U.S.A., and the bull dropped in his tracks. As he didn't kick nor move, Joe and I clambered down to look him over. My bullet had struck him just behind the left ear, and passing diagonally down through the neck, had come out just ahead of the right shoulder.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Joe.

To celebrate the occasion, I took a silver flask out of my pocket and gave Joe a drink. While I was taking mine,

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Joe unsheathed his knife for the purpose of bleeding the moose. As the carcass lay on its left side, Joe stood at its back, and taking it by one horn, tipped the head up and made the necessary incision in the throat. As the knife entered, the big animal began to thrash, and twisting on to its back, one of its hind-feet just missed Joe's head ! As Joe dodged back the moose jumped to its feet and started to walk away. I was gaping at this performance in a sort of trance with the flask in one hand and rifle in the other.

"Give it to him !" said Joe.

"I won't do it ! He can't go far, and I'll have to shoot right into the meat."

The moose was now trotting.

"He'll get away," exclaimed Joe, excitedly.

I expected to see it stumble and fall any second, so stood there calmly screwing on the cap of my flask. It didn't look possible for a moose that had been knocked down and then had its throat cut to run very far. Since Joe was urging me to fire, and the moose was now about a hundred yards off and running straight away from the lake and our canoe, I decided it was better to shoot, even at the risk of spoiling a hind-quarter, than it was to have to pack the meat a long distance; so, with much over-confidence, I raised my rifle, fired, and missed. The beast disappeared behind some bushes. We followed. First it went over and through a lot of down timber, leaving bunches of hair on logs fully five feet from the ground. It hardly bled at all, which puzzled both Joe and me. Then it jogged over rocky ground, leaving no perceptible track. It took us an hour and a half to again pick up its spoor in the soft ground on the opposite side of this rocky area. Then it ran through a wet bog, where we floundered up to our knees in mud. All this while it was fleeing straight away from the landing where

Resurrection

we had left the canoe. It was noon, finally, when we found it flat upon its belly, midstream in a brook. It had sunk down in a trotting position, with one foot out ahead and one behind, and muzzle reaching out like the head of a racehorse going under the wire. It was dead.

I can never remember being so glad to see a moose—before or since.

Upon dressing and skinning the carcass, we found that Joe's knife-stroke had missed the jugular vein, but had cut the windpipe. The moose had swallowed all the blood, and had run a mile and a half in this condition. My bullet had missed the neck-bone.

Joe carried the head and about ten pounds of meat. I tied up the slippery hide and struggled along with that. Going through the bog, it seemed to me that Joe skipped right along over the top of it like a feather, while I sank to my knees at every step. Sometimes it's an advantage to have great big feet !

When we reached the tents with the *prima facie* evidence of our hunt, the only part of our adventure that any of the others would take the least stock in was that we had killed a moose. I sent three guides and Old Joe to carry out the four quarters of the meat.

Joe adds appreciably to his reputation every time he tells the story of the moose that vamosed after being shot and having his throat cut.

A Cruise on Lake Rossignol, Nova Scotia

THE BOAT.

A 21-FOOT Seabright dory; 7 horse-power; Gray engine; one-cylinder, two-cycle; high and low tension ignition; propeller protected from rocks by a 3-inch steel shoe and a racket-shaped steel guard; tank holds 18 gallons of gas; equipped with oars, sail, centreboard, wheel and tiller, compass, fog-horn, life-preserver cushions, lights, etc.

THE CREW.

The owner—with a predilection for taking pictures and camping out.

His wife—with inclinations toward Broadway.

His brother—a veteran of the World War, with leanings toward pioneering.

His guide—reputed to be the best guide and the biggest liar in Nova Scotia.

His dog—a Dalmatian with aptitude for always finding a cosy corner for himself and getting in the picture.

THE POINT OF EMBARKATION.

Lowe's Landing, on Lake Rossignol, Nova Scotia.

THE DATE.

Late October, A.D. 1919.

THE PURPOSE.

Exploring, moose-hunting, trout-fishing, duck-shooting, etc.

A Cruise on Lake Rossignol

The Lake Rossignol watershed contains five hundred square miles, all draining into the Mersey River and emptying into the ocean at Liverpool, Nova Scotia. The main basin is known as Lake Rossignol. It is the largest body of fresh water in the province. There are innumerable connecting rivers and lakes. The surrounding country is uninhabited, with the exception of a couple of hunting-camps and the abode of the caretaker of the dam at Indian Gardens, at the outlet of the big lake. It is a fine game and fish country. Many moose, deer, trout, bear, and other game are taken from its area each season.

Navigation is difficult on account of uncharted channels and rocks. There are no buoys, lights, or other conventional marks by which to steer. As the gates in the dam at Indian Gardens are manipulated to supply or hold back water for the pulp-mills just above the town of Liverpool, the constantly changing water-level creates a condition that makes navigation by motor-boat extremely hazardous for the uninitiated. Consequently, there are only half a dozen power boats within the entire watershed.

FIRST DAY.

It was a perfect morning. We loaded our rifles, shotgun, blankets, tent, grub, and camera into the motor-boat, and towing a seventeen-foot Peterborough canoe as a tender, shoved off from the dock at our hunting-camp on Lowe's Landing. We headed for the channel out of Lowe's Lake into Lake Rossignol proper. The channel is as crooked as Croker and rocky as the road to Heaven, but Brother Ken negotiated it safely. We then headed south for the Hopper, seven miles away. *En route*, we passed between Bear and Spark Islands, and many other islands unnamed and uncharted. The Hopper is so called

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because it is shaped like a funnel, and the out flowing waters of Lake Rossignol have to crowd through this narrow passage on their way to the sea.

We spoke a fast-moving Sponsen power canoe just off Bear Island, whose owner was evidently taking advantage of the unusually calm day to sport around in his pretty craft.

As we intended to try to "call" a moose at the Hopper, I got the crew to set me ashore so I could get a picture of our boat as it passed through the Narrows. Ken stood up to watch for rocks while Joe steered. With a four-mile current to help and her own modest speed of eight miles per hour, the dory swept through in grand style and rounded to in the cove back of the high rock on the west shore, from which place we were going to "call."

After landing Joe took the lead with his birch-bark moose call in hand. He headed for the top of the cliff. Ken snapped us and remarked that we looked like a bunch of elephant-hunters in an African jungle. Joe imitated the whine of a cow moose perhaps five times during the next hour. Though it was calm and we could see and hear a long way off in every direction, no philandering old bull showed up that day.

Ken and the Missus tried for a few trout from the canoe, and gave me another opportunity for a picture. A canoe is certainly a pretty and convenient tender when cruising on inland waters, and also makes a fairly safe lifeboat in an emergency, provided it is properly handled. It is a cranky thing to tow unless loaded in the stern or rigged with a ring low down on the stem, or with a "bridle," as shown in one of the pictures. When rigged this way it will tow in quite a rough sea or wind without tipping over.

Passing through the long paradoxical crooked "Straits,"

A Cruise on Lake Rossignol

just below the Hopper, we made for Indian Gardens, some sixteen miles from the camp, watching the shores for moose, the water for rocks, and the sky for ducks. We located one sunken rock without apparently doing it any damage, and one flying duck with quite opposite results. But we saw no moose.

A lapstreak shallow-draught dory with ample propeller protection is certainly the right combination for rocky streams and lake-cruising. In the Straits we passed what Joe called the "Old Sow," a big boulder with a protuberance on its end shaped like a pig's nose. Ken took the canoe and investigated it at close quarters while we stopped the boat and took its picture. Erosion, ice, and frost are gradually disintegrating "Old Sow," and Joe observed that "she was twice as fat" when he drove logs down this channel "forty year ago"!

Passing through Second and First Lakes (all part of Lake Rossignol), we dropped our hook just above the dam at beautiful Indian Gardens. Great storied oaks shade the dam and foaming river below. Beneath these same trees where we lunched that day lie the bones of many a Micmac warrior. Weird tales have been handed down the years of the feasts, fights, and frolics of the ancient race, so few of whom have survived in purity of blood the white man's civilizing but devastating influence. Yet the old oaks still nod to each other in the breeze or bend before the gale, and shade and shelter the just as the unjust, while beneath the greensward, buried in years and dust, is the Red Man's intimate history, never to be truly divulged until the day when the oaks can talk, or the trumpet blows a general muster of souls and men.

Ken carried the canoe below the dam, but we found that trouting from the bank was easy, so did not launch her. As evening was drawing near and the weather

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was warm and bright, we could not resist the thought of a cruise back to camp instead of tenting out, so all hands shipped in the canoe, and paddled out to the motor-boat and clambered aboard.

The little Gray hummed her accustomed well-balanced tune, and we sped towards the setting sun. The colours on the woods and waters were marvellous. Who ever described a beautiful sunset adequately? We had one that night, and the glory of it is past telling.

We reached camp at dark, and as we sat by the big fireplace in the glow of the sputtering birch logs, we all felt as though we had had a joy- and sun-drenched day. We did not even feel guilty because we had side-stepped the canvas for the log-house, and boat-cushions on hard ground for spring-cots.

There were also the unknown adventures of to-morrow to guess and conjecture about. The big lake was not always smooth and the big moose not always shy. Sometimes, also, the little engine acted bad in a pinch.

SECOND DAY.

Joe suffered from lack of circulation in his pedal extremities, brought on by an unexpected attack of his old *bête noire*, tic douloureux, so he declined to go with us on the second day of our cruise.

The weather was cold and windy, but clear. We loaded up the canoe with grub, tents, blankets, plenty of extra clothing, guns, etc., and all hands paddled out to the motor-boat, which was tugging at her moorings. It was "some" load for a seventeen-foot canoe, but there being no sea in the protected cove where she rode, we made it nicely. We headed for the big lake with the intention of steering north-west to a special "calling" and hunting ground on the western shore of the lake.

A Cruise on Lake Rossignol

The sea was wicked when we rounded Wildcat Point. While I stood up on the after deck to try to get a picture of the flying spray, the canoe snapped her painter, and unnoticed by us, made for the rocky windward shore of Bear Island, right under our lee. I had visions of the loss of an expensive canoe, but the gods that fight for sailors and hunters won out. The light craft slipped into a little protected cove and grounded. To recover her we did not dare follow through the breakers and rocks, so ran around to the lee side of the island, where Ken, accompanied by the ever-present Spot, landed and walked across the island and salvaged the undamaged craft. He navigated through the flowage and brought her safely to the power boat. Then, just to show us what a canoe could stand in a heavy wind and sea, he paddled right out around the end of Bear Island, while I stood on some rocks and took a picture of the performance. He paddled against the sea, then turned her around in the trough and brought her back again—all without shipping a drop of water. But—it was “no place for a minister’s son,” at that!

Ken and the Missus sailed by in the power boat, and again the camera clicked. They then came about, and rounding into the lee, nosed into the shore so that I could climb aboard. These flat-bottomed dories are great for this sort of work.

Once more we headed for the western shore. It was blowing a gale, and the lake was a mass of white foam. Right out in the middle of the lake the engine stopped. No gas was getting to the carburettor. Investigation disclosed the fact that the sediment had completely clogged the strainer in the tank’s outlet. In a few minutes Ken had cleaned and replaced it. The engine kicked off as nonchalantly as ever. However, it was better to have the dirt caught right where it was than

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to have it clog the carburettor. It puzzled us to tell where the dirt came from, as every drop of gas going into that tank was strained on the way in. The tank was made of galvanized iron and soldered. I believe that the sediment must have flaked off from the inside of the tank, either through vibration or the action of the gas. A pressed metal seamless cylindrical tank is the only safe gas reservoir to use.

Once in the lee of the shore we ran into a wooded cove and put up our tent for the night. Noah must have dumped all of his ballast on that shore, for it was so rocky that we could not drive a tent-peg, but had to use rocks to weight down our canvas. Boat cushions and the canvas boat-cover made a good mattress and ground-cloth. With blankets and a big fire we soon had as cosy a home as one could desire. A tent certainly is more comfortable than a stuffy boat-cabin.

It was only 3 p.m. when our preparations for the night were completed, so Ken and I decided to take a "cruise" through the woods and barrens in search of big game. The wind was off-shore and blowing hard, and we had a fine chance to "still-hunt" to windward without our quarry either hearing or scenting us. We covered about three miles, and saw no fresh tracks or signs of where the animals had been browsing on the young brush. We decided to "beat it" down the wind for the tent. I wear a radio-compass pinned to my hunting-shirt, so found no difficulty in locating our camp. I find that a compass carried this way in a small boat is more convenient than using the regular ship's compass, as it is steadier and less apt to be affected by the magneto or engine, and you can read it without binnacle lights.

On our arrival at the tent we found the Missus and Spot warm but lonesome. She had a shotgun as company

A Cruise on Lake Rossignol

also, and woe to any man or beast that had taken any liberties around that camp. Not that she is very expert with a gun, but a scared woman generally pulls the trigger first and makes inquiries later! We had supper and turned in.

It was cold towards morning, but a replenished fire soon made everyone cheerful. A hard frost froze up the still-water coves in the night, and there was too much wind for moose "calling," so we had hot coffee, pancakes, bacon, eggs, moose-steak, toast, prunes, oranges, bananas, etc., for breakfast, after which light repast we struck our tent, shipped our dunnage, and cleared for the Kejimkujik River.

THIRD DAY.

It was a fine morning with a light west wind and clear. We rounded Wildcat Point, and ran up and into the rocky swift water of the stream, navigating successfully the rapids until rocks and shoals barred further progress. There is no more exciting sport in the world than running a motor-boat, properly fitted for that kind of work, up a rapids or shooting down over them. We touched several rocks, but our well-shod keel and protected propeller and outboard rudder saved us from disaster. We shifted our live ballast forward so that the sixteen-inch wheel was barely submerged, and the boat then drew about eighteen inches of water. It is remarkable what a twenty-one-foot dory with a 7-horse-power engine can do in the way of fighting a swift current, even under such adverse conditions of trim.

With the dory's bow almost against a ledge athwart our course, we reversed and dropped our hook in the stream. Then Ken and I took the canoe and rifles, and poled and paddled up the rushing river to hunt and fish

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for the rest of the day. We were just up over the next falls, when the imploring voices of the Missus and Spot from the boat induced us to return. We at last decided to take the former, but to relegate the latter to position of watchman, and left him howling his spotted head off at being deserted.

As we fought the swift falls with paddle and pole, we hardly had time to agree with the Missus that the scenery was "remarkably exquisite," or exclamations to that effect. She played with an occasional festive fish, while we sweated and watched the shores for big horns. Two miles of this cruising brought the clock around to rest and lunch time. We landed at Arthur's Ledges for that purpose.

A lunch in the woods on the bank of a colourful stream on a snappy October day is something to live for, especially after a hard paddle up-river. As no game (outside of a few "chickens") showed up, after lunch we "shot" the rapids and had a delightful coast downstream to the boat.

We found Spot on the job and shiveringly glad to see us.

On account of the narrow stream and being literally hemmed in with rocks, we decided not to try to turn the motor-boat around, but to drop her downstream, stern first—one man fending her off the ledges with the long pike-pole, and the other in the bow with a boat-hook for the purpose of keeping her nose upstream and straight with the current. Our plan worked out, and we navigated stern first in this fashion for half a mile and touched but one rock lightly on our way to deeper waters. Once safely in the channel we gave her the power, and sailed to the home camp without further adventure.

This morning Spot went cruising all by himself. Ken had started to get into the canoe, and consequently had pushed her off until her bow rested gently on the bank.

A Cruise on Lake Rossignol

Spot, not wishing to be left out of anything, jumped in as Ken turned to pick up the paddle. The momentum of the dog's body shot the light craft out into the water, and before anyone realized what happened, Spot was headed for the other side of the lake with a fair wind. I snapped a handy Kodak at the daring navigator. He looked much interested and pleased over his achievement. Ken went to the rescue.

We have been eating moose meat every meal. The Missus seems to hanker for *pâté de foies gras* and oysters.

FOURTH DAY.

The wind hauled around to the east during the night, and a cold rain beat an insistent réveill   on the old cabin roof and windows. Ken and I donned oilskins and sauntered down to the boat, thanking our stars that we were so situated that we could spend the time during such weather in a spacious cabin before a big open fire rather than huddled in the gaseous cuddly of the motor-boat. We opened up the engine-house, and found everything snug and dry therein; tightened up a few nuts and connections; gave the engine a whirl just to see if her spark was all right; battened down, and returned to the house, perfectly contented to leave the old dory nodding to every new squall as it came along.

After lunch we got sort of itchy for the smell of gasoline and the wet woods, so, armed with rifles, compasses, and a couple of sandwiches, we climbed aboard, cast off, and bucked the sea and wind down into North-east Bay—a distance of three miles. We landed in a fine moose country. It was a good day for “creeping,” as the leaves were soft and wet, and the rain prevented our scent from being carried afar. We travelled back a mile

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and a half, and struck fresh tracks. Ken circled around to the windward of a big swamp, while I stayed to leeward watching for any animal that might break cover at Ken's approach. In about three-quarters of an hour there was a crash in the bushes, and a cow with her calf lumbered by within a few yards of me. I lowered the too eager rifle with a sigh of disappointment. A minute or two later a big bull grunted about a hundred and fifty yards to my left, but trotted safely out of the danger zone without my catching sight of him. Ken soon showed up wet, tired, and winded. It was pouring rain, so we built a big fire, which we started with birch-bark, boiled the "kittle," made tea, and had a snack. We got back to the dory at dark and started for the home landing.

The channel we had to follow was crooked and very rocky. It was a case of watching the compass and the skyline in order to keep our course without accident. Right here it would be well to advise those who have not cruised much on inland waters to observe closely the shape of the skyline, as in the dark it is often the only guidance one has to steer by.

On the way home the engine slowed down and stopped. After this performance was repeated several times, we found that the needle-valve on the carburettor was open less than half a turn. When it was opened one and a quarter turns the engine ran perfectly. But in a short time she stopped again. With the aid of our flash-light we discovered that the little spring holding the valve in place had in some manner become bent back from the edge of the needle-valve head, and the vibration of the engine caused the needle-valve to gradually screw down till it shut off the gas. It was only a second's work to fix it after we discovered the cause. This goes to illustrate one of the thousand stray things that can go wrong with a marine engine. Undoubtedly the spring had been hit

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by the careless handling of a wrench, or had been caught by the sleeve of a sweater and bent out of place. We swept in among the rocks of the Narrows without scraping off any paint.

And thus ended the fourth day.

FIFTH DAY.

It rained all day, so we stayed in the house, and cooked, rested, and wrote.

SIXTH DAY.

We were just getting ready for a two- or three-day trip into the south end of Lake Rossignol, when a party of three men and two women came along, very anxious to be towed down through the chain of lakes, a matter of twelve miles, to a point where they wished to camp out and hunt. Ken undertook this job. It gave me an opportunity to stay home and saw wood, and perform other necessary chores around camp. The motor-boat was a pretty sight towing off three canoes, tandem. Each canoe was rigged with a "bridle," as described heretofore. As this method of towing a canoe is, I believe, original with the writer, it gave him great satisfaction to see it so generally adopted in the Rossignol district. Ken returned in about three hours. But it was then too late to do more than prepare for a start the next morning. A fine buck deer head was brought in this day by some other cruisers and several fine moose heads. The weather remained wet and cloudy.

SEVENTH DAY.

As Old Joe, our original guide, was unavailable for further service, Pat Lacey, a middle-aged hunter and trapper of great fame, was persuaded to accompany us

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on the final spurt for a big set of horns. The Missus was unfortunately *enrhumée*, and as this seemed to stimulate her mind towards making fine mince-meat and other delicacies that do not ordinarily go with a moose-hunting cruise, we were very solicitous about her keeping indoors and curing the cold while increasing the larder. It was our intention to start from now on early each morning, and after navigating as far as we could up some one of the streams in the motor-boat, to take the canoe and go to other connecting lakes, hunt, and return to the main camp each night. Therefore, we had no compunction about leaving the Missus alone.

So this seventh morning we left with a hearty lunch for three men and no blankets. The wind was blowing from the north-east. At the peep o' day we nosed our way out of Lowe's Lake into the big lop of Rossignol. We had a fair wind, and were not aware that it was getting really rough until we approached the mouth of the Shelburne River, six miles from home. To make the entrance, one has to pass between two boulders hardly twenty-five feet apart, and fifty feet beyond this, right in the centre of the channel, is another chunk of granite barely awash, that even in calm weather has to be circumnavigated with a quick twist of the tiller. The heavy current coming out of the Shelburne River, meeting a dirty sea kicked up by a rising north-east gale, made a smother of foam and a cross, choppy sea. The swells were breaking clear over the port and starboard rocks that mark the channel. I did not realize what was ahead of us until within two hundred yards of the place. I abandoned the wheel for the quickly shipped tiller, stood up, and prepared to "put her over the jumps." Any navigator of a small boat knows how unmanageable a craft feels when caught just right on the crest of a following wave

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and is swept forward at an ever-accelerating speed, with the water running so fast under him that he apparently loses steerage way. We went fairly between the two channel rocks on the crest of a comber. The next thing I knew the big boulder in the centre of the channel seemed to be right under our bows. I had the tiller shoved hard over to the starboard side, and only when a wreck appeared inevitable did the bow swing to port. We missed that boulder by inches. A few seconds more and we were chugging sturdily up the tortuous channel bucking the current. We swung into a calm cove behind a heavily wooded point.

The wind was ripping through the tops of the trees, which, combined with the surf and the rolling and shifting boulders on the lake's edge, made a deafening uproar. The rain came down in torrents. But, as Pat said, it was a great day for still-hunting, since the moose could not hear us; so we doffed our oilskins, buckled on our cartridge-belts, and started through the woods. The swamps were badly flooded, but our knee-high oiled larrigans, or shoe-packs, kept out the water. Sweaters and mackinaw coats and broad-brimmed felt hats will shed water for hours without soaking through. Pat took us by one of his bear-traps, in which we found a very much alive and snarling wild-cat, caught by the two hind-feet. It was too dark under the trees to get a picture. A clout in the head finished it, and we hung it on a tree against our return that night. Half an hour later we struck fresh "brouse" where moose had been feeding, and we sneaked along unmindful of rain or wind. Pat was ahead, followed by the writer, then Ken.

"There's a moose!" suddenly exclaimed Pat.

Sure enough, through the birches hardly fifty yards away, was a big cow pulling down a maple limb and eating the tender shoots. If I had been as hungry then as I

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was going to be before night, I am inclined to think that that big fat animal would have received a 30-40 bullet in a very tender spot. Instead, we stood and watched her till Pat clapped his hands. She whirled and melted into the underbrush as quickly and quietly as a ghost.

Another hour and a half's tramping through the thick "hard-axe" thoroughly wetted our nether limbs, while the rain gradually soaked our clothing until it was so heavy we could hardly stagger under the load. We came to a narrow neck of land between two lakes, and here we built a roaring fire in the lee of a rock, partly dried ourselves, and ate our lunch. Ken and I watched the narrow stretch of land, while Pat worked through the brush on the lee side and then came down to windward, but no moose showed up. Although the wind and rain were increasing in force, we decided to swing around by the head of the Fifth Lake and take in two more of Pat's bear-traps. We were much interested in seeing the carcass of a large black bear which Pat had caught and skinned the week before. We also picked up the skull and horns of a small bull which had evidently been wounded and died last year. The bears had picked his bones clean.

It was three o'clock when we got back to the tree where we had left the wild-cat, and half-past when we reached the boat. By this time I was so wet, for the water had run down inside my larrigans, and so tired that I could hardly lift one water-logged foot after another. Pat seemed to skip right along over the top of the wet bog, while I was sinking up to the hock-joints at every step. Ken, who is six feet tall and extra long-legged, stepped through the wet swamps and over the rough ground as nonchalantly as a blue heron. Great trees had been uprooted by the wind, and had fallen across

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the trail. One massive hemlock was half uprooted and canted across the boat. Its top had luckily lodged in an adjacent tree. The roar of the surf and wind was terrifying. Pat said it would be impossible for a boat to get out of the mouth of the Shelburne River and face it without swamping. We carried a little waterproof tent in the motor-boat for emergencies. As we were too wet and miserable to have courage to face the bitter cold and storm of the big lake, we pitched the tent in the lee of a knoll, built up a tremendous fire, and in spite of swirling smoke and sparks, made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Our strenuous exercise had sharpened normally good appetites, but with no food left and no blankets, it looked a little as though we might be a trifle bored before morning! We could have abandoned our boat, used a canoe for crossing the Shelburne River, and by walking twelve miles and fording or swimming the Kejimikujik River, reached home that night. But I do not think that any of us relished the trip.

A little before dark I persuaded my companions to try to get across the lake in the dory. We shipped all hands and the wild-cat, and slid down the current under full speed. We rounded the granite boulder that had nearly wrecked us on the way in, and fairly smashed our way out through a mountainous, breaking surf. The spray from the first wave came aft in a blinding sheet and struck me in the face like a load of buck-shot, nearly smothering me. The boat stopped, staggered, and then dived into the second. By this time I had my eyes open, and succeeded in ducking the next charge of icy water. The staunch little dory took each succeeding wave in better shape, and although the spray was suffocating at times, she fought her way out from the shore and rocks into deep water. Strange to say, she did not ship any green water, but always seemed to shoulder her way

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above the breaking crest. It was almost dark when we made the lee of a tiny wooded island, one mile from the Shelburne River. The canoe which we had in tow was half full of water. As Pat described it:

"The wind just picked up the water in great chunks a foot thick and dumped it right down into that little kwedun!" ("kwedun" is Micmac for "canoe").

We hove over the anchor on the lee of the island and pulled the canoe up alongside, dumped the water out of her, and swung her aboard. It was here that we held a consultation, and finally decided not to attempt to go out through the reefs in the gathering dusk, but, if possible, to take the seas quartering in a south-easterly direction and make for Smart's Island, half a mile away, where there was a sporting-camp and presumably food, although the owner was away. I do not think that any of us will forget that half-mile of black-and-white water. The wind was blowing like a blast straight out of the Borean Polar factory. The white foam was flying through the air like snow. It was raining torrents, not down but straight across our bows. It was impossible to keep the boat's head quartering to the sea. In spite of all that we could do with steering-oar and rudder, she went across the intervening water between the two islands with her head pointed a little away from the gale, practically in the trough, with the waves slightly quartering aft. The wind was blowing so hard that instead of making our island, we made another far to leeward. Once in the lee of this, I swung the boat's head hard to port, rounded the meagre shelter, caught the big seas square ahead, and struck a reef. It was now pitch dark. The next sea lifted us clear. The engine did not stop and the protected propeller kept spinning. Three times we came down on the reef, and three times the waves lifted us clear. But each time the boat gained and finally shot

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into deep water. I kept her headed just enough to starboard so that we were making for our objective, and at the same time headed as nearly as possible into the wickedest, meanest, straight-up-and-down, curling lop that it was ever my misfortune to encounter in any boat or in any water. And I have been sailing since I was a kid.

We made the lee of Smart's Island, and tied up to an oak-tree in a cove on the shore. There we stayed for two days and two nights in the most tremendous uproar of the elements that has been known hereabouts in fifty years. Luckily we found a little flour in the cabin and plenty of dry wood. If ever three marooned or shipwrecked sailors were glad to see fire and food, we were it !

As there was no meat in the camp, the next morning I went hunting to look for a stray partridge or rabbit on the island. Luckily I discovered a nice fat porcupine petulantly shinning a hemlock. A bullet in the back of the head brought him to the ground, and the hunting-knife, carefully manipulated, soon separated his fat carcass from his prickly armour. He furnished a stew, and the liver was a palatable broil. Although Pat was hungry for meat, he was a good Catholic. It being Friday, he crossed himself and desisted. Some people would desist whether the Pope so decreed or otherwise. We have a good receipt for a planked porcupine. If anyone would like to have it, write me in care of the Publisher, and I shall be pleased to oblige.

On the morning of the third day the wind swung more to the north, though still blowing a gale, and the sun shone fitfully through black, driving clouds. The change in wind gave us a little more of a lee from the western shore, so we nosed that sturdy little Seabright dory out into the smother. As our food had given out,

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we had to go. In the daylight we could see the breaking rocks and reef, and were able to navigate out into the big water. Then we had a peculiar accident. The heavy pounding of the bow of the boat as she came down off the waves actually drove the gas tank, which still contained twelve gallons of gas, down through the framework by which it was supported. This broke the connecting pipe leading to the deck-plate short off at the tank, and the gasolene began to spurt from the bow of the boat like an intermittent fountain. We carried a hundred feet of strong three-quarter-inch anchor rope and a heavy mushroom anchor. In another minute we were swinging jauntily over the big seas, firmly fast to the bottom of the lake. It took us hardly ten minutes to rebrace the tank, plug the hole, and make a resolution about the proper way to install gasolene tanks.

We made home safely, and found the Missus down to her last stick of wood, with her bed moved into the kitchen and the dog and the cat doing all the worrying. When I asked her if she were frightened or lonesome, she said: "Why, no! Did you get a moose?" And seemed much disappointed that we had met with only a wild-cat, a pair of bleached moose horns, and wet hides! After our various versions of the experiences were related, she told us that the wind squalls had been so fierce that they had blown the ashes and coals out of the fireplace into the room, and she had found it necessary to put out the fire with buckets of water. She "holed in" out in the kitchen with its conventional and better behaved range.

In sizing up her experiences and ours, I do not know but what it was perhaps more of an adventure for a city-bred woman to stay all alone in a log cabin, twelve miles from a settlement, during a veritable tornado, with the wood-pile getting low and the cold more intense, and not

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knowing whether her menfolk were going to show up or not, than it was for three men, inured to hardships, wild winds and waters, to have suffered a little from empty bellies and wet hides.

Next year we will try it again.

The Kejimkujik Monster

AS far back as 1902, stories began to drift into the settlement about him. Some fishermen claimed to have seen him, and several claimed they had hooked him, but lost their fly and leader as a result. Some wise old fishermen on their first trip had the temerity to infer that it wasn't a trout at all, but a mud-turtle or an enormous eel. For the next few years accounts of him were consistently sprinkled through a great number of narratives told by various peregrinating fishermen from all parts of the world. Since all true lovers of the rod and reel, sooner or later, drop their fly in Nova Scotia trout streams, tales of the monster were naturally spread from coast to coast. Talking one day in Vancouver with the editor of a sporting magazine published in Chicago, I heard again the yarn with expected variations. This was in the winter of 1908. I remember the date well, as it was the year our camp was built near the mouth of the Kejimkujik River, on Lake Rossignol. The Chicago editor's story so impressed me that I resolved to make some careful inquiries of the Indians and guides in the Rossignol district as soon as we could get out to camp for the spring fishing.

Upon my arrival in Caledonia, I asked Old Joe and Darce, Frank, Tom, and others what they knew about it. They had all had experiences with him or had guided "sports" who had either hooked or raised him. Although, generally speaking, guides are notorious fabulists, these men seemed to be perfectly sincere in their belief that there was a monster trout in the lower

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waters of the Kejimkujik River, ranging between Arthur's Ledges and the mouth. From their accounts there was a perfectly reasonable inference to be drawn that there might be a number of "him."

There was a peculiar similarity about the ending of all these fish stories. It seems that although the fish had been authentically hooked a number of times and played for some minutes, at the time he took the fly he would never come out of the water, but only show his great black back or broad, square tail. After that he would keep well submerged in the deep pools. No city fisherman had yet been equipped with sufficiently strong tackle to pull or "pump" the fish enough to take in any line after the first downstream rush of this powerful outlaw. He took line sometimes with a rush and sometimes with slow, persistent, tugging jerks; then he would go into a deep hole, sound and sulk. Failing in the attempt to dislodge him, the angler, finding himself hooked to the trout instead of *vice versa*, would have the canoe dropped downstream so he could take in line and prepare for another rush. After navigating as close to the chosen lair of the big scrapper as was thought prudent, the fisherman would increase the strain on his tackle to the limit, with the object of starting the fish. Finding no response to these manœuvres, he'd try jerking and pulling, and end by breaking his leader and losing it. He might give up the fight, slack his line, paddle right into the pool, pulling in the line hand over hand, only to find it securely wound around a submerged log or windfall. Almost every story ended with the leader fast to a sunken log.

Ma-tee-o, an old Micmac Indian, was sitting in front of his tent making pack-baskets when we arrived at our new camp at Lowe's Landing in the memorable spring of 1908. After partially getting our house in order we

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wandered over, after supper, to sit with Ma-tee-o in front of his little Indian fire.

I asked him what he knew about the big fish. In the usual contemplative Indian way, he said:

"Him there."

"Just where, Ma-tee-o?" I ventured.

"Sometime big eddy . . . Trout Rock. . . . Sometime Boom Rock, where water get mad." (He meant where the waters divide and run in separate streams to the mouth of the river.) "Mostly first big eddy . . . dark side . . . below Arthur's Ledges."

"Do you think there is more than one big fish in this part of the river?" I asked.

"Not like him," he replied, quickly.

"Did you ever see him?" again I questioned.

"Three . . . four time," said Ma-tee-o.

"Did you ever try to catch him?" I persisted.

Old Ma-tee-o's eyes twinkled. "Me spear him once."

"You speared him!" we both exclaimed together. "How did he get away?"

Before answering, Ma-tee-o knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and indicating a lack of both matches and tobacco by feeling in all his ragged pockets for them, he exercised the prerogative of the Indian race in its dealings with the intrusive white man, and accepted my tender of both as his just due. Ceremoniously filling his pipe and tossing a pinch of tobacco over his shoulder to his friend the Wind, he lit up and courteously handed back my sack of tobacco. After a few quiet puffs, he gravely proffered the pipe to the lady burdened with a portion of my (up to this time) good name. Outside of a humorous twinkle in his eyes, one would have thought his surprise at her confused refusal was genuine. Patiently waiting for Ma-tee-o to take up the thread of the tale

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of his experience with the big trout, I smoked and did not urge him.

"Wigumi," he muttered, as to himself. Then, "Adookse:

"It was this way, Camp-builder. I was young man trapping on Kejimkujik River and Big Lake. Big and strong, then." (At this time Ma-tee-o was seventy years old, small and wizened.) "Plenty moose meat, new squaw, two . . . three . . . papoose, wigwam on tenting-ground at Trout Rock. New ice come quick. Had many steel traps set 'long the river. Had to chop 'em out. Found mush-rat in trap . . . big eddy . . . Arthur's Ledges, I tole you 'bout. Ice just strong enough bear me up and clear like house glass. Mush-rat was drowned, but big fish under water smelling 'im—maybe tryin' bite 'im. Made smash at fish with axe, through ice. Missed him. By time get back to wickiup with hides and traps, tired, but still think 'bout big fish. After dark take bark torch and fish-spear in kwedun, and pole up-river in swift water, and land on thin ice on pool where big trout live. The hole made to chop out trap had thin skin ice over it. So make li'l hole, tie piece moose meat on fish-line with sinker, put it down thru ice. Then, stick torch right 'long side on bank. It make big blaze. Wait with fish-spear to stick 'im. Wait maybe long time. By'm-by he come nosing 'long, easy, careful, like fox. He meskek fish. When he close to moose meat, near 'nough—wiskoodaga! Hard, so!" He indicated his spearing motion by a sharp downward thrust of the arm.

Ma-tee-o paused. We waited breathlessly. His pipe had gone out, so he borrowed another match and lit it. The old Indian's dramatic sense was acute. He had been engrossed in his tale. His sombre old eyes glowed. As he sat there puffing his pipe, he was evidently picturing

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to himself the wonderful moment when his spear struck true and fair the back of his monster trout. We knew it was best not to hurry the old fellow into what was to us the important climax of the tale. Finally, exasperated at his silence, we impatiently urged:

"Did you get him, Ma-tee-o?"

"Spear him all right, Camp-builder. When try pull him out of hole in ice, couldn't lift him. Too big."

Again he paused.

"Did he break your spear?" "Did he wiggle much?" "Did he get away?" "What did you do then?" were the alternate exclamatory questions of his auditors. But Ma-tee-o couldn't be hurried. After puffing some more, exasperatingly, and poking the fire, he closed the matter up as follows:

"Pulled and pulled on spear. It won't come 'way, so take axe and chop big hole in ice. Then, build nice bright fire on bank so could see plain." He repeated the performance of pausing and teasing us at this particular place.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Found spear sticking up over barbs in oak log."

We breathed again.

"How did you happen to miss him?" we asked, after we had digested this last bit of mysterious information.

"No miss 'im," replied Ma-tee-o. "Kespeadooksit."

And that was all we could get out of the old fellow about the big trout.

As we sauntered back through the moonlight to the new log-house, we decided to make a serious attempt at having an adventure with this mysterious and rapidly-getting-famous fish. I made up my mind if I hooked a fish that had the power of turning himself at will into a windfall, I would at least pull it out of water and burn

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it in the new fireplace, and get a great deal of satisfaction out of giving the old rascal a brand-new experience.

Next day we made ready for the tournament with the crafty and legendary *Salvelinus fontinalis mastodonus*. I put together my five-and-a-half ounce nine-foot rod and rigged it with a salmon reel, salmon line and leader. We took with us a split-ash pack-basket having a canvas cover, as a creel, and a book of salmon-flies. Paddling across the overflowed meadows to the mouth of the Kejimkujik River, a distance of half a mile, we assiduously fished all the pools in which this monster trout had been reported. We caught a number of big fish. As I was using a fly something over two inches long with a silver tinsel body, decorated with a pheasant and jungle-cock wing (which I had tied myself), only a big trout could get the lure in his mouth. After sundown we gave it up and paddled back to camp.

That evening I wandered over to discuss the subject once more with old Ma-tee-o. He was taciturn and moody, but finally volunteered this cryptic prophecy:

"No man catch 'im and kill 'im till all white men go 'way."

"Where will they go, Ma-tee-o?" I amusedly asked.

"Back to Boston," he grunted.

That ended the interview.

For four days following we tried each of the pools in turn. It was fine fun, fine weather, and great fishing, but no monster trout showed up. On the fifth day the sun was so hot by ten o'clock that we quit fishing, and the blackflies not being yet much in evidence, we went ashore with our lunch-basket at the old tenting-ground below Arthur's Ledges. We lazed around till lunch-time in such shade as the budding birches meagrely tendered.

As I idly lay on the moss, my eye caught a slight move-

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ment among the leaves near the lunch-basket. In a second or two a little kangaroo mouse hopped curiously toward it. I cautiously reached for the dip-net, which was leaning against a near-by tree, and the next instant had Mr. Mouse all tangled up in it. A moment more and he was wiggling alluringly with the big hook of my salmon-fly under his backbone. Playing our "hunch" for all it was worth, we stepped into the canoe, pushed out into the stream just above the big eddy, dropped the kellick and the wiggling, squealing bait almost simultaneously into the water.

With fifteen feet of line hardly straightened out in the current, there was a splash, a tug at the line, a glimpse of an enormous square tail, and the reel sang, "Home, Sweet Home!" We had him! He ran straight down with the current, making for the middle of the river. With a hundred and fifty yards of real salmon line, a leader of the best gut, and a hook made for handling a twenty-pound Nova Scotia winter salmon, I wasn't worrying much about that fish getting away, providing I could keep him from snagging the line. With seventy-five yards out I put on the brake. In ten minutes I had him quiet and gaping within reach of my dip-net. In another instant he was in the canoe, apparently drowned. He was a monster. The mouse was gone. My hook was driven completely through the hard cartilage of his upper jaw. Two other small but much worn trout-flies stuck belligerently from either side of his cavernous mouth like Prussian moustachios. Many a ragged scar decorated his lips. Holding him up with a grin of glee to my canoe-mate, who had greatly assisted with much advice while I was landing the historic warrior, she took his picture, with the Kodak set at a six-foot focus, and the fine light of high noon at her back. Then I weighed him—six and three-quarter pounds! I laid the limp

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and now quiet fish along the after thwart of the canoe, and he just reached from rail to rail. By doubling him up in a half-circle, I put him in the pack-basket creel, ostensibly his last resting-place—but one. Reeling up my slack line and making my tackle snug, I took hold of the kellick rope, which passed through a pulley on the bow of the canoe and aft to a cleat on the thwart just ahead of the stern seat, and tried to pull it up so that we could go ashore and have our delayed lunch. The kellick, which was a five-prong grab-hook, was snagged and would not come up. After trying to dislodge it by all the conservative and traditional methods, my partner in this plot against our finny antagonist made the fatal error (I regret to say at my direction) of moving up into the bow of the canoe to take the anchor rope in her hands. The current was very swift. This action of hers made the canoe bow-heavy, and it immediately began to switch back and forth with darts of increasing length while she was tugging frantically at the obstinate hook. I did my best to hold the craft steady and pointed upstream. The next instant it gave a lurch, and we both leaned to the high side. At once this was the low side—so low that the water poured over the gunwale. We swamped and tipped over. Assuring my breathless and spouting partner that there was no danger, a few strokes brought us to shallow water. With the lady safe, and some of the water out of our eyes, we spotted the creel floating downstream, half submerged but upright.

“The fish!” we both exclaimed, horror-struck.

Unsheathing my hunting-knife, I made for the canoe. Cutting the entangled anchor rope and towing it ashore was the work of a moment. Rod and dip-net with one of the paddles were caught under the thwarts. The camera was gone. I had dumped the water out of the craft, jumped in, and was paddling furiously after the

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big creel, almost in one continuous motion. When within a few feet of it, and perhaps a hundred yards below the scene of the accident, the basket gave a lurch and tipped on its side. The cover floated partly open, and as I shot alongside and made a desperate lunge for it, our big fish, with others, floated out on its side. He quivered, gave a sluggish wriggle, righted himself, and with a disdainful flap of the big tail departed into an eddy behind a rock.

Perhaps Ma-tee-o was right.

But the big fish is still there ready to break a lance (or bamboo) with any doughty knight of the rod that comes along.

Key to Micmac Words.

Wigumi—"I am fond of smoking."

Adookse—"I will tell a story."

Meskek—"Great, enormous."

Wiskoodaga—"I stab him."

Kwedun—"Canoe."

Kespeadooksit—"The story is ended."

Wild Editors I Have Known

IN the spring of 1919 I had a wonderful inspiration, or "hunch." I thought it would be an historic party if I could succeed in getting at my camp on Lake Rossignol the editors of all the sporting magazines in Canada and the United States. It would undoubtedly make a symposium of the most famous and experienced sportsmen that could be assembled under one roof. It struck me as though a love for hunting and fishing, experience in these sports, coupled with literary ability, were a combination of talents that would be hard to beat. I anticipated a memorable and instructive meeting, and so invited the aforesaid editors.

The party did turn out to be an historic one, and although the enjoyment of the occasion did not arise from exactly the elements in their characters which I expected, judging by the enthusiasm of those who came, they all must have enjoyed their adventures during their stay among the moose, guides, and other wild things of our province.

One man brought a 44-40 rifle, with which he intended to shoot moose. It would have been all right for rabbits. Another who claimed to be a great canoeist insisted upon wearing hobnailed boots as appropriate for this branch of sport. One of the bachelor scribes informed us that he had no use for women, and talked about nothing else for a week! With a few exceptions, the rough side of hunting and fishing in the wilderness did not appeal to them at-all. And, allowing for the above exceptions, most of them lacked skill in handling canoe, firearms,

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and rods. As entertainers, however, they were nonpareil. But on several occasions I found it quite necessary to send the unsophisticated guides to bed as the "hunting and fishing" stories increased in fervour!

Why, those birds had hunted and fished in every city on the map! They could guide you from the Battery in New York to the jumping-off place in San Francisco, and without once getting out of sight of a policeman—or a cabaret.

In spite of their evident reluctance to wander far from the environment of the cook, fireplace, spring-beds, and other "modern conveniences," I felt that duty impelled me to introduce them to the horns and fur of the north woods. Some of them were actually persuaded to don their hunting clothes.

As the first morning after they arrived was suitable for moose calling, the guides conducted one of the editors to a likely-looking barrens about twenty minutes' walk from camp. Just before daylight they called up a fine bull moose. The editor fired five shots at the animal, standing some fifty feet distant and aiming carefully above his back, so as not to injure him. This performance surprised the beast to such an extent that he walked indignantly away. Whereupon the editor asked the guide to kindly call the moose back, which the said guide obligingly did. And again the moose stood patiently before the requiring editor. Once more the trusty rifle was discharged in the general direction of the moose, the editor being careful all the time not to hit the animal. After the fusillade, the moose just naturally departed and refused to listen to the imploring voice of the guide, when, upon request, he attempted to recall him. Now, the guides hold that this editor showed the best sporting spirit that they had ever seen demonstrated under like conditions. It was quite evident that he desired to see

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a moose called up and was anxious to have the thrill coincident with shooting at big game, but at the same time he was generous enough to spare the animal's life, so that some other sportsman would not be deprived of an equally exciting morning !

The next day one of the other wielders of the weapon that is mightier than the sword participated in a still-hunting adventure. In company with a guide he crept through the woods, working scientifically to windward, and came upon a whole family of *Alces machlis*. Included in this company was a magnificent bull. As the editor tells the story, there were two bulls, one with a fine set of horns standing broadside to view, hardly fifty feet away in the open barrens, and the other was the "bull" made by the editor when he discovered that he had an empty rifle in his hands and had left all his cartridges at the camp.

Another editor decided not to follow the example of his fellow-hunters. After looking the field over for several days, he picked out a nice bull moose with decorative horns. Two well-directed shots were instrumental in supplying meat for the camp and a fine head for the editor's den.

Quite a problem in psychology was presented when one of the editors exercised his personality to such an extent that he succeeded in losing his guide and incidentally himself. It would perhaps be unfair to the guide to say that it was a demonstration of the power of mind over matter. The near tragedy was brought about by the discussion, around the camp-fire, of the value of the compass to the hunter. One of the guides mentioned that the compass was practically useless to him personally, for the simple reason that he found it very difficult to follow the direction pointed out by the vacillating needle. On the other hand, he claimed that it was a simple matter

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to avoid getting lost when one paid even casual attention to the points of the compass as indicated by the sun, stars, moss on trees, wind, etc. Several ingenious methods of telling the north were propounded by the "sports" and guides present, and much interest was evidenced in the wood-lore exhibited, until one old guide stated that the surest way was to first "catch a moose," and then observe its growth of hair. He asserted that the hair would be thickest on the north side of the moose. This broke up the party.

But the guide and sportsman who had had the original dispute about the value of the compass made a pact to go off in the woods together on the following day. The sportsman declared that he could lose the guide in broad daylight, and the guide insisted that he could so mix up the sportsman that he could not find his way out, "compass or no compass."

At their direction, the motor-boat left them on the eastern shore of the big lake with a canoe and enough food for two meals. They did not return that night to the landing where they had been left, nor the next night, nor the night after that. A search party hurriedly organized found them on the third day sitting disconsolately on the shore of the lake, miles from their point of departure. Upon questioning the forlorn and hungry adventurers (for it had rained and snowed since they had started out), we found that both had made good their boast.

The man with the compass had succeeded in losing the guide, and hence they had stayed out the first night. The next day the guide convinced the sportsman that the compass was wrong, hence they stayed out the second night. The third day both were sure that the compass as well as all nature was wrong, so they had to stay out the third night. Luckily they had discovered the freshly killed carcass of a moose on the second day, which, even

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though eaten without salt, kept them from actual starvation. One would have thought that, as both the contenders and their contentions had proved to be correct, the best of humour would have prevailed, but, inexplicable as it may seem, the guide insisted that his sportsman was a nut, and the sportsman insisted that the guide was no woodsman. It may be that a three days' diet of half-raw moose meat over-stimulated their primal instincts, and that their dispositions were simply reverting to type. Anyway, to the others it seemed as though both were to blame for their own discomfort, and also for the worry they had caused the rest of the party.

Upon being closely questioned, the guide explained that, although he had known every foot of the country, the sportsman had so zigzagged him about that he had lost his sense of direction, and had become temporarily confused on the first day. Cloudy and stormy weather made it impossible for him to see any distance, nor could he see the sun. Night shut down before he had succeeded in finding his way back to the canoe, and he found it necessary to make an open camp. The sportsman kept insisting and reiterating that the guide was lost, and the following morning was still more insistent upon this fact, until the guide began to believe it himself. In his anxiety to actually lose his guide, the sportsman had forgotten the general lie of the country, and both of the men had rather depended upon the other for some inkling of where they were. Between the confusion and sudden realization that he was entirely responsible for the welfare of the visiting sportsman, the unfortunate guide had completely lost his head. The nagging accusations of his vexed charge had only intensified this condition. Had either man been alone, it is safe to say that neither would have been lost.

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An egotistical Dago once declared that all roads led to Rome; but of a certainty some lead to Roaming !

Notwithstanding the metropolitan inclinations of the editors of the outdoor magazines, they were a royal bunch of good indoor "sports" (with the thrice iterated and respected exceptions), and promised to again bask in the light of our fireside. I yet live in the hope of creating in them a real love of the out-of-doors !

Arboreal Aberrations

TREES !

Lowell had something to say about—

“Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever”;

and another Cambridge savant told of “the spreading chestnut-tree,” under the branches of which was probably a good place to gather chestnuts fit to eat, and perhaps some unfit to repeat. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley—all had something to say about trees (although it is whispered that the family-tree of the latter poet suffered some aberrations !). Generally speaking and notwithstanding, however, the trees those men referred to, either evergreen or deciduous, had no particular or peculiar points of interest outside of being a part of the immortal fabric of a famous poet-tree !

As all the conventional upstanding trees, from the banyan to the shoe-tree, seem to have been prosed and versed until there is nothing more to be said regarding them, the accompanying pictures of abnormal individuals may be of interest.

No. 1.

This shows the stump of a pine-tree, where the seed evidently lodged in soil formed by rotting moss or other vegetation, and thriving, thrust its tentacle roots, octopus-like, down over the boulder and into the more intensive nourishment of the ground. Investigation showed three of these main roots enveloping the boulder, none of which

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could penetrate the rocky soil more than a few inches. The tap-root, which usually seeks depth for moisture, seemed to be entirely lacking. The stump measured sixteen inches across, so the tree apparently thrived under these peculiar conditions before succumbing to the lumberman's axe.

No. 2.

Where the foregoing illustration gives a tree that depended for its sustenance and its foundation strength upon what it could grasp upon the rocky surface, the pine in this picture came up under a flat rock which it lifted during its growth. It then spread its roots out in all directions beneath the environing rocks, which had been deposited by glacial drift. It depended upon the latter for ballast. When the tree swayed in the wind there was a very perceptible movement of the surrounding rocks. The soil in this case, also, was too rocky to permit a tap-root to penetrate to any depth, and the tree trusted solely to its rock ballast to maintain an upright position in a wind storm, and upon its wide-spreading roots for moisture.

No. 3.

This diminutive spruce is a veritable parasite. The seed lodged upon the edge of an old pine stump, and was fed from the moisture accumulated by the rotting wood. Stretching its eager roots in all directions, it enveloped the venerable stump and ravenously absorbed any nourishment it contained. As shown in the picture, the roots eventually reached the ground, and are seeking new sources of nutriment for the sturdy young suckling. If this tree is not destroyed for the purposes of the requiring pulp and lumber industries, within fifteen years



1.



3.



2.



4.

Arboreal Aberrations

the stump will have disappeared, the tree will have reached magnificent proportions, and outside of a little irregularity of the tree's roots where they join the trunk, there will remain no sign of abnormality of growth.

No. 4.

Trees, like humans, are inclined to laziness if not called upon to be self-supporting. This otherwise normal pine for twenty years has leaned thus indolently against a rock. Undoubtedly, in years gone by, some high easterly wind partially uprooted it, but the friendly boulder prevented its crashing to the ground. The tree, finding its position comfortable, appropriated the assistance tendered as a lifelong privilege. One might think that a strong westerly wind would set the tree back to a perpendicular position, but an examination of the roots disclosed the fact that the cavities left in the uprooting process are completely filled by vegetation which precludes the possibility of the tree's ever being replaced by nature.

No. 5.

Trees have either power to think, or instinct. This picture shows the stump of a maple which was partly undermined by the swift current. It leaned so far out over the stream that its branches dragged in the water and impeded a drive of logs floating down the river. The lumber-jacks cut the tree off as revealed in the picture, leaving one large and healthy branch almost touching the water. This branch immediately turned upward in its growth, with the object of keeping clear of the flood, and is now quite a tree, calipering some fourteen inches through the upright part of the trunk. It draws upon the old tree's roots for nutrition.

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No. 6.

That the instinct trees have for not allowing their branches to grow down into the water is not uncommon may be proved by observation along the wooded banks of any stream. In this picture are shown several trees that through the undermining of the roots have taken a decided list toward the stream. The high-water level during the spring floods is several feet above the level shown in the picture. When the trees grow to within a few inches of this high-water level, trunks and branches take an upward turn. The result is some very curious contortions in tree growth.

No. 7.

Many years ago an oak-tree was broken off by the wind, the trunk falling prone upon the bank of the stream. The upper limbs dried up and rotted away. The bark and some of the outside layers of the tree-fibre did not break when the tree fell, but remained attached to both root and trunk like a huge hinge. One of the lower branches, barely more than a sprout, remained uninjured on top of the fallen trunk. In twenty years the sprout has grown into a splendid, erect, well-formed tree, now measuring nearly twelve inches through. The roots of the old oak feed this youngster through the fallen trunk, and some of the rotting branches on the upper end of the old trunk have helped meet the demands of the thriving offspring by taking root in the ground. Thus the young oak is growing as if upon a bridge, receiving its moisture through the fabric of the structure.



2



4



1



3

Arboreal Aberrations

No. 8.

From this remarkable picture we gather that the twin maples perched up on top of the rock had their start from seeds which sprouted in a deposit of fern mould, and ran their roots down over the rock to the abundance of the soil, in the stream's bank. Judging from the gnarly protuberances in the trunks near the top of the rock, at one time, probably, roots ran down over the face of the rock and into the water. Some shifting of near-by boulders in the stream subjected the roots to the chafing of ice and eventually amputated them. The years have healed the wounds, and the maple twins sit proudly on their rocky pedestal admiring themselves in the placid water.

During years of observation of tree growth many equally interesting freaks have come to my notice. One tree might aptly be termed "The Fiddler." This is a case where two pines are growing close together and the branch of one chafes, in the wind, across the trunk of the other, giving a near imitation of a squeaky fiddler at a barn dance. It is a common occurrence for a seed to lodge in a rock, and, as it grows, to split the rock in twain. Again, a yellow birch fell in the crotch of another; its top broke off and rotted away, while its trunk grafted to the wound made in the crotch, thus forming a rustic bridge. In another case, an acorn left under the foundation of a house took root and grew, displacing part of the foundation. The owner from year to year had to remove foundation-stones to make room for its roots. As it was considered a curiosity, instead of destroying the tree, the owner preferred to repair his crowded foundation to suit the tree's growth. In another instance, a branch

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limb of an old pine grew inward toward the trunk and chafed in the wind until it grafted to the main trunk, thus forming a truss or brace that will effectually prevent the great tree from splitting from overgrowth or weight of snow and ice.

Why the poets have not selected the unusual to write about is an unanswered riddle. Perhaps they believed that such irregularities were subjects for scandalmongering society reporters rather than versifiers. But however that may be, it has been my purpose to show that there are some trees of character among many of the commonplace.

What to Take for Spring and Summer Fishing in Nova Scotia

IN the following résumé of the correct fishing tackle and clothing for a combined canoe, tenting, and fishing trip in Nova Scotia, it is my intention to touch only upon the essentials. Many alleged comforts and luxuries may be added as experiments. Owing to the method of fishing, which is all from canoes, a little added weight is not any consideration.

It is usual for any well-equipped guide, or sporting-camp proprietor, to furnish a first-class tent, canoe, paddles, dishes, axes, lantern, blankets, etc.

FLY-RODS.

At least two best quality, split bamboo fly-rods, not over 9 feet in length, nor over 5½ ounces in weight.

REELS.

Any make of first-class duplicating trout reels, capable of holding 50 yards of line. The writer has used a Kelso automatic reel for the last eight years with wonderful satisfaction, and it is still going strong.

LINE.

Fifty yards of best enamelled silk trout line. Although 25 yards of line and a 5-ounce rod will handle a 3½-pound trout with ease, there are occasions when your flies might get snagged or lodged in the trees. If your canoe is

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moving in a swift current, plenty of line gives the guide an opportunity to get the headway off his craft before the line is all paid out, with the consequent breaking of the leader and loss of flies.

LEADER.

Use the best three-loop English gut trout leader of medium weight, not over 6 feet long. There is no object in using an extremely fine leader, as Nova Scotia trout are not particular. Do not start out with less than six leaders for a week's fishing.

FLIES.

Use good-sized flies. The big trout are not apt to notice small ones. Whatever flies you bring, include six each of the following: Parmachene Belle, Montreal, Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor, Ginger Quill, Maple Bud.

BAIT-HOOKS.

One dozen with gut attached, the right size for using minnow bait. If the weather happens to be grey, foggy, or rainy, the limit can be caught fishing under water with live bait, when the trout wouldn't look at a fly. The fish caught this way are usually large ones.

DIP-NET.

Use a folding dip-net with a handle in two joints. When assembled, the handle should be 4 feet long; the bow should be of the take-down variety, preferably of steel, and the net itself should have a minnow bottom so that it can be used for dipping bait.

Spring and Summer Fishing

CREEL.

Use the collapsible canvas creel in preference to the basket. If you have an optimistic imagination, buy a big one; if you are pessimistic, get a little one. In any case, you will catch your twenty a day if you fish.

MATCH-BOX.

Should be made of rustless metal and watertight.

KNIFE.

Buy a large, common, two-bladed jack-knife with a corkscrew (if you are inclined that way). It should have a ring through the handle so that a key-chain, or other lanyard, may be attached. A jack-knife is more convenient than a sheath-knife. Pick out one with a good, smooth, round handle, so that it will not blister your hands when whittling (a necessary adjunct to a rainy day).

COMPASS.

Not necessary, since you are going to travel by water with a guide, and all the streams lead to the sea. If you do get one, buy the kind that you can pin to the front of your vest or jersey.

FLY-DOPE.

Trust to your sense of smell in buying this. Pick out the strongest-smelling, greasiest-looking mess you can find. Nova Scotia blackflies are no epicures when it comes to dope, as their sense of taste has been somewhat blunted from years of indulgence. They have arrived at a stage where they enjoy only the very strongest and

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rankest concoction. Using a little forethought this way, you will find the flies will appreciate your efforts in their behalf and hardly bother you at all. Most of your fishing will be done in the wide, breezy streams, and the flies will not molest you unless you loiter ashore in the shade. They do not bite at night.

CLOTHING.

Hat.—Light-weight felt with medium brim.

Fly-Net.—Don't bring one if you like to chew or smoke.

Gloves.—Light cotton or kid with the fingers cut off. They will last only a day or two, anyway.

Underclothes.—The kind you are used to. If you want to visit Nova Scotia in the latter part of May or June, you will find the nights cool, and you may encounter some rainy weather with east winds. In the Lake Rossignol district the climate is about the same as Boston at the same time of the year.

Shirt.—Don't buy one. Get a light-weight, long-sleeved, turtle-necked, wool jersey, and tuck it down inside your trousers. This will protect you from the flies and other insects (if you sleep on the ground), and having no opening in front, as an outing-shirt has, fools the blackflies completely. A flea has nothing on a blackfly when it comes to crawling inside a fellow's shirt.

Socks.—The kind the girls knit for the soldiers. Two pairs.

Shoes.—Use low, cowhide moccasins with an insole. High-heeled boots are an abomination in a canoe. Besides being injurious to the craft, they are difficult things to swim in, in case you tip over. Carry an extra pair of insoles and extra socks. Oiled tan moccasins will not soak water. In case you wet your feet, a fresh pair of socks and dry insoles will make you comfortable with the same moccasins.

Spring and Summer Fishing

Coat.—A light slicker or oil-coat of ample size, and not too long for walking. A waterproof canvas or duck coat may be taken. Do not bother with sou'wester, rubber boots, or heavy lined storm-coats.

Sweater.—Take a good, heavy, all-wool, rolled-neck sweater coat. This, under your canvas coat or slicker, will protect you sufficiently from any cold or storm you may encounter.

To the above outfit you can add as many luxuries and inconveniences as the sporting-goods salesman is able to force upon you: a compass to be pinned to your manly chest; a flash-light to accompany your night rambles; a miniature axe in a fancy leather case; a sleeping-bag with eider-down furnishings; a 16-pound balloon silk tent; a full set of aluminium, interlocking, doubleback-action cooking and eating utensils; a folding drinking-cup in an alligator case; a hot-air mattress for cold nights, a folding bath-tub; a tea-basket, and a wife, are all luxuries that add to the hilarity of the occasion. In case of the last-mentioned appurtenance, we would suggest that she wear the same kind of clothes as her man—with one or two exceptions.

A Nova Scotia fish licence costs \$5.00, and may be obtained from the fish warden at Caledonia (on the Halifax and South-Western Railway), if you are going to fish in the Lake Rossignol waters, or from any fish warden in the town nearest to your contemplated fishing territory.

Letter from Jo Kose—Guide

Or, How a Nova Scotia Woodsman Assisted the
Movie Actors

FILS CAMP, *Sep.* 1, 1920.

DEAR DAN,—You onct ast me to rite you about the moving pitcher outfit, and how tha cum out when down here, tha wus the movenest bunch i ever seen, but if it werent for yours truely tha woodnt uv dun much. Well i mite as well begin at the beginin as to start at the end so here gos. one day i hered a rumpus out the road aways and it sounded like a circus wus cumin rite into our woods. Well i expected them but not till the next day so wus sirprised. well in cum 3 automobils loaded chuck full of aktors and actorines (i lerned from the bunch that a cow aktor was a aktorine so spring it on you it is a new one) yessir tha wus loaded to the gards and one busted a tiar cumin in and one had a leaky radeator and she lost her water the feller that stered her told me but you no tha is a lot uv waterin brooks on the road and so tha could keep stopin and filin her up. Tha wus loaded allrite but gut here at last yellin and singin like anything tha wus to aktors that wus all dolled up and smelt like wimmen and to regular men that run the kamra and a big fat feller that had a lot 2 say and five gurls dressed up in them dude pants hie laced boots and rigged out like men all cept the hare. you could not tel em frum men cept by the hare and smell unless you dance with em or sumthen tha called them pants ridin-

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britches but i cant see any good uv em atall tha button up in 3 places and u waste a lot uv valuble time that way then tha are tite where tha orter be luce and baggy where it woodnt hurt anyone if tha wus tite and if u should get a sheep tick or a flea on you it would die of apoplexy or old age befor you could get your pants off to kill it well tha all piled out uv the automobils and ast if i wus the gide and i says yes i am the hed gide and showd em that nife that Fred Clark give me that says i am the biggest gide and the best liar in Nova Scotia and when tha seen who tha wus talkin to tha gut more respectfull rite away and i helped em up to Fils camp with there stuff i only made one trip as tha made me tak up a kupla heavy suit cases wich tha sed contaned hare tonik and ast if did i use it and when i told em if it cum in botles i sure did tha sed it wus grate to make hare grow and i litle gurl jumps up on a chare and made me let her rub sum on my hed it was grate and sum run down over my face and into my mouth i told her not to waste it on my hare as it would make the hare grow on a eel if he could just drink sum direct rite inside his hed insted uv on it and she done so and then we all had one and i singed a shanty that one about the woman and her dead baby and it made a big hit and when tha ast me to sing a sad one i cum rite back at em and sed he who lafs loudest takes up the most room it pays to show these city folks that all the brains dont grow down in new york and that tha can find sumone intelagent to talk to up in the woods. and then we all had a small one sum put water with the hare tonik and sed it went beter that way and tha thanked me for showin em how to use it and then we had sum more tonik and by this time the cook had supper reddy and the fat man came in and begun to bawl out everybody and when i invited him to have sum tonik he ast whos is it and i cum rite back at him an ses every-

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bodys, he ses you must think your a lot uv peple and tha wus a lot uv bones left over when tha gut ready to make you and i cum rite back at him and tells him that the way his wus rapped up he must be ashamed uv em and made a big hit with the gurls. Everyone wus feeling prety good by now and tha sure did git after the cooks grub i made quite a hit tellin em about that operashun my wife had las fal and about that ingrowin toe nale i pulled off tha gut so intrested that sum furgut to eat there suppers and sum sed tha wus to tired to eat the fat man and me had another run in about hare tonik after supper and he bawled me out and them aktors fur drinkin hare tonik we told him to chase hissself and he thretened to can the hole outfit if tha didnt sober up after supper and i told him that it wus the rite time to do it but wood any time betwene now and mornin do? we had another rownd and a kupla uv the gurls tried to teach me the chemise (thats the furst word i have had to look up in the dikshunary) tha pronounced it sumthin like Jimmy but did it better than tha sed it. i run down to the boat hous fur a bot. uv Jamaca Ginger when the 1st one started it i thot shure she was getin a dose uv chils and feever it shure shook em rownd like anything and made em look like tha wus havin argue. i explaned to em that a man wusnt bilt rite to shake hissself that way but we had a cow that could do it and then done a step dance fur em and we had a kupla more and then sumthin i eat fur supper must hev disagrede with me and i had to leve i gess the cook'll hev to lern to make grub so it will mix with hare tonik if he feeds this bunch fur long. long bout 10 oclock i wus layin in the grass jus in the shadder uv the boat hous and long cums Mister fat man with one uv the young fellers he stans nere me and tells the young feller to shoot up the whole blamed outfit when he sez the word and to be shure to cover all the akshun and not to miss that

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long ligged tank that drink so much hare tonik up in the cabin etc. i new that fat gi was a crook the minit i furst seen him and here he was planing to shoot up the hole bunch the nex day. the young feller says sumthin about the lite and then old smarty he explains that the lite wood be good enuff out over the water even if the sun didnt shine and to reehearse the gides and all well befor-hand etc. what he sed about the hearse wood have made your skin crawl i nowed he was mene but i did not think he was mene as all that so i konkluded to put a spoke in his weel fur him. after breckfus all hands were out in front uv the cabin the gurls was dressed like wimmen and all had a sort uv yaller look like tha had janduce i ast what was the mater and told em to drink sum herb tea or eat a live frog apeace and it wood stop it rite away but it seams that it was paint on there face and not the belly ack that was making em yaller tha sed it made em redjester better whatever that is in english sumthin smutty i'll betcher. one uv the men had a big kamra set up nere the portch and one uv them she-men aktors was struttin arownd and bullyraggin a kupla gurls and all at onct he pulls a gun on them gurls and the old fat man yells that tha are rotton and tha begin to cry and carry on so i jus jumps in and takes his gun away and slaps him across the mouth and saves the gurls and ruffs him up sum and everyone laffs and the aktor gits sore and the fat man akts discouraged like and tells me the young man is jus play-aktin and to leve him be i gives him a shove when i lets go uv him fur luck anyways and he bumps hisself on a rock, them to gurls liked it bekause tha begin to laff where tha was cryin in the same place and thats the princepul thing to plese the ladys. the fat man tells me to reestrain myself and try to kepe out uv the pitcher when he started his litle game i didnt tell none uv the other gides about the plot as i figgered i could handel the

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bizness myself. bimby we all went out on the lak in kanews i had 2 gurls with me the other gides each had sum plus sum uv the aktors, the fat man stans on the warf and makes us paddel arownd and tells us what to do but i wus waching him close as the feller with him had a gun and all hands had guns in the kanews and finnaly as we wus all strung out and racing fur the warf the fat feller yells to shoot so i jus stopped padlin jerked my old 45 and tells him no you dont and lets fly a kupla shots near his feet he makes a kupla buck jumps and fades away back uv the boat hous and the others yell and holler and laff and tell me to cut it out that he werent meaning no harm but wus just tellin the kamra man to shoot at them with the thinggumbob he wus turning a crank on. when i learned he wus jus foolin i told him it wus all rite to cum out and he cursed me out sumthin wiked he sed i wus a bad aktor and i cum rite back and sed he wus a good runner it made a big hit it dont pay to let them dudes git away with anthing like that. then as i seen no sense in what tha wus doin and the boss wus yellin his hed off about not gittin a desent pitcher i sez here you are then and i begun doin stuntz in my kanew you now how i can handel a kanew when i git started well i stood on my hed and padled standin up and done the beever flip and all them champeen stuntz and then tipped her over and swum ashore with one uv the aktoreens and the kanew the other sed she could swim o.k. then i dumped the water out and clumb in over her stern and done a few more things with her so the kamra man could git sum good pitchers. did yer git em all rite i ast no he sez his kamra wus broke then i ofered to do the tricks all over agin but he sed it wus most lunch time and he wood have to use a quickker open and shut her or words like em and them gurls akted like tha wus sore the fat man seemed discouraged or sick or sumthing and just set still rubbin his head all the

Letter from Jo Kose—Guide

other folks wus enjoyin my show and clapin and havin a fine time the cook rung the bell and we all went up to lunch and had sum more hare tonik and then another one or 2. the fat feller sez i wus to take em over to the river in the afternoon and as i wood have to work fast id better have sum more hair tonik and i took sevrall and after lunch felt prety sleepy so jes dropt down fur a nap under a tree when i woke, it wus sundown. did yer wate fur me and why didnt yer wake me i ast an aktoreen i am sory to have held up the hole bizness. you didnt she told me then i ofered to go out and do the hole show over agin but tha sed it wus no nede and we had sum more hare tonik and a kupla more and went to supper. tha didnt go to the river after all but took a few pitchers as well as tha could without me the fat boss told me rite where we akted in the mornin, so we started the granny-fone and did sum chemises and then i gut 3 other gides and with 4 aktoreens we put on a old fashined country 8. it wus a big hit i called it off and we swung them gurls in grate stile you now how it gos:

bow to your sweteharts
trot out yer pet
balance yer korners
swing em till tha sweat—

prety thing aint it? the boss he likes it so well he gits the boys to bring in sum big lites and takes one pitcher whilst we were dancin and sez it is grate i wus glad he thot sumthing i done wus grate it rain fur a kupla days and we staid in and used quit a lot of hare tonik and done sum more uv them chemises and one steps only it takes morn one step to do it and sum cheek dancin which was to cheeky fur me then the boss fat man sez to take em all over to the falls on the river after he seen us gides shoot the rapids and do sum fancy stuff he reehearses

With Gun & Rod in Canada

the hole outfit and sez he is goin to make em do a thriller he calls it. what do i do i asts him sit still and be reddy to pull em out if tha tip over he sez that didnt sute me none so i gits a kupla wimmen that aint aktin to go out in my kanew and i run the falls standin up and stood on my hed rite in the big water and cum thru safe all hands cheered except the boss did you git the pitcher i ast the kamra man he shook his hed and pinted at the boss who wus cursin and hollerin sumthing ferefull. he shakes his fist at me but i dont pay no atenshun. hes gellous i tells my gurls cose we put on a beter show than he did and run rite by em on the falls he'l take a fall out uv you sez one uv my wimmen sorter fresh. yes he will i cum back at her il pull his head off and put it in his mouth i tells her. you think yer strong dont yer she sez. im strong fur you i tells her and she sed no more. the boss makes a bet i cant beet Jim one uv the other gides $\frac{1}{2}$ mile down river and back and i takes him on and trims him good when i gut back the boss give me hell cose i wasnt arownd and sez tha jes gut thru taken the pitcher and wus sory tha had to do it without me i ofered to do it all over agan but he sez kinder sad no its 2 late. well i cant be runnin kanew races and play aktin fur you all the same time and all hands laff it wus a good one on him i gess and then we went back to lunch the boss takes me outside after lunch and tells me to slip over to the river without sayin nothin to nobuddy and at 2 oclock to start polin up the falls and runnin down and to do stuntz both ways and heel put a kamra man hiding in the bushes to tak my pitcher and then heel have sumthing to spring on the bunch as a sirprise sumday and to do them stuntz till 4 P.M. then cum back to camp. so i done so and gut tired as hell and i never seed that kamra a tall but ile bet he wus sum sirprised at what i dun that day as i put on a few new ones. when i gut back it wus supper time and

Letter from Jo Kose—Guide

all hands wuz glad to see me i ast the kamra man how he liked my show and he sez what show and i wispers my stuntz on the falls and he sez O sort uv sirprised and then let on he had been takin pitchers uv sum log cabin stuff rite at camp all the afternune and hadnt been to the river a tall. then i nowed it wus all a seecret so guv him the wink and let her go at that. at supper the boss ast how fur is it to Caledonia. 12 miles i tells him. its 2 long a walk fur a man to take he sez. O sum fellers is man enuff to stand it i cum rite back at him. i gut a dollar that sez you aint he bawls out mad rite off. now Dan you now i am slow to anger but that cheep sport wusnt going to down me so i sez make it 2 and ile go yer i sez. he sez ile lose my money and i sez put up or shut up and so he puts up and i borow another dollar and gits the cook to hold the skates and starts out nex mornin and thats whi ime riting these few lines from Caledonia insted uv camp i dont alow no city fat stif to put it over me nosir and ile go back and kerlect from the cook this P.M. and have a good laff on the boss. when brains wuz bein past out tha must uv past up that smarty ile rite you sum more in a kupla days.

yours sinserly

Jo KOSE
Gide.

P.S. excuse the bad riting but that founting pen you wuz goin to send me aint here yit

Jo Kose

p.s. between chemises and ridin pants and runnin rapids and warkin out here ime feelin sort uv laxy so must stop and hit the hay. solong

Jo.

p.s. i furgot what i wuz goin to say

Jo.

MAY 7 1948

